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CONTENTS

POLYPHONIC MUSIC OF THE GOTHIC PERIOD.....	483
RUDOLF FICKER (Vienna)	
MUSIC AS A SOCIAL FORCE DURING THE ENGLISH COMMONWEALTH AND RESTORATION (1649-1700)...	506
BESSIE A. GLADDING (New York)	
MEDITERRANEAN FOLK-SONG.....	522
JULIEN TIERSOT (Paris)	
FURTHER ASPECTS OF CONTEMPORARY MUSIC.....	547
ANDRÉ CŒUROY (Paris)	
THE MUSICAL OBSERVATIONS OF A MOROCCAN AMBAS- SADOR (1690-1691).....	574
FREDERICK H. MARTENS (Rutherford, N. J.)	
NOTES ON THE HISTORY OF THE DANCE.....	583
PAUL NETTL (Prague)	
CHERUBINI'S STRING-QUARTETS.....	590
ORLANDO A. MANSFIELD (Cheltenham, England)	
JAZZ—DEBIT AND CREDIT.....	606
PAUL FRITZ LAUBENSTEIN (New London, Conn.)	
THE LESS-KNOWN SONGS OF SCHUBERT.....	625
A. H. FOX STRANGWAYS (London)	
CONCERT A.D. 2025.....	639
CARL ENGEL (Washington)	

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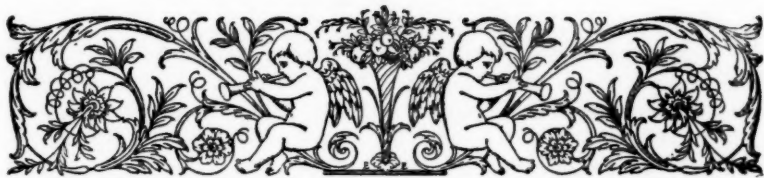
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VOL. XV

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POLYPHONIC MUSIC OF THE GOTHIC PERIOD

By RUDOLF FICKER

UNTIL very recently the singular view has prevailed among music-historians, that in earlier epochs, which produced imperishable works of the highest type in the domain of the plastic arts, or architecture, or literature, music alone was still in a wholly crude and primitive stage of evolution. The dawn of a specifically artistic polyphonic music, such as would nowadays deserve a hearing, was generally placed in the sixteenth century, in the era of the later Netherlanders and Palestrina.

This view of the music-historians corresponded in some measure to that of the art-historians about fifty years ago. For at that time only two great domains in plastic art found unconditional acceptance; on the one hand, that of antiquity, whose exploration was therefore entrusted to the special department of archæology; on the other, the Renaissance and its ramifications. All phenomena lying outside this sphere were rated as preparatory or transitional epochs, without conceding them any considerable artistic value whatever.

To-day we hold a somewhat different opinion. We conceive the history of art as a vast coherent complex of evolutionary continuities coming to the fore at different times, each of which, despite reciprocal influence, possesses an independent and characteristic significance. We no longer recognize absolute disparities between works of antiquity, of the early Christian, Romanesque and Gothic epochs, between Renaissance, Baroque, and so on down to the art of our own day; instead, we lay stress on the differences in the expressional values and, consequently, on the

incommensurability of these heterogeneous spheres of art. From this readjustment of the history of art there followed a sweeping and concurrent broadening of artistic conception, by virtue of which wide realms of art, that hitherto had seemed wholly incomprehensible and inapproachable, were first thrown open to research.

In musical research, on the contrary, only very feeble signs of such a broader view are apparent. This is accounted for, in part, by the peculiar difficulties presented by this branch of art in contradistinction to the others. For a really vital history of music exists only for the last two or three centuries, whose music is still conveyed to our ears in a form appreciable by the senses. With regard to earlier epochs we do not continue our study of music-history on the basis of actual sense-impressions, as is done in the scientific research into other branches of art, but in a thoroughly abstract, we might say, scholastic fashion. We content ourselves with seeking information about music no longer heard in scholarly, non-realistic treatises; or we judge, at best, from the purely superficial appearance of a lifeless design in notes, whose stubborn symbols we learned but a few years ago to interpret, and which, even after conquest of these difficulties, while revealing strange and unwonted musical forms, still for the most part resisted translation into living tones and esthetic values. Now, instead of admitting our inability to realize this music, we made the fatal mistake of calling it "primitive," and denying it any high artistic merit.

The systematic researches of some few music-historians during recent years have shown that the richly diversified polyphonic music of the twelfth down to the fifteenth century is still almost completely preserved in hundreds of manuscripts. In the tracing-out and orderly investigation of the vast mass of material, Prof. Ludwig Friedrich of Göttingen, in particular, has rendered invaluable services. Confronted by such a wealth of extant works, how absurd must appear the assumption that the peoples of those times and lands, who created the incomparable school of Gothic art, in music should have been satisfied—as every music-history teaches—with a species of caterwauling. In point of fact, contemporary testimony goes to prove the overpowering effect of this supposedly primitive music. And we know, from innumerable reports and pictorial presentations, that the entire governmental, religious and social life of those times—far more than to-day!—was literally penetrated with music; that music then formed a factor that can no more be slighted than the stately

monuments of the literature and plastic art of those days. We know the names of the composers who were so highly eulogized by their contemporaries:—Leonin, Perotin, Petrus de Cruce, Philipp de Vitry, Guillaume de Machaut, Johannes de Florentia, Francesco Landino, Johannes Dunstable, Guillaume Dufay, to name only the most famous among those of these three centuries. We know that each of them represents a new style, a new art, and we possess nearly all the works of these and countless other masters.¹ And still, until very recently these works confronted us, in their musical aspect, like an enigma; the question of the musically expressive interpretation and the emotional conception of this art seemed well-nigh insoluble. Hence, only a radical reversal in the method of interpretation could bring about a change.

Nowadays, when confronted by the notational complex of a composition, we are accustomed to read off the composer's musical intentions note by note and measure after measure down to the finest details. Any departure from the composer's will, as expressed in his score, would be rightly censured as arbitrary. Now, the further we go back in time, the more numerous do the divergent possibilities of interpretation become, and the seldomer do we find expression-marks, which gradually disappear altogether. Furthermore, when we consider the marked ability for improvisation required of the thorough-bass players till well into the eighteenth century, it becomes evident that in earlier times the performing artist's subjective participation in the creation of the work performed constituted, as it were, a part of the artwork itself; whereas his collaboration is now of a more objective, representative cast.

According to the latest researches the roots of polyphonic music in the North can be traced back into early medieval times. From the post-Carolingian epoch we already possess detailed descriptions and theoretical definitions concerning it, but not even one polyphonic composition, although numerous one-part choral manuscripts of that period are extant. The polyphonic music that resounded through the romanesque cathedrals was not written out at all; it was, in fact, a decidedly improvisational art, always issuing from the urge of some special occasion, and vanishing with that occasion. At this period, therefore, the creative

¹For some years the author has been making a photographic collection of the most important specimens of musical works in the libraries of Germany, Italy, France and England. The elaboration of this material, which already comprises 7000 photocopies, is proceeding with the assistance of younger talents in the musical seminar at the University of Vienna.

and the performing artist were one and the same person. Not until the twelfth century, the dawn of the Gothic era, is a sharper distinction to be noted. Now, of a sudden, artistically wrought polyphonic compositions emerge.

But even these "elaborated" works by no means represent what we call finished compositions. They are still dependent on the old method of improvisation, which allowed the performers' subjective faculty for development wide latitude—a method now, together with the tradition, quite extinct. For the rigid note-forms of the manuscripts are only a sort of musical sketch, not a precise guide for actual performance, for number and kind of instruments and singers, for tempo, dynamics and agogics, for tonality and accidentals. The composer supplied merely the musical substance. To endow it with the breath of life was the function of the producer, whose task it was to add all details needed for a finished performance, in every case producing something new and different according to his artistic ability, while following traditional rules and usages.

The prehistorian, palæobiologist or archaeologist nowadays no longer confines himself to chronicling the meagre finds of cultures of past millenniums in their nudely scientific aspect. He rather conceives it to be his chief mission to restore the scanty remnants of these sunken worlds to living reality. The same should be demanded of the musical scientist; he ought, with the aid of all critical resources, to reconstruct the long-lost music of old in a form approximating that in which it was heard by the contemporaries of that age-old culture. Only then shall we be in a position to raise and answer the question respecting the esthetic value of this art.

Now, it is no mere coincidence that an interest in and understanding for this recondite music should awaken precisely at a time when our latter-day musical production is striving after new and revolutionary forms of expression; when fundamental musical principles, that had held sway for centuries and were considered immutable, appear to be wholly subverted. This applies, in particular, to our views concerning tonal harmony, which is sometimes entirely done away with in modern compositions. The conception of harmony—the typical characteristic of musical evolution in the Renaissance period—was also as good as unknown to the Northern music of the middle ages. Not until to-day, since we have become able to give a hearing to this music with a totally different adjustment of our auditory sense, do those dead symbols begin gradually to throw off their lethargy and awaken

to sonorous life—a life replete with unimagined individuality and grandeur.

The same lands and peoples that took part in the upbuilding of medieval culture in general, likewise produced the great pioneers in the domain of music. And whenever a change occurs in that general cultural outlook, we always find, with almost mathematical precision, a contemporary modulation in musical expression and style. In music, therefore, just as in the history of art, we meet with Romanic and Gothic periods, a Late Gothic and an Early Renaissance.

Over the polyphonic music of the Romanic period, *i.e.*, down to the eleventh and twelfth centuries, a dark veil is drawn. This music, as noted above, was in the main an improvisational art. While governed by certain rules and laws, it depended above all upon the momentary, intuitively creative inspiration of the performing instrumentalists and singers. Although none of this music is extant, we nevertheless can form some idea of its nature from reports by early theorists and chroniclers. For from that period we first obtain some detailed information regarding that musical phenomenon which was destined to exercise decisive influence over our occidental music—namely so-called polyphony. To be sure, polyphony is not an invention of the eighth or ninth century, as hitherto always assumed; on the contrary, it had existed from ancient times. For its primary element is not the association of two melodic lines in a single musical unity, but the sounding together or fusing of two or more tones as a chord. Even to-day we may still find among certain peoples (*e.g.*, in Java) a music founded on the mysterious ebb and flow of intermingling tone-combinations, to which the conception of “melody” is almost entirely foreign. And similar in kind must have been the music of the medieval *organa* that filled the vast reaches of the Romanic cathedrals; a majestic onflow of tone-waves or massed chords generated by a multitude of instruments and voices over prolonged fundamental tones, these latter borrowed from some melodic phrases of the so-called Gregorian chorale, the monodic liturgical chant of the Christian Church.

Here a musical singularity presents itself which is characteristic for the Germanic North throughout the middle ages—the building-up of a composition above the single tones of a foreign chorale-melody. Such a melody, in its original form melodically embellished and fluid in movement, is transformed here in the North into a so-called *cantus firmus*, meaning literally a “steady chant,” its several tones being dissociated from the melodic

continuity, isolated, and prolonged at pleasure. Above this design of mostly long-drawn-out chorale-tones the composer now starts the construction of his entire work.

More important than this musically constructive significance of the medieval *cantus firmus* was its symbolically ideal connotation. For the liturgical melodies possessed an authoritatively dogmatic import for the devout multitude, deriving not so much from their musical content as from their religious, ideal implication, and particularly as it was embodied, for the most part, in the intimate phraseology of the biblical texts. And so, with the liturgical melody as *cantus firmus* supplying the firm foundation for the polyphonic composition, there was formed in the hearer's mind, together with the musical sense-impression, a contemplatively religious conception. This music, in consequence, was lifted far above the realm of subjective emotionality into the sphere of an impersonal transcendentalism, affecting each individual believer. The personal inspiration of the artist becomes, by virtue of the spiritual power of the *cantus firmus*, the collective inspiration of the great Christian congregation; the artist himself is merely the ideal craftsman who moulds the ore entrusted to him into artistic form. This collective spirit, with its striving after the superpersonal and supernatural, stamps a distinctive impress not only on the Nordic music of the middle ages, but on all great manifestations of Germanic musical culture down to the present day; contrariwise, this spirit is wholly foreign to the music of the South, accommodated to the purely individual, vital emotionality. A country like Italy could therefore never have produced a Bach or a Beethoven.

To particularize:—When we consider leading works of these two masters, such as one of the Passions by Bach, or Beethoven's "Missa solemnis," we readily perceive that it is not alone the objectively Beautiful (according to traditional conception) in this musical speech that moves us when hearing it. Rather do we feel, that the musical play is ordered by the control of inexplicable spiritual powers that elevate these works high above the domain of the merely esthetically beautiful and delectable. In such works the musical continuity is ever closely knit with immaterial, visionary conceptions springing from religious sentiment or general human experience, and exercising a decisive influence on the artistic construction. While these conceptions, in all classic periods of Nordic music, are of a wholly immaterial, supersensual and, therefore, undefinable nature (for which the totally irrational term "absolute" music has been coined), there is always found,

in the so-called romantic periods, a limitation of them to subjective determinate feelings, real happenings and concrete imaginings.

This style of music, springing from intellectual association, is nowhere so predominant as in the medieval polyphony of the North. In consequence of the central, controlling position of the Church, the basic mental attitude of medieval culture in its entirety was dogmatically religious. Precisely as, in the plastic art of that time, the natural presentation of profane things by themselves was interdicted, and therefore always carried out in connection with religious symbols, only such music was accepted as artistically and esthetically orthodox as was built up on the dogmatic fundament of official liturgical church-melodies and took its rise in them. This hitherto entirely overlooked ideal feature of the *cantus firmus* is therefore of decisive significance for a comprehension of the medieval conception of music.

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From the end of the eleventh century and the beginning of the twelfth are preserved the earliest manuscript collections of polyphonic compositions. These come from Northern Spain and Southern France, where about the same period the first signs of the awakening Gothic style made their appearance. The *organa* from St. Martial, near Limoges, one of the then most famous centres of musical culture, have, to be sure, hardly any points of contact whatever with the ancient improvisational *organa* of the post-Carolingian era as we find them described by the early theorists. These compositions are now in only two parts; a mobile coloratura-voice mounts, usually in contrary motion and freest rhythm, above the slowly recited fundamental tones of the *cantus firmus*. This is the art of the soloist, calculated for a

Paris, Bibl. Nat. ms. latin 3719, fol. 81.



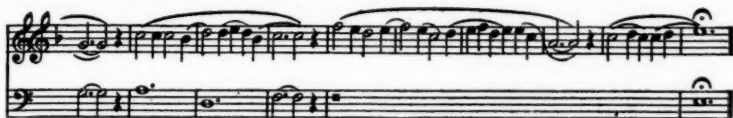
starkly naturalistic style of execution such as has obtained in the South, not to mention the Orient, time out of mind.

We are already in the era of the Crusades, a movement that most profoundly stirred and modified the thought and emotion of the occidental world. Filled with religious enthusiasm, but also all athrill with the unimagined marvels of the oriental world of sense, the Crusaders returned to their homes. The earliest Gothic monuments arose as an imposing symbol of this new world-conception. The massive walls of the early churches are transformed, in the new cathedrals, by wide apertures spanned by windows of gleaming glass. From the floor slender pillars soar aloft, merging unbroken with the ribs of the pointed arches that seem to reach out into boundless height and space. Tenuous tapering towers aspire heavenward. All ponderous features of architectural construction are now discarded. The entire structure breathes animation.

This sensuous exuberance likewise sets its impress on music. On the classic ground of Gothic art, the Ile de France with the capital Paris, the new style displays itself in full maturity. The leading masters of the so-called Parisian Notre-Dame School are Leonin and, above all, the great Perotin, whose productive activity conjecturally dates between 1190 and 1230. The *organa* of Leonin still differ but slightly, it is true, in externals from the above-noted two-part compositions of the Early Gothic. But the rhythmical finish of the higher parts lends his works a stimulus of tension, a quality totally novel in that period.

Florence, Bibl. Medicea-Laurenziana, ms. Plut. 29, 1, fol. 65.





From this point onward the whole energy of Gothic music is concentrated on rhythmico-metrical problems. And in the great three- and four-part compositions of Perotin, especially in his *organa tripla* and *quadrupla*, there is found the additional achievement of the stupendous effect in wide spaces of powerful massed tones and chords, simultaneously combined with the overpowering sweep of rhythmical energies. There lives in these works the same spirit that conceived the stone-wrought marvel of the church of Notre-Dame in Paris, that incomparable alliance of the massive weight of Romanic structural genius with the heaven-storming buoyancy of the new style. Perotin's *organa*, built up over comparatively short choral phrases, sometimes attain the length of full-grown symphony-movements. Their construction almost invariably renounces the treatment of melodic themes or motives, and, nevertheless, the outcome is an unheard-of homogeneity of form. It is the music of grand rhythmic intensifications, whose equal is not found elsewhere in musical history. The periods are shaped by a symmetrical, exactly balanced enchainment of short metrical members. The music, in the lofty Gothic style of the thirteenth century, employs tripartite rhythms exclusively. This lends it a strangely immaterial, buoyantly dance-like character. Only in the resonance of such music were all the wonders of Gothic cathedrals revealed. With it the ether confined within the many-hued glass planes is now set in resonantly vibrating motion. Above a syllabic chant of mystic profundity flows a far-flung stream of interwoven tones, now like shadowy, fugitive apparitions, now swelling to an orgiastic rout. And herein we again meet the secret impulse of this art; all this sensuous charm is outshone by the might of the religious idea as embodied in and evoked by the inexorable advance of the long-sustained tones of the *cantus firmus*.

The true Nordic urge to heighten the plain meaning of the choral symbols to gigantic proportions finds highest fulfillment in the *organa* of Perotin. For example, the short chorale-phrase of the "Descendit de cœlis" ([God] descended from heaven) swells, in its working-out as *organum triplum*, to thrilling ecstatic expression; one has a vision of the radiant form of our Saviour floating down from supernal heights, bringing salvation to sinful mankind.

And in the entire literature of music there is no mightier outpouring of a jubilation bursting all bounds than in the Alleluias of the great Parisian master.

Perotin's most famous and powerful works are the two *organa quadrupla* (four-part) "Viderunt" and "Sederunt." Despite their colossal dimensions their construction is of a sculpturesquely imposing homogeneity. In the *organum* "Sederunt" the text and chorale-melody of the Graduale for the feast-day of St. Stephen the Martyr form the constructional base: "Sederunt principes, et adversum me loquebantur: et iniqui persecuti sunt me. Adjuva me, Domine, Deus meus: salvum me fac propter misericordiam tuam."¹ Above the seven tones of the initial word "sederunt" soars a mighty "Sinfonia" leading up through 142 measures to a tremendous climax.



In remarkable contrast to the full resonance of this introductory part, the words of the following text are sung by the chorale-chorus in unison. The working-out in *organum*-style recommences only with the lamentation "adjuva me." An organ-point on the first note (*F*) of the *cantus firmus* is prolonged through 134 measures; out of the superposed mystic tone-weft there

¹Princes also did sit and speak against me: and the wicked waited to destroy me. Aid Thou me, Lord, my God, quicken me according to thy loving kindness.

gradually emerge gently gliding rhythmic figures; no music could more affectingly express the pleading of mortal agony.





Yet here, too, the trust in God's mercy gains the upper hand. The rhythmical movement gradually intensifies till even the tones of the *cantus firmus* participate in it with telling strokes. Then, after a powerful closing *stretta*, the ecstatic movement of the parts ebbs away in glimmering corruscations. And at the end nothing is left but the unison chorale-melody, whose unadorned closing phrase finishes the work in pensive solemnity.

In these compositions, besides men's and boys' voices, a large share of the musical effect results more especially from the numerous instruments employed. True, the manuscripts contain no information whatever on this point; we see only three or, at most, four staves crowded with angular note-heads, and the thinly dispersed text-words written only under the *cantus firmus*. That is all. But on the other hand we know, from pictured presentations and from many written records, what a vast array of instrumental forces in divers varieties of bowed, plucked, wind and percussion instruments that period could muster. Hence, one who only sees these staves with the note-heads, without sensing the mighty orchestral apparatus hidden behind those note-heads, will naturally fail to comprehend a certain ancient report concerning the effect of this music, which states that the performance of such music provoked indignation and public disturbances on the part of "educated" hearers, whereas the common people listened in awe-stricken and trembling admiration to the strident creaking of the organ-bellows, the shrill clangor of the cymbals, the harmony of the flutes.

Perotin is not only the supreme exemplar of the medieval art of the *organa*, which he brought to a conclusion; he is probably also the creator or, at least, the initiator of the chief musical form known to the lofty Gothic period—the Motet.

The stark dualism subsisting in the *organa* compositions between the long-held, unyielding tones of the *cantus firmus* and the buoyant rhythms of the higher parts, provoked a search after some means of unification. According to one theorist,

Perotin modernized the *organa* of Leonin, then already felt to be obsolescent. He abbreviated certain sections, composing them afresh and at the same time drawing the *cantus firmus* itself (the long-held tones of the so-called Tenor) into the rhythmic movement. Out of these short, rhythmically concise excerpted compositions—the *clausule* of Perotin—arose the motet, the hitherto wordless upper voice now being provided with words. In this procedure is once more revealed the Nordic artist's endeavor to remodel the raw material at his command and endue it with a different ideal content.

Triplum

Motetus

Tenor

Regnat

Ad so - li - tum vo - mi - tum ne re - de - as, pa - ve -

as in - te - ri - tum me - ri - tum, pre - te - ri -

tum do - le - as pro - po - si - tum so - ve - as,

ad ga - ne - as nec e - as ne per e - as pe - re - as,

In the motet "Ad solitum vomitum," whose beginning is given above, the process of construction is as follows:—The

chorale Alleluia "Hodie Maria" contains, in a passage above the short word *regnat*, a long-drawn-out concatenation of tones, a so-called *melisma*. In the chorale, chiefly those words of the text are embellished with such *melismata* as are peculiarly prominent by reason of their indwelling ideal significance; the enthronement and sovereignty of God over all his creatures is therefore emphasized musically by long *melismata*. In the polyphonic working-out of this class of chorale-melodies in an *organum* it was very difficult, however, to utilize these *melismata* as a *cantus firmus*, for this would prolong the composition to an inordinate length. It was, therefore, just with these *melismata* that the modernizing process of Perotin and his successors began; out of these excerpts from the *cantus firmus* he constructed independent compositions in a novel style—the above-noted *clausulæ*. In the example given above, the single tones of the *regnat-melisma* are gathered together one after the other into short, metrically scanned four-tone groups separated by pauses. To this "Tenor" is then added a higher part in like metre; and this *clausula* becomes a motet by providing said higher part, the Motetus, with a complete text. For fuller effect a third part, the Triplum, is set to the other two; in the earliest form of the motet, now under consideration, it has the same text as the Motetus. Freely translated, this text reads as follows:

Reel not from one drunken bout
To another. Dost not dread
The perdition thou hast earned?
For the past let fall thy tears,
But hold fast the high resolve:
Tap and brothel both avoid;
O'er the Pit no foothold leads!
Think, how swiftly comes the end,
Burst the bondage of old sins!
Shouldst thou cast a single glance
At the wretched death that lowers,
Thou wouldst curse this day and age!

We have to do, therefore, with a moral lecture addressed to a dissolute drinker with an exhortation to abandon his shameful ways. Else he will not escape the chastising hand of God, who reigneth over all things. Here, then, the "regnat," the chorale-phrase, does not play a merely musically constructive part in the motet, but also forms the ideal basis on which the composition is built up.

A further growth in the internal development now appears in the so-called double and triple motets, each of the upper parts

receiving a text of its own, all of which texts may bear a relation to one another. But the true characteristic of the motet is the unconsidered mating of the most incongruous things, together with an occasional difference in the language of the texts to the several parts. It gave no offense to combine a Latin chant in praise of the Holy Virgin with the French drinking-song of a reveller in the second part and, in the third part, with some frivolously erotic love-song, and to impose this singular trio on the Tenor of a chorale acting as a sustaining and unifying basis. Even the secular French motets of that period are never without a chorale-tenor.

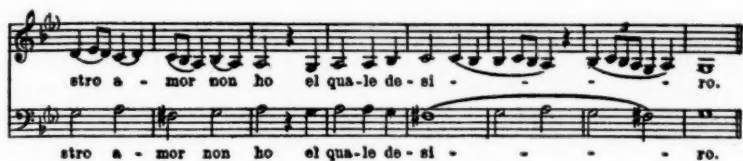
The intermingling of churchly and worldly elements in these motets, which is hardly conceivable to our esthetic fastidiousness, was grounded in the peculiar mental attitude of the Gothic period. The church was then not simply a place for religious assembly, but also, in the truest sense, "the people's house." It was the rallying-point at once for religious ceremonies and for the activities of everyday life. The people were not merely passive spectators of the ceremonies; they themselves took active part in them. On certain feast-days the church was the scene of coarse amusements in which the grossest scenes, sometimes bordering on frivolity, were enacted. However, the sacred surroundings lent to even the worst excesses a certain air of consecration. And who does not call to mind the numberless human and animal monstrosities, carved in stone, that populated the façades and towers of these houses of God? This is the selfsame naturalism that is manifested in the texts of many motets, but always in connection with religious ideas. In all these manifestations is set forth the world-encircling plan of the Church in the later middle ages to draw into its sphere all the forces of mundane life, making them subservient to religious influences and thereby to the central churchly organization.

When, about 1300, the churchly Tenor was finally replaced by a secular one (for which the refrain of some secular song was generally used), the end of the first period in the development of the motet really began. With regard to the music, as well, a change had been gradually effected. Whereas, in the earlier motets, the same metre had been adhered to in all the parts, divergent rhythms now appear more and more frequently. The musical interest concentrates itself on the highest part, which, resolved into small note-values and, rhythmically buoyant, stands out more and more distinctly against the metrically sluggish fundamental parts, and thus gradually gains leading significance.

These manifestations already shadow forth a change in the artistic situation that materializes at the beginning of the fourteenth century and took its rise in Italy, where the mighty movement of Nordic Gothic art had left hardly any impression. For that country the early Renaissance, the time of Giotto and Giovanni Pisano, also ushered in the dawn of a new musical art. This, the music of the so-called madrigalists of the *trecento*, is purely secular. It ignores the play with symbolic conceptions that is peculiar to the motet. It is an individual, natural development of emotion paired with the highest pitch of soulful expression. In the following opening measures of a traditional Ballata by an unknown author—which might well be attributed, on the score of style, to Giovanni da Cascia, the earliest known representative of these madrigalists—the dolorous expression of hopeless love-torment finds congenial expression in the music.¹

Con la - gre - me con la-gre-
 Con la - gre - me con la-gre-
 me so - spi - ro per gra - ve do -
 me so - spi - ro per gra - ve do -
 glia ch'al cuor io me sen - to. Mo - ri -
 glia ch'al cuor io me sen - to. Mo - ri -
 ro o des-con-ten - to S'el vo -
 ro o des-con-ten - to S'el vo -

¹Weeping I sigh because of the bitter pain I feel within my heart. Ah me, unhappy! I shall die if I win not thy love, wherefore I pine! (I feel how my soul is rent from my body—oh, what agony!)



Here the musical development avoids all formal constructive elements. There is no *cantus firmus*; the higher part carries the melody, and is supported by a harmonizing part below. For the first time the tonal interconnection of the chords is effected with instinctive confidence, together with their differentiation into principal and secondary groupings and into closing and suspended chords. And herewith arises a novel conception—Harmony.

Higher artistry is shown in the Madrigal of the *trecento* than in the simple Ballata. The predilection of the Southron for a wealth of melodic movement is realized in the long coloraturas, which demand the vocal training of a virtuoso. The strongest Nordic influence is shown in a third form, the Caccia, a canon between two solo voices which are still, as before, supported by a harmonizing lower part.

The wonderful "Squarcialupi Codex" in the Biblioteca Laurenziana at Florence, wherein several hundred of the compositions of these madrigalists are preserved, contains, besides the names of the composers, their portraits. And this same unessential feature announces—in contrast to the anonymity of Gothic art—the imminent emergence of the artistic personality, the absolute appraisal of the individual proficiency. Besides Giovanni da Cascia we should mention Jacobus de Bononia, Ghirardellus, Laurentius and Donatus de Florentia, Nicholaus de Perugia, Bartolinus de Padua. The last great master was the highly acclaimed blind Francesco Landino (b. 1397), whose later works, however, are already quite assimilated to the French balladestyle. With him this specific form of art, whose tendencies were first to be revived in the Lied of the nineteenth century, came to an end.

Almost simultaneously with this Italian *Ars nova*, there arose in France a musical movement of similar tendencies and aiming at similar ends, although seeking to reach these ends by other means. Here the old tradition is still strongly in evidence. In the new French art of solo-song in the polyphonic ballades and rondeaux of the fourteenth century, all intellectual reference to a *cantus firmus* is likewise, to be sure, eliminated, the artistic endeavor being concentrated on the expression of the individual

voices. And still, this music differs fundamentally from that of the Italian *trecentismo*. For the Italian music of that period is the artistic precipitate of a newly awakened culture aglow with fresh youthful impulses. A free and independent upper class and citizenry, whose powerful development was especially favored by the rise of great municipalities, while the overseas trade brought them untold wealth, formed the ideal and material foundation for the prosperity of science and art. In France, on the contrary, the country had been exhausted and devastated by the unheard-of exactions of royalty and nobility, and the disastrous wars with England. An immeasurable chasm divided the high nobility from the impoverished middle class and the rest of the people. So when we nowadays happen to speak of "medieval conditions," we always have reference to that late period, the "autumn" of the middle ages, when the most abject misery was exposed side by side with the glittering ostentation of that courtly social stratum which was unable to tear itself loose from the already obsolete conceptions of the old knightly era, and which, in some cases, even expressed these conceptions with an exaggeration bordering on the grotesque. We refer to that period which had lost all sense of moderation and felt, on the one hand, only pride, passion, cupidity and inhuman cruelty, and on the other, feeble sentimentality, naïveté, melancholy and pessimism.

True, the world of art knew not these extremes, or only in one aspect, having to cater exclusively to the demands of the highest aristocracy. And, like this aristocracy, the entire art of this period is decadent. Decadent, we mean, in that loftiest significance in which no notion of inferiority enters into the conception, but rather interprets it as an overstraining of the traditional creative powers and their extreme intensification, after which only complete collapse, the end of an age-long view of life and art, could ensue.

This moribund culture finds expression both in the morose, passion-masked lineaments in the portraits of feudal lords and ladies, and in the pessimism and the infinite melancholy of the poetical language of that time. But it vibrates in the music, as well, whose typical representative is Guillaume de Machaut (d. 1377), the greatest composer brought forth by France during the fourteenth century, and at the same time one of her leading poets. In the Ballades his art was foremostly devoted to the glorification of *Minnedienst* and ideal knighthood. In spite of the ceremonial style and the play with symbolism and all manner of assumed names, one senses throughout a strong undertone of personal

feeling and experience. The nervous impressionism of this Late Gothic music, void of all strong accents, forms the sharpest contrast imaginable to the conventional precision of thirteenth-century metrics.

The musical score is presented in three systems. The first system includes three staves: Triplum (top), Contratenor (middle), and Tenor (bottom). The lyrics are written below the Contratenor staff. The second system continues the vocal parts with more lyrics. The third system shows a repeat sign with first and second endings for the vocal parts, with the word 're.' appearing below the Contratenor staff in both endings.

Triplum
p
 De car for-tu-ne ma doy plein-dre et
 car quant pre-miers en-com man-cay-

Contratenor
p

Tenor
p

lo-er ce-mest-a-vis plus-qu'autre cré-a-tu-
 là-mer mon-cuer-ma-mour ma-pen-sé-e ma-cu-
 re. re.

These excerpts from Machaut's ballade "De Fortune," bear evidence that in his case—as with the Italian madrigalists—an enrichment of the emotional quality of music was attempted by the requisition of harmonic resources. But while, with the Italians, the importance of the dominant in shaping the cadence had already been grasped with intuitive confidence, so that perfect

clarity and simplicity as regards tonality was attained, in French music the interrelation of the degrees still played hardly any rôle. By means of bold suspensions, by the multiplication and doubling of leading-tones and unprepared shifts in the harmony, the key is obscured and that enhanced effect of musical tension engendered which alone can quite meet the demands or do full justice to the mood of the text to be treated. The singular chords that sound so "modern" result from the purely linear leading of the parts, which, heedless of respect for harmonic consonance, go their way independently up to the final common closing chords. Nowhere else is the expression of hopeless resignation at once so strong and so oppressive as in this music, pervaded with melancholy.

Alongside of this secular art-music the French *Ars nova* had also produced a continuation of the motet, though on a foundation essentially modified both poetically and musically. The exponent of this new art was Philipp de Vitry (d. 1361). Of his works, highly praised by his contemporaries and long supposed to be lost, a few motets have again come to light.

In the motet of the *Ars nova* some of the parts still have different texts, though this divergence is now confined to the two mobile upper parts again hovering lightly above the rigid progression of the Tenor. The motet has now become the representative musical form *par excellence*, employed for the glorification of actions of the state, church, and court. We have motets on nearly all the French kings, on princes of the church and great lords, on political events that stir the soul (*e.g.*, the prosecution of the Knights-Templars), on warlike undertakings, and the like. But the theme of courtly love also continually reappears in the motet-literature, albeit less as the artistic reaction to an emotional experience than as an official formality of an artist bound to sing the love-praises of some high-born dame.

In the domain of the new motet Machaut again towers above all his contemporaries. Although with him works of an amorous tendency preponderate, he likewise achieved eminence in the field of the so-called *Staatsmotive* (state-motet). To this group belongs, for instance, the four-part motet "Plange regni," probably written between 1356-64, that is, during his later creative period. In view of the words sung by the higher voices we probably have to do with a petition to King Jean le Bon (1350-64), or to the Regent during the king's captivity in England, to make an end of the civil war that had raged since 1356. The text of the Triplum enumerates the duties and virtues that should be expected of a "true leader" of the people. Here, too, the entire

motet is built up on the foundation of a Tenor framed of prolonged notes with the significant words "Apprehende arma et scutum, et exurge!" (Take up thine arms and shield, and defy thy fears). The beginning of the motet reads thus:

Triplum

Motetus

Contratenor

Tenor

Tu

Plan - go re - gul - ros pu-bli-

qui gre - gem tu - um du - cis o - pe - ra fac - ve - ri du - cis. Nam du - ee -

ca tu a - gens ut - acis - ma - ti - ca do - so - la -

Ap -

re et non du -

tur. Nam pars ei - us est i - ni -

pre - hen -

-ci hoc com - pe - tit ve - ro

-qua et al - te - ra so -

du ei Dux

phi - sti - ca re - pu - ta - tur.

What especially arrests our attention, besides the peculiar tone-effects of the harmony, is the nervous, jerky rhythmical movement of the light-footed little notes in the higher parts. The rhythmical weft of advancing tones, often interrupted by brief pauses, is the musical counterpart to the flamboyant style of the Late Gothic. But the broad formal structure, as well, is still subject to the laws of rhythmic construction. A technique of composition now totally lost to us confronts us in all these motets—the so-called isorhythmics. In the above examples the first eight measures form the *Introitus*, a species of free introduction. Then, at the double-bar, begins the first section (*Talea*) of the motet, continuing for twelve $3/2$ measures. In the further course of the piece this section is repeated in all the parts—aside from certain liberties—with exactly the same rhythms, but with an ever-changing vesture of melody and harmony, until the voices bring their phrases to a close. The isorhythmic motets are, therefore, variations upon a rhythmical skeleton that remains unchanged throughout. In the entire history of music hardly an example is found in which the constructive energy of tectonics attained to such a degree of rigidity as in these compositions. Of their technical refinements, however, the hearer perceives nothing. For the composer possessed the art of clothing each

variation-number in a brand-new tone-weft, of continually bringing on new harmonic and melodic shades and intensifications of tone, so that an impression of inevitable consistency resulted.

Now let your mind conceive how the metallic boy-voices were mingled with all the gentle tintinabulation of the glockenspiel, cymbals, triangle, etc., then in use, together with the dulcet tones of the viols, while the long-sustained notes of the lower parts were sung by smooth tenor voices supported by manifold wind-instruments, and you will get a fair idea of the dazzling tone-magic of such motets. Fancy yourself attending one of those great assemblies of the estates honored by the Regent's presence and accompanied by the most lavish display, for which the courts of France and Burgundy were then conspicuous. All the bewildering splendor radiated by the cerebral action finds an echo in the scintillant rhythms and interlinked tones of this music.

Down to the opening decenniums of the fifteenth century the production of isorhythmic motets continued unabated in France, England, Italy and the Netherlands. Even the past-masters of music in the young century, the Englishman John Dunstable and the Fleming Guillaume Dufay, still created unsurpassable masterworks in this form. In these late works, however, a musical clarifying process had already taken place which was to be of prime importance in the gradually advancing transmutation of the Nordic conception of music; instead of the agitating nervousness of short rhythmic members interrupted by pauses, there now appears the mild pathos of wide-spanned arches of melody. And then, when the old scheme of rhythmical variations was supplanted by a novel design governed by purely melodic considerations, there fell, together with the disappearance of the isorhythmic forms, the twilight of the Gothic era of musical ideas. A new art gradually came to the fore, an art which—as we may confidently assert to-day—however dissimilar in style, was in no wise greater or more momentous than that of the foregoing cultural era.

(Translated by Theodore Baker.)

MUSIC AS A SOCIAL FORCE DURING THE ENGLISH COMMONWEALTH AND RESTORATION (1649-1700)

By BESSIE A. GLADDING

WHEN we consider the *milieu* in which the English people of the latter part of the seventeenth century lived, we naturally think first of Lord Macaulay's famous Chapter III in his *History of England*, in which he says, "I intend, in this chapter, to give a description of the state in which England was at the time when the crown passed from Charles the Second to his brother." Here, we are sure, is our source of information about the musical condition of the time; but, while Macaulay discusses population, revenue, military system, navy, agriculture, mineral wealth, increase of rent, country gentlemen, clergy, yeomanry, growth of towns, police, lighting of London, the court, coffee-houses, difficulty of traveling, highwaymen, inns, newspapers, female education, science, wages, number of paupers—and more—there is not one mention of music. The treatment of *Music and Social Life* in Vol. IV of Traill's *Social England* is also very inadequate. In his *History of English Music* Mr. Henry Davey sums up the situation well when he says,

There is an ignoring of our music among literary men; even students of early poetic and dramatic literature, though they perfectly well know that the early poets and dramatists were musicians, yet do not make themselves acquainted with music and musical antiquities.

While the newer histories of music give some material, the main emphasis is on the individual composer and his works. It is, therefore, from the books, music books, memoirs, autobiographies, letters, diaries, and so forth, of the period that we shall try to get a view of music as a social force during the Commonwealth and Restoration periods.

While we can find authority to verify the fact that the Puritans destroyed church organs, there is very little other evidence of that hatred of music of which they are so universally accused. The burning of the prayer-books and collections of church music and the destruction of the instruments which made form and

elaborate music possible in the church service were in response to a much higher ideal than mere hatred of music as such. The result of this destruction of church music is paradoxical, for the innate love of music would not be thwarted and it turned into secular channels. The Puritans, true to the English tradition, loved music just as did Englishmen of the Elizabethan age, and their hostility to music has been greatly exaggerated. We have only to study the musical publications of John Playford during the Commonwealth period to realize what demand there must have been for catches, country dances, songs, and so forth. In 1650 he began his publication of musical books, of which at least six were published during the Commonwealth period. The Puritan reign must have tolerated the teaching of "musick and dancing," for, in 1659, John Playford advertises in *Select Ayres and Dialogues*, a school of which his wife, Hannah, was mistress, as being "over against the church where young gentlewomen might be instructed in all manner of curious work, as also reading, writing, musick, dancing, and the French tongue." Mr. Davey gives the following which proves conclusively that the Puritan attitude towards music was at least tolerant:

Should any man attempt to explain away my proofs that the Puritans did not suppress music, he will find one fact connected with the elder Colman a particularly hard nut to crack. The committee for the reformation of the University of Cambridge recommended that Charles Colman should be made Doctor of Music; and he was accordingly created Mus. Doc. on July 2nd, 1651. It is probable that this was done by the influence of Colman's old friend Hutchinson; unless, which I think more likely, several leading musicians were recommended for the honour, and only Colman accepted it. At any rate, Colman was recommended by the Puritan committee, and created by the Puritanised University; and should any one attempt to reassert the old slanders of Burney, Ouseley and Hullah, I think he will have to avoid mentioning the fact.

I think we shall let Mr. Francis Jeffrey, whose dogmatic conclusions are so well known, bring the matter of the general Puritan attitude towards music to a close with a quotation from his review of *The Memoirs of the Life of Colonel Hutchinson*:

That the popular conceptions of the austerities and absurdities of the old Roundheads and Presbyterians are greatly exaggerated will probably be allowed by every one at all conversant with the subject; but we know of nothing so well calculated to dissipate the existing prejudices on the subject, as this book of Mrs. Hutchinson. Instead of a set of gloomy bigots waging war with all the elegancies and gaieties of life, we find, in this calumniated order, ladies of the first birth and fashion, at once converting their husbands to Anabaptism and instructing

their children in music and dancing,—valiant Presbyterian colonels refuting the errors of Arminius, collecting pictures, and practising, with great applause, on the violin.

Among all the individual Puritans, Milton belongs, of course, to the finest type, and his musical ability is well known to us. But it is Cromwell's love of music which we wish particularly to emphasise. Dr. Burney says, "Oliver Cromwell, the protector, loved a good voice and instrumental musick well," yet he cannot forbear adding, "Here's a man who though he seems to have had Music in his soul, yet it did not render him unfit for treasons, stratagems and spoils;" George Hogarth tells us that "Cromwell was fond of music, and frequently indulged himself in hearing it. When the organ at Magdalen College, Oxford, was taken down, he ordered it to be conveyed to Hampton Court, where it was placed in the great gallery; and one of his favourite amusements was hearing it played upon. It was carried back to its original place after the Restoration;" and Mr. Sigmund Spaeth says, "Cromwell owned a valuable organ, kept a private musician, and gave 'State Concerts.'" As to these concerts, Mr. Davey tells us that Cromwell was the first to invite an audience especially to hear performances by skilled musicians. Mr. Davey concludes his discussion of Cromwell with:

But the seed sown by the great Protector's enthusiastic love and discerning patronage of music broke forth into full flower in the next generation; and we musicians have especial cause to honour the memory of Oliver Cromwell.

It was probably because of this love of music that Cromwell allowed masques and some plays, especially those with music, to be given. In 1653 Shirley's masque, *Cupid and Death*, was produced. Plays were evidently more numerous in the Commonwealth than histories of literature have led us to believe. It was to some extent under the pretext of music that Sir William D'Avenant was able to revive the drama under the protectorate. Technically, his production, given May 23, 1656, at Rutland House, and called by the vague title of *The First Day's Entertainment*, was not a play, and was probably intended as a feeler to test whether musical dramas would be permitted. In this so-called first English opera performed in England, Diogenes, the cynic, gives the views of the Puritans upon public amusements while Aristophanes confutes them; and the Londoner and Parisian contrast the advantages and disadvantages of London and Paris from the point of view of the introduction of dramatic performances with music and scenery after the style of Paris, a style to

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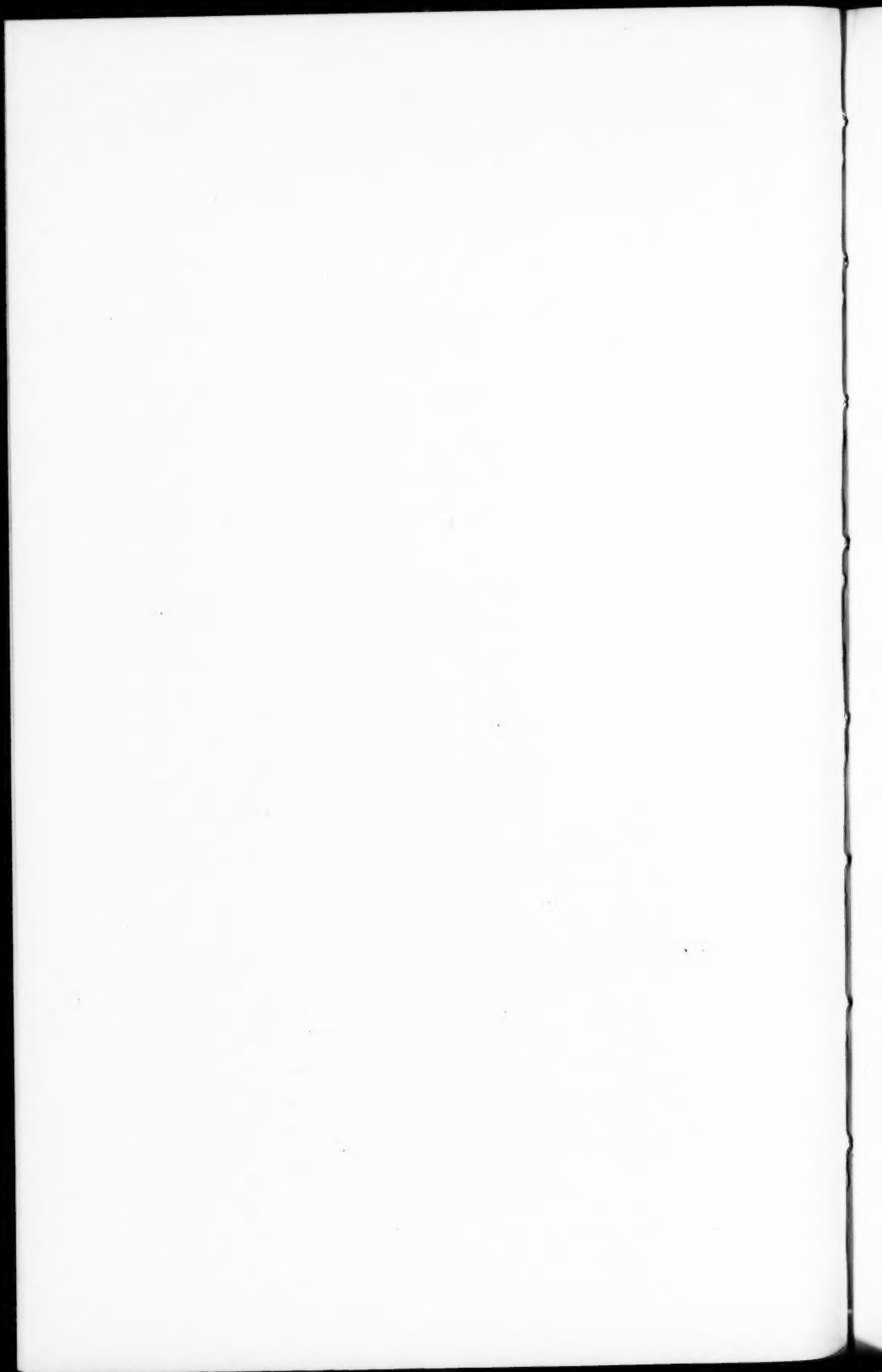
Nov. 19. 1687.

Rob. Midgley.

In the SAVOY:

Printed by E. Jones, for *Henry Playford*, at his Shop near the *Temple Church*, 1688.

Facsimile of the title-page in "The Banquet of Musick," printed for
Henry Playford, 1688.



which both Charles II and D'Avenant, during their residence there, had become attached. As no objection was made, *The First Day's Entertainment* was followed by *The Siege of Rhodes*, which is probably the opera to which Evelyn refers in his *Diary*, May 5, 1659:

I went to visit my brother in London; and next day, to see a new opera, after the Italian way, in recitative music and scenes, much inferior to the Italian composure and magnificence; but it was prodigious that in a time of such public consternation such a vanity should be kept up, or permitted.

On May 29, 1660, Charles II entered London and very shortly the ordinary theaters were re-opened. Thus the nascent opera was superseded by the play.

King Charles II, himself, was musical, by nature. Pepys observed "that the king kept good time with his hand all along the anthem." The Hon. Roger North (1650-1733) states also from first-hand knowledge:

King Charles the Second was a professed lover of musick. He could not bear any Musick to which he could not keep the time, and that he constantly did to all that was presented to him; and for the most part heard it standing. And for songs he approved only the soft vein, such as might be called a step tripla, and that made a fashion among the masters, and for the stage, as may be seen in the printed books of the songs of that time.

He sang with Tom D'Urfey who, in *Wit and Mirth: or Pills to Purge Melancholy*, 1719, tells us about "Advice to the City, a famous Song, set to a Tune of Signior Opday, so remarkable, that I had the Honour to Sing it with King Charles at Windsor; He holding one part of the Paper with Me." Apropos of a benefit performance (for D'Urfey) of D'Urfey's play, *The Plotting Sisters*, Joseph Addison says, in *The Guardian* for Thursday, May 28, 1713: "I myself remember King Charles the Second leaning on Tom d'Urfey's Shoulder more than once, and humming over a Song with him." Charles was evidently able to estimate and appreciate a good voice, for Sir John Hawkins relates that he took great pleasure in hearing Mr. Gostling sing and would often sing with Mr. Gostling, the Duke of York accompanying them on the guitar. It is interesting to note that this is the Mr. Gostling for whom Henry Purcell composed the anthem, *They that go down to the sea in ships*, in which the bass solo part descends to double D. Doubtless this ability to appreciate good music caused the ill-timed laugh of which Pepys speaks in his *Diary* of October 14, 1660: "To White Hall chapel, where one Dr. Crofts made an indif-

ferent sermon, and after it an anthem, ill-sung, which made the King laugh." And, finally, John Evelyn in his *Diary*, October 15, 1685, tells us that he had the honor to discuss music with the king.

Even if Charles, himself, could not play a musical instrument, he insisted on having around him those who could furnish almost every conceivable type of music. At his coronation "anthems, and rare music, with lutes, viols, trumpets, organs, and voices, were then heard." On the third Sunday after Charles' entry into London, Pepys says: "This day the organs did begin to play at White Hall before the King." Three Sundays later, Pepys himself attended the White Hall chapel, and for the first time in his life heard a service with the organ and surpliced choir. Charles' famous four-and-twenty fiddlers, founded in imitation of Louis XIV, played for him at meals and, much to the disgust of Evelyn, even in church.

Not only did Charles imitate the musical taste of the French court in the matter of violins, but he had French operas; French masters of his band, Grabu and Cambert; he sent Pelham Humfrey to study under Lulli, and young John Banister to learn the violin in Paris.

One would naturally think that French opera would have been introduced bodily or would at least have influenced English opera, but this seems not to have been the case. Grabu came to England in 1665 and was immediately (March 31, 1665) appointed by Charles "composer in his Majesty's musique." In the *Calendar of State Papers, Domestic Series, of the Reign of Charles II*, we find, under the date of November 12, 1666: "Warrant to Edward, Earl of Manchester, to swear in Grabu as master of the English chamber music." From a later entry, we learn that his yearly salary was £200. On October 1, 1667, Pepys heard the music presented by Grabu at Whitehall and was evidently not pleased with it. In 1672 (or 1674) Grabu assisted Cambert in the preparation of *Ariadne* for presentation in England. His enviable position at court caused Dryden to secure his collaboration in *Albion and Albanus*, 1685, in the preface of which Dryden heaped upon him profuse praises, which later proved insincere. This is Grabu's only opera score. Grabu remained in England, but he had no apparent influence on English opera.

Charles II seemed to have no understanding of the value of money and spent it lavishly, regardless of England's serious financial condition. In the *Calendar of Treasury Books*, Vol. I, 1660-1667, we find that, when he ascended the throne, there were three financial problems which Charles was supposed to solve:

the long-overdue arrears to the army and navy (about £480,000); the debts of both Charles I (about £529,600) and Charles II (?); and provision for the ordinary yearly revenue. In spite of all this burden, which Charles in no way appeared to lessen, he spent enormous amounts (or at least contracted enormous debts) for music alone. For the year, 1669, the sum of all expenditures for music, such as repairs of musical instruments, new instruments, musicians' salaries, liveries, care and education of chapel boys, pensions for old musicians, and so forth, amounted to approximately £9,400. It is difficult to discover how much of this was actually paid. We know that Monsieur Grabu suffered from deferred payment. Pepys adds some evidence in the following passage:

Talked of the King's family with Mr. Hingston, the organist. He says many of the musique are ready to starve, they being five years behind-hand for their wages: nay, Evens, the famous man upon the Harp, having not his equal in the world, did the other day die for mere want, and was fain to be buried at the almes of the parish, and carried to his grave in the dark at night without one linke, but that Mr. Hingston met it by chance, and did give 12d. to buy two or three links.

Perhaps Charles tried his best to pay his musicians, since in one case he orders the musicians to be paid "out of the new imposition on tobacco and sugar," and in another that they are to be paid "any order for retrenchment notwithstanding."

With Grabu, whose influence on English opera was not felt at all and whose life in England was extremely unhappy, we may mention Cambert, his countryman. Cambert's opportunity to influence English opera was even greater than was Grabu's. He arrived in England in 1672, was also warmly welcomed by Charles, and was given the superintendency of the music. His operas had succeeded splendidly in France, so much so that they aroused the jealousy of Lulli. Two of them, *Pomona* and *Les Plaisirs et les Peines d'Amour*, were presented at Court while *Ariadne* was publicly performed. However, we are told that Cambert died of a broken heart caused by disappointment at the failure of his operas. In view of these facts, French opera in England was evidently performed with no perceptible influence upon the so-called English opera, or musical drama.

Many other French musicians besides Grabu and Cambert came to England during Charles' reign. Pepys mentions a Frenchman, "a friend of Monsieur Eschar's, who played upon the guitar most extreme well," and "one Monsieur Prin, who plays on the trumpmarine, which he do beyond belief." Evelyn also speaks

of hearing "the French boy so famed for his singing." Charles II sent Pelham Humfrey, who was one of Capt. Henry Cooke's chapel boys, to France, to receive instruction under Lulli. Pepys draws an amusing picture, of the influence of French musical culture upon young Pelham:

Home, and there find, as I expected, Mr. Cæsar and little Pelham Humphreys, lately returned from France, and is an absolute Monsieur, as full of form, and confidence, and vanity, and disparages everything, and everybody's skill but his own. But to hear how he laughs at all the King's musick here, as Blagrave and others, that they cannot keep time nor tune, nor understand anything; and that Grebus, the Frenchman, the King's master of the musick, how he understands nothing, nor can play on any instrument, and so cannot compose: and that he will give him a lift out of his place; and that he and the King are mighty great!

Great as was Charles' interest in French music and musicians, his patronage of the Italian art was even greater. We come across the names of numerous Italian musicians: Signor Vincentio and Signor Bart. Albrici, the King's composers; Nicholao, the wonderful violinist; Signor Giovan Battista Draghi, who aided Locke in setting the music for Shadwell's *Psyche*, 1674-5; Signor Francisco, who was famous for the guitar and of whom Count Grammont in his *Memoirs of the Court of Charles the Second* says: "This Francisco had composed a saraband, which either charmed or infatuated every person; for the whole guitarery at court were trying at it, and God knows what an universal strumming there was." Giovanni Sebenico and Symon Cottereau, his Majesty's musicians; Pietro Reggio, a fashionable singing teacher, who made for his friends collections of Italian vocal music, through which the knowledge of men like Carissimi and Stradella became widely known; "Signor Pedro, who sings Italian songs to the theorbo most neatly"; Signora Francesca Margarita L'Epine, who was one of the first Italian female singers who appeared previous to the establishment of the Italian opera; Mary Evelyn's masters for the voice and harpsichord, Signors Pietro and Bartholomeo; Fideli, of whom Jo. Haynes spoke, in the epilogue to Farquhar's *Love and a Bottle*, 1699, as

An Italian now we've got of mighty fame,
Don Sigismondo Fideli,—There's music in his name;
His voice is like the music of the spheres,
It should be heavenly for the price it bears.

(20 l. a time.)

and many others. In fact, one may judge that the London of the Restoration welcomed foreign musicians and was willing to pay

them sums which, even to-day, sound large. John Downes, who was a contemporary of these musicians, evidently thought so too:

In the space of Ten Years past, Mr. Betterton to gratify the desires and Fancies of the Nobility and Gentry; procur'd from Abroad the best Dances and Singers, as, Monsieur L'Abbe, Madam Sublini, Monsieur Balon, Margarita Delpine, Maria Gallia and divers others; who being Exorbitantly Expensive, produc'd small Profit to him and his Company, but vast Gain to themselves; Madam Delpine since her Arrival in England, by Modest Computation; having got by the Stage and Gentry, above 10,000 Guineas.

Charles paid his Italian music, "viz., a contralto, tenor, bass, the poet, the woman, the eunuch and Signor Vincenzo (Albrici) and Bartholomew his brother; yearly charge, £1,700."

Not only did foreign singers come to England, but it was fashionable for English singers to study abroad. Evelyn speaks of a "Mr. Pordage, newly come from Rome," whose singing was in imitation of the Venetian recitative; also "after supper, came in the famous treble, Mr. Abel, newly returned from Italy"; and "Mrs. Knight, who sung incomparably, and doubtless has the greatest reach of any English woman; she had been lately roaming in Italy, and was much improved in that quality."

The facts about the proposed Italian opera house in London are as elusive as they are interesting. As early as Oct. 22, 1660, there is a statement recorded in the *Calendar of State Papers* of a "Grant to Giulio Gentileschi of license to build a theatre for an Italian band of Musicians whom he is bringing into England, and to have the sole representation of musical works there for five years." Of this we hear no more. Then, in 1664, the ambitious theater manager, Tom Killigrew, seems to have planned to erect a house for Italian opera in Moorfields, but his purpose was never carried out. Here he had hoped to have the best "scenes, the best machines and the best musique in Christendome." Although two Italian operas were given in England before 1675, they, like the French, influenced in no way the English opera. From 1675 to 1705 foreign operas disappeared entirely. Then, a few years before 1705, Italians who were attracted by the popularity of the solo parts of English operas, came to England to sing in concerts. In *Operatic Performances in England before Handel*, Mr. A. Joseph Armstrong says that these singers gradually prepared the public for the appreciation of the recitative after the Italian fashion, and of the Italian opera, which, under the leadership of Handel, held sway from 1711 to 1726.

If the Italian opera had no effect on the English opera of the Restoration, the presence of so many Italian singers in London

could not help but be somewhat reflected in the regular English plays of the Restoration. In Act III, Sc. 1, of Mrs. Behn's *The Feign'd Curtizans*, 1679, occurs a song in Italian. In Southerne's *The Wives' Excuse*, 1692, Act I, Sc. 2, there is this stage direction, "After an Italian song, etc." Later in the scene there is an urgent demand for an English song. It is remarkable that there are no more Italian songs sung in plays, for we understand that "Italian, apparently, was sufficiently well known among the courtly audiences of 1660-1680 for plays to be presented by native performers in that language." This lack of Italian, and also French, songs further proves the fact that song in drama is a distinctly English feature.

Up to this point we have been trying to establish the musical atmosphere of the Commonwealth and the Restoration by references mainly to their rulers, Cromwell and Charles. Now we shall try to give facts to prove that love of music was general among all classes of the English people. It is a fortunate fact that the two most important diaries of the period were written by musicians in the true sense of the word. Evelyn, who followed Tom Brown's advice regarding the theater, "Men of Figure and consideration are known by seldom being there," is a very poor authority on the drama of his time, for when he did attend a play, there is usually a conscience-stricken remark; such as, "I, being engaged with company, could not decently resist the going to see it, though my heart smote me for it," "very seldom going to the public theatres for many reasons now, as they were abused to an atheistical liberty; foul and indecent women now (and never till now) permitted to appear and act," "in my mind I did not approve of any such pastime in a time of such judgments and calamities." There is a very different attitude of mind shown in speaking of entertainments of music which he attended at friends' houses:

January 20, 1653-4: Come to see my old acquaintance and the most incomparable player on the Irish harp, Mr. Clark, after his travels. He was an excellent musician, a discreet gentleman, born in Devonshire (as I remember). Such music before or since did I never hear, that instrument being neglected for its extraordinary difficulty; but, in my judgment, far superior to the lute itself, or whatever speaks with strings.

November 28, 1655: Came Lady Langham, a kinswoman of mine, to visit us; also one Captain Cooke, esteemed the best singer, after the Italian manner, of any in England; he entertained us with his voice and theorbo.

November 19, 1674: I heard the stupendous violin, Signor Nicholas (with other rare musicians), whom I never heard mortal man exceed on

that instrument. He had a stroke so sweet, and made it speak like the voice of a man, and, when he pleased, like a concert of several instruments. He did wonders upon a note, and was an excellent composer. Here was also that rare lutanist, Dr. Wallgrave; but nothing approached the violin in Nicholao's hand. He played such ravishing things as astonished us all.

December 2, 1674: At Mr. Slingsby's, Master of the Mint, my worthy friend, a great lover of music. Heard Signor Francisco on the harpsichord, esteemed one of the most excellent masters in Europe on that instrument; then came Nicholao with his violin, and struck all mute.

January 10, 1684: I visited Sir Robert Reading, where after supper we had music, but not comparable to that which Mrs. Bridgeman made us on the guitar with such extraordinary skill and dexterity.

Although Evelyn had "some formal knowledge, though small perfection of hand," he procured the best of instructors for his daughter Mary, who died at the age of nineteen. There is no more heart-touching story than that of the grief of the father who was so proud of his daughter's musical talents. Surely Evelyn can be trusted to understand and to portray truthfully the musical atmosphere of his time!

In Pepys, we have an inveterate theater-goer, a composer, a singer, a performer upon the flageolet, lute, fiddle, viall, recorder and parallelogram, a reader of French and Latin books, a lover and collector of books, and a collector of ballads. It is fortunate that we are interested in the musical criticism contained in his diary rather than in the dramatic criticism, for Jeffrey says in a review of *Memoirs of Samuel Pepys*, 1825:

Though a great playgoer, we cannot say much for his taste in plays, or indeed in literature in general. . . . Of the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, he says, "It is the most insipid, ridiculous play I ever saw in my life." And he is almost equally dissatisfied with the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, and *Henry IV*. To make amends, however, for these misjudgments, he is often much moved by the concord of sweet sounds.

It is just this love of music reflected in such passages as the following, that makes Pepys, as well as Evelyn, a truthful recorder of the musical atmosphere of the early days of the Restoration:

July 30, 1666: Musick is the thing of the world that I love most, and all the pleasure almost that I can now take.

February 27, 1667-8: With my wife to the King's House, to see *The Virgin Martyr*. . . . But that which did please me beyond anything in the whole world was the wind-musick when the angel comes down, which is so sweet that it ravished me, and indeed, in a word, did wrap up my soul so that it made me really sick . . . that neither then, nor all the evening going home, and at home, I was able to think of anything, but remained all night transported, so as I could not believe

that ever any musick hath that real command over the soul of a man as this did upon me.

Evelyn and Pepys are only two of the better class of the Restoration public who were interested in music. Burney tells us that "all the time that Anthony Wood could spare from his beloved studies of English history, antiquities, heraldry, and genealogies, he spent in the most delightful facultie of Musick, either instrumental or vocal; and if he had missed the weekly meeting in the house of W. Ellis, he could not well enjoy himself all the week after." Sir Roger L'Estrange, the licenser of the press to Charles II and James II and the editor of many pamphlets and periodical papers, was "a very musical Gentleman, and had a tollerable Perfection on the Base-Viol, a very fashionable Instrument in those Days." Lord Sandwich played upon the "gittar, which he now commends above all musique in the world, because it is base enough for a single voice, and is so portable and manageable without much trouble." Mr. Slingsby, Master of the Mint, was "a great lover of music," and it was at his house that Evelyn heard Signors Francisco and Bartholomeo on the harpsichord, Nicholao on the violin, Du Prue on the lute and Mrs. Knight, who sang. Evelyn says, "Mr. Slingsby, whose son and daughter played skilfully, had these meetings frequently in his house." "The Duke of York played upon it (the guitar) tolerably well, and the Earl of Arran like Francisco himself." Evelyn's dinner engagements were usually followed by music which seems to have been the proper thing in the social life of the Restoration:

January 27, 1682: After supper, came in the famous treble, Mr. Abel, newly returned from Italy.

January 10, 1684: I visited Sir Robert Reading, where after supper we had music.

July 25, 1684: I dined at Lord Falkland's, Treasurer of the Navy, where after dinner we had rare music.

January 27, 1685: I dined at Lord Sunderland's, being invited to hear that celebrated voice of Mr. Pordage.

The illustrious North family was composed of distinguished amateurs. In his autobiography, Roger North (1653-1734), the author of *Memoirs of Musick*, gives us a glimpse of the musical environment of his youth:

He (Roger North's grandfather) played on that antiquated instrument called the treble-viol, now abrogated wholly by the use of the violin, and not only his eldest son, my father, who for the most part resided with him, played, but *his* eldest son Charles, and younger son,

the Lord Keeper, most exquisitely and judiciously; and he kept an organist in the house, which was seldom without a professed music master. And the servants of parade, as gentlemen ushers, and the steward, and clerk of the kitchen, also played, which, with the young ladies', my sisters', singing, made a society of music, such as was well esteemed in those times. And the course of the family was to have solemn music three days in a week, and often every day, as masters supplied novelties for the entertainment of the old lord. And on Sunday night voices to the organ were a constant practice, and at other times symphonies intermixed with the instruments.

Charles, the eldest of the North family, is credited by Pepys as being able to "play his part exceeding well at first sight." Francis, the second son, Lord Keeper of the Great Seal, was a "most knowing, learned, and ingenious man, and, besides being an excellent person, of an ingenious and sweet disposition, very skilful in music, painting, the new philosophy, and politer studies." Evidently Peacham's ideal of a complete musical gentleman,— "I desire no more in you than to sing your part sure, and at the first sight, withall, to play the same upon your Violl, or the exercise of the Lute, privately to your self"—voiced in 1634, came very near to being realized in the Restoration.

Restoration ladies of the better class, as well as gentlemen, were educated in music, and many attained remarkable perfection in it. Ann Lady Fanshawe (1625-1680), in her memoirs, tells of her education:

Now it is necessary to say something of my mother's education of me, which was with all the advantages that time afforded, both for working all sorts of fine work with my needle, and learning French, singing, the lute, the virginals, and dancing.

Hogarth's account of Hortensia, Duchess of Mazarin, gives a glimpse of a fashionable Restoration *soirée* at which women sang:

The fashionable taste in music, at this period, was much influenced by the residence, in London, of the celebrated Hortensia, Duchess of Mazarin. This lady, though an Italian by birth, had resided, from her infancy, at the French court, and was the object of universal admiration from her beauty and wit. . . . In 1675, she came to England. . . . The musical entertainments at the house of the duchess were chiefly dramatic, and are celebrated for their magnificence. The singers were the principal female performers from the theaters. . . .

Pepys speaks of "my Lady Wright and my Lady Jem. who sang songs to the harpsichon"; of the "good musique Captain Lambert's wife made on the harpsichon"; of Mrs. Lovett, who "plays finely on the lute";—and of many more. In the dedication by

Henry Purcell's widow, Frances, of *Orpheus Britannicus*, 1698, is the following:

To the Honourable, The Lady Howard.

Madam, Were it in the Power of Music to abate those strong Impressions of Grief which have continued upon me ever since the Loss of my dear lamented Husband, there are few (I believe) who are furnished with larger or better supplies of Comfort from this Science, than he has left me in his own Compositions, and in the Satisfaction I find, that they are not more valued by me (who must own my self fond to a Partiality of all that was his) than by those who are less Judges than Patrons of his Performances. . . . Your Ladyship's extraordinary Skill in Music, beyond most of either Sex, and Your great Goodness to that dear Person, whom You have sometimes been pleased to Honour with the Title of Your Master, makes it hard for me to judge whether he contributed more to the vast Improvements You have made in that Science, or Your Ladship to the Reputation he gain'd in the Profession of it.

Your Ladship's

Most Oblig'd, and most Humble Servant,
Fr. Purcell.

Not only were the court and the better classes interested in music, but the common people owned musical instruments, received instruction on them, played and sang to an unbelievable extent. Pepys observed that, when people were removing their goods from the vicinity of the great fire, "hardly one lighter or boat in three that had the goods of a house in, but there was a pair of Virginalls in it." Citterns were kept in barber-shops so that a patron waiting to be shaved could pass the time pleasantly until his turn came. Judging from Pepys' account of Lord Sandwich's imitation of the type of music heard in a barber-shop, it was not very melodious. Even Pepys appears to be a trifle surprised at the musical ability of the "very little fellow, a working goldsmith, that goes without gloves to his hands." Catches were very popular among the common class. A Playford publication by John Hilton, *Catch that catch can; or a choice collection of Catches, Rounds, and Cannons*, was published in 1652. We have spoken of the musical publications of John Playford during the Commonwealth. This "Faithfull Servant to all Lovers of Musick," as he styled himself, continued his publications of musical books until 1684, when he handed the business over to his son Henry. Henry published new editions of the most popular of his father's works and also issued many new works. While the father, John Playford, had no rivals in his publication of music, Henry had one formidable one to contend with. This was John Walsh, who, in 1695, began a publishing career that was much superior in variety of publications and in financial returns to that of the Playfords. In fact,

we are told that he amassed a fortune of £20,000. Probably Henry Playford recognized the necessity of advertising and certainly took a rather unique way to do it. He is credited with being the first to organize musical singing clubs in taverns. He arranged to have a music-master present, and the singing-books used were *The Pleasant Musical Companion* and the earlier Playford publications of catches and part-songs. Roger North tells us that a weekly meeting was held in a tavern near St. Paul's where there was a chamber organ and that some shopkeepers and other men came weekly to sing in concert and to listen and enjoy ale and tobacco. In 1672, John Banister started the first regular public concerts in England in a large room in Whitefriars. These concerts were carried on until Banister's death, in 1679. From 1678 to the time of his death in 1714, Thomas Britton, a man who sold small quantities of coal about the streets, entertained the public in the room over his shop. Edward Ward's (1667-1731) account of Britton in *A Compleat and Humourous Account of All the Remarkable Clubs and Societies in the Cities of London and Westminster, Compil'd from the Original Papers of a Gentleman Who Frequented Those Places upwards of Twenty Years*, is that of a contemporary:

These meetings were held at the home of the famous Small-Coal-Man, who is a Lover of Learning, a Performer in Musick, and a Companion for a Gentleman. . . . In a few Years his harmonious Consort became as publicly noted as the Kit-cat Club; notwithstanding the former was begun by a Small-Coal-Man, and the latter by a Bookseller.

There was a great demand for servants and apprentices with musical ability. We have quoted before from Roger North's autobiography that "the servants of parade, as gentlemen ushers, and the steward, and clerk of the kitchen, also played." Ashwell, Mrs. Pepys' gentlewoman, played on the harpsichon and tryangle and Pepys found "she do play pretty well." Mrs. Ferrabosco, who was proposed as gentlewoman for Mrs. Pepys, sang "most admirably," but Pepys feared "she is too gallant for me, and I am not sorry that I misse her." In her place came Mercer, who added much even to a musical household:

Mercer dined with us at table, this being her first dinner in my house. After dinner, my wife and Mercer, and Tom and I, sat till eleven at night, singing and fiddling, and a great joy it is to see me master of so much pleasure in my house. The girle plays pretty well upon the harpsichon, but only ordinary tunes, but has a good hand: sings a little, but hath a good voyce and eare. My boy, a brave boy, sings finely, and is the most pleasant boy at present, while his ignorant boy's tricks last, that ever I saw.

This is the boy of whom Pepys says later:

My people rising mighty betimes, to fit themselves to go by water; and my boy, he could not sleep, but wakes about four o'clock, and in bed lay playing on his lute till daylight, for, it seems, did the like last night till twelve o'clock. . . . In the evening come Mr. Andrews and Hill, and we sung, with my boy, Ravenscroft's 4-part psalms—most admirable musick.

Pepys also tells us of being at Lord Lauderdale's where "at supper there played one of their servants upon the viallin some Scotch tunes only; several, and the best of their country, as they seemed to esteem them, by their praising and admiring them: but, Lord! the strangest ayre that ever I heard in my life"; and of a gentleman waiting on Sir Philip Howard, who "played finely on the gittar." Musicians were often kept by people for the instruction of sons and daughters and for the general musical entertainment which they were able to give. Roger North's grandfather "kept an organist in the house, which was seldom without a professed music-master." "At dinner, the harper belonging to Captain Sparling played to the Dukes"; while the Duke of Buckingham's music consisted of "two violllins, and a base viollin, and theorbo."

In imitation of the musical life of the time, singing-masters and musical servants appear in Restoration plays. In Act I of *The Fond Husband; or, The Plotting Sisters*, 1677, by Thomas D'Urfey, occurs this conversation:

Sir Roger Petulant . . . and though I cannot sing myself, I keep those that can.

Bubble. Ay, and so do I,—My Wife's Maid shall sing you a Scotch Song:—Come, sing it, Betty.—(Betty sings).

In Act III of *The Kind Keeper, or Mr. Limberham*, 1680, by John Dryden, there is a maid who sings at sight:

Mrs. Tricky. No more Apologies: give Judith the Words: She sings at Sight.

Judith (a maid of the House). I'll try my Skill.

In Act I of *Love's a Jest*, 1696, by Peter Anthony Motteux, a servant teaches his master:

Enter Gaymood Singing: a Servant with him:

Gaymood. Slaves to London, I'll deceive you. (Sings.) E'gad I've as good a voice as most composers! Prethee sing it me once more, that I may have it right. (Servant sings a song of 3 8-line stanzas.)

In D'Urfey's *The Virtuous Wife*, 1680, a singing-master sings; in Congreve's *The Old Bachelor*, 1694, a musick-master, appropriately named Mr. Gavot, sings; and in Act IV of Thomas

Southerne's *The Maid's Last Prayer*, 1693, there is a mock music-meeting held at the home of Sir Symphony.

In *Die Geschichte des neueren Dramas*, Mr. Wilhelm Creizenac says, apropos of the age of Shakespeare, "In addition to the instrumental music an important part is played by inserted songs." He also adds: "Nor did the custom of weaving songs into the dramatic dialogue subsequently lose its vogue; indeed, the introduction was but natural in a play purporting to give a faithful picture of contemporary English society." This was indeed true of the Restoration period, a period in which all people, great and small, important and unimportant, seemed to have within them a passion for expressing themselves through the medium of music.

MEDITERRANEAN FOLK-SONG

By JULIEN TIERSOT

FOLK-SONGS are an integral part of the primitive civilization of all peoples, in the same way as their languages. Like the languages, too, they vary according to country and race. The songs of France constitute a national whole; political frontiers and vicissitudes have had no bearing on their scope. They are the same in all the provinces. It is an error, too generally accepted, to suppose that a song originated in Normandy because it is sung there, or that it belongs to the Dauphiné because it was found there. Of course, one notes slight differences between versions coming from regions so widely separated, but the basic material is the same. Time was, when such similarities were attributed to the common Celtic origin of the provinces by whose union France was formed; this seductive theory is now quite generally abandoned. It would probably be nearer the truth to admit that these folk-songs are a direct and spontaneous emanation of the Latin temperament.

The fact is, that the differences noted since the origins of the French language between the *pays d'oïl* and the *pays d'oc* are scarcely noticeable in the songs; these are the same, whether to the south or to the north of the Loire. One cannot tell whether they derive from the north country or from the south; between them there subsists a perfect unity, even when the melodies apparently show characteristic differences. The cast of the dances in the *Midi*, of the central plateau, of the Rhône valley, of the Mediterranean coast (the farandole, the rigaudon, the bourrée), is assuredly peculiar to these regions, and is quite markedly distinguished from the *rondes à danser* of Lorraine and Brittany; but if we probe the matter to the bottom, and especially the poetry, we shall recognize the same traits, the same subjects, the same forms.

Gevaert, by his studies of the music of ancient Greece, proved that ternary measure predominated in its primordial rhythm, and he opined that it had been familiar to popular song before it was taken over into artistic music. He declared that six-eight measure was an essentially Mediterranean rhythm. This observation deserves to be kept in view; we shall meet with this rhythm in all the regions we are about to explore, particularly where the Latin element prevails. No other is more widely used in France; it is the rhythm most favored in our dance-songs; furthermore,

in Languedoc and Provence, it affects an undulation that falls in marvellously with the temper and color of those sun-drenched regions.

But it is not enough merely to note that these characteristics are proper to our folk-songs in whatever part of France they may be sung; it is extremely interesting to observe that they appear quite as conspicuously beyond our boundaries, and sometimes far distant.

ITALY

It is a well-known fact that the common repertory of French song is spread over a vast area comprehending, first, the whole of France, and then, outside of its political limits, the other parts of Europe, and even of America, where French is spoken:—Walloon Belgium, Romance Switzerland, Canada; finally, that in other Latin regions such as Upper Italy (Piedmont, Lombardy, Liguria), the isles of the Mediterranean (Balearic Isles), and Portugal, the same songs are equally familiar, transposed into the dialects of the several regions (just as we have heard them variously sung in France, according as they appear in the provinces north or south of the Loire), but still preserving the same moulds, the same rhythms and rimes.

In the case of Piedmont we find indubitable proof in support of this general proposition. More than half a century ago Count Nigra published his book of "*Canti popolari del Piemonte*," one of the first works to call attention to a subject still new at that period; it was he who furnished the principal confirmative points of the theory fixing the limits of the geographical area within which the French folk-song predominates; the better part of this ultramontane collection, with few exceptions, is the same thing that is still sung in our provinces.

The proposition being submitted, we need for its establishment only to set side by side, with certain French songs, those Piedmontese songs that deal with the same subjects. Take, for example, the noted tragic dialogue in the finest of our folk-songs, "*La Mort du Roi Renaud*":

Dites moi, ma mère, m'amie,
Que pleurent nos valets ici?—
Ma fille, en paignant nos chevaux
Ont laissé noyer le plus beau.

Dites moi, ma mère, m'amie,
Que chantent les prêtres ici?—
Ma fille, c'est la procession
Qui fait le tour de la maison.

Dites moi, ma mère, m'amie,
Quel habit prendrai-je aujourd'hui?—
Prenez le blanc, prenez le gris,
Prenez le noir pour mieux choisir.

Dites moi, ma mère, m'amie,
Pourquoi la terre est rafraichie?—
Ma fille, ne puis le celer,
Renaud est mort et enterré.

In Piedmont the same verses (the translation is literal) are sung as follows:

Dizi-me'n po', mia mare grand,
Chi i servitur a piuro tant?—
I cavai a sun andait bruvè,
I dui pi bei l'an lassa niè.

Dizi-me'n po', mia mare grand,
Perchè i préive na canto tant?—
Sa l'è préive na canto tant
La grossa festa ch'a fan duman.

Mi da'n pajola chem leverò,
La vesta russa mi meterò.—
Vui di neir e mi di gris,
Andruma a la moda del pais.

Dizi-me'n po', mia mare grand,
J'è d'terra fresca sut al nost banc?—
Nora mia, mi poss pa pi scuze,
Vost mari l'è mort e suterè.

(English Translation.)

Pray tell me, only mother dear,
Why are our servants weeping here?—
My child, to wash them in the pond
They led our steeds, the best was
drowned.

Pray tell me, only mother dear,
Wherefore the priests are chanting
here?—
My child, 'tis the procession slow
That round about the house doth go.

Pray tell me, only mother dear,
What dress to-day were best to wear?—
Oh take the white, or take the gray,
Or take the black to wear to-day.

Pray tell me, only mother dear,
What fresh-turned earth do I see
there?—
My child, at last it must be said:
Renaud is dead and buried.

Quite opposed as to genre, and sensibly different in form, is the pastoral of "La Pastora e il Lupo" ("La Brebis sauvé du Loup"). The King's son (or some untitled gentleman) has done the shepherdess the service of saving the lamb from the clutches of the wild beast, and the following dialogue ensues:

Mi v'ringrassio, gentil galant,
V'ringrassio d'vostra pena;
Quand il barbin sara tondu,
Vi dunarò la lena.—

Mi n'a sun pa marcant de pann,
Gnianca marcant de lena.
Un sol bazin del vost buchìn
Mi pagherà la pena.—

Un sol bazin ve'l poss pa de;
Sun dona marideja.
S'a lo saveil el me mari,
Saria bastoneja.

In France the same couplets are sung as given below, and are at bottom identical in Lorraine, in Brittany, in Saintonge, in Gascony; the song had been written out as early as the fifteenth century, or even earlier. Compare the two versions:

Monsieur, en vous remerciant
De vous et de vos peines;
Quand je tondrait mes blancs moutons,
Vous en donn'rai la laine.—

Je ne suis pas marchand drapier
Ni revendeur de laine;
Mais seulement un doux baiser
Satisferait ma peine.—

Monsieur, parlez plus doucement;
 Ma mère vous écoute;
 Si mon père vous entendait,
 Il me battrait sans doute.

(English Translation.)

Fair sir, I thank you heartily	By trade I am no draper,
For all the pains you've taken,	Nor do I deal in wool,
And when I shear my sheep so white	But only one sweet kiss I'd have
Some wool I'll surely give you.—	To pay me to the full.—

Fair sir, pray do not speak so loud,
 My mother else will hear you;
 Should Father hear what you have said,
 For sure I'd get a beating.

This experiment might be repeated with probably half the songs in Nigra's collection with equally conclusive results.

Unfortunately for us, this important collection, containing no less than 150 numbers, was conceived from a specifically literary point of view; scarcely a score of the musical settings are joined, in an appendix, to the appropriate poems. But this lacuna has been filled by later collections, notably that of L. Sinigaglia, "*Vecchie Canzoni popolari del Piemonte*"; and these go to confirm the analogies between the folk-melodies of Upper Italy and those of the French provinces, especially in the region of the *Midi*. Among these songs we have found one that resembles, almost note by note, a laborer's song, "*Le Bouvier*," popular throughout Languedoc, as well as another melody of like origin, one of the first that were taken down and published in the nineteenth century, "*N'éroun tres fraïres*." The themes of the rustic dances are similar to those played by the *ménétriers* of Savoy and La Bresse on the vielle and violin; and many others are of the same simple, melodic type that we have so often remarked in our French melodies.

No more than these last, moreover, do the traditional songs of Piedmont offer tonal or rhythmic peculiarities of a rare type. The major mode predominates to a notable extent, and in the minor there is nothing to suggest a derivation from the modes of antiquity; as for the measures, they seldom depart from the simple "two-time" and (above all) "three-time" in squarely marked periods. It is in other lands and among peoples speaking other tongues that one must seek for those typical traits that give so much character to the folk-songs of certain countries.

But when we penetrate to the heart of Italy, we shall see the folk-song present itself under a totally different aspect. The epic

and narrative songs, with numerous verses sung by a solo voice, now give way to lyric songs composed of a single strophe, generally with from four to eight lines (or even fewer), where the voices respond to and alternate with each other, as was the practice in the popular songs of the shepherds and harvesters and artisans of antiquity, from which they are apparently derived.

These songs constitute, much more than those mentioned before, a lyric type that might be called "Mediterranean"; because apart from certain differences in form, expression and language, their principal traits may be met with almost everywhere in those countries where the civilization of the ancient world took form. Spain has its *coplas*, whose acquaintance we shall soon make, and Greece its *distichs*; however they may differ among themselves in certain points, the Sicilian *octaves*, the *quatrains*, the *triplets*, familiar in Tuscany and as far as Southern Italy, offer analogies with the above strophes that are the more evident as their forms depart further from those of the songs in couplets which are popular in Celtic, Germanic or Slavic countries.

"The boatmen of Horace, who all night long sang their beautiful *certatim*, and the weaver of Tibullus, who accompanied his labors with rhythmic song, have their natural successors in the *campagnards* with their responsive *stornelli*, and the young girls who gladden their labor or repose with amorous *strambotti*."—This quotation from Gaston Paris deftly establishes the connecting-link between the songs of antiquity and those of modern Italy, while taking careful note of the difference.

We have just mentioned in passing the names of the different species of these songs:—the *strambotto*, said to be of Sicilian origin, and the *stornello*, which is derived from it. *Strambotto* is an old word that we meet with in the earliest books of printed music (Petrucci, the inventor of musical typography), whereas in *stornello* we recognize an evident etymological connection with *ritournelle*. The *serenate*, *notturni*, *mattinate* of the central and southern provinces, the *barcarole* of Venice, the Sicilian *marinare*, are varieties of the *strambotto*, the essential type of Italian song. The Neapolitan *canzone*, divided into couplets like the French *romances*, although more modern, are highly characteristic of the musical spirit of southern Italy. Here we shall not speak of the *frottole*, an harmonic form of budding art, still hiding its technique, however, beneath an apparent simplicity, and destined to appeal to the taste of the most musical of peoples. As for the Italian dances, we need only name the *saltarello* or the *tarantella* to evoke in the minds of the least erudite an image of the melodic

and rhythmic traits characteristic of a people with whose sports these figurations have been associated from time immemorial.

Avoiding undue multiplication, let us give by means of at least a few examples some notion of the style of these songs; bouquets of flowers of melody that will adorn this disquisition with a sensible quota of gracious charm.

We do not care to linger over the songs of the North, akin to our French songs. Yet even here we shall see how their melodies take on a certain characteristically Italian color. Below we cite one, the poem of which derives from the celebrated ballade of "Le Plongeur," known and sung by the people of France long before it gave rise to the romantic developments of Schiller. The presence of a refrain, "O Fedelin," midway in the couplet, discloses its type as a dance-song, and the truly Latin verve of its six-eight rhythm furnishes convincing proof that it was so employed; as for the melody, it has assumed an entirely novel accent, whereby the change in climate is emphasized.



In the central and southern parts of the peninsula are found forms of melody and accentuation of still greater particularity, although they sometimes strike us as vulgar; this is because they have become too familiar to us, either by reason of the diffusion that Italian melody owes to the compositions of its *maestri*, or on account of the success obtained by the songs themselves. For Italian folk-song has enjoyed, since times already remote, a universal favor whose day is not yet done. Need we cite famous titles? "The Carnival of Venice?" "Santa Lucia?" But are all these veritable folk-song, or merely semi-popular? We are at a loss to determine this extremely subtle distinction. The fact is, that the instinct to which this sort of music responds has kept alive in the spirit of the Italian people. What song is more widely known to-day throughout the world than "Funiculì-Funiculà," by Luigi Denza? None the less, it is modern; its subject dates it; it was penned at the time of the inauguration of the funicular railway on Mount Vesuvius. And yet, can it be denied that this song is thoroughly typical of the Neapolitan folk-song?

It would be an easy matter to adduce characteristic themes—some love-song known all over Italy, in the Roman campagna, in Naples, in Sicily; some *stornello* that they sing in Tuscany, this last in a freer style and with a less vigorous rhythm. But the inexorable Mediterranean six-eight seems to have the best of it almost everywhere.

This rhythm, and the melodic inflexions corresponding to it, are so characteristic of the folk-song "in itself" that they extend their influence into distant regions outside of Italy; by a surprising coincidence, we find it employed in the principal theme of a symphonic poem by Smetana as an imitative suggestion of the flow of the Vltava river (the Moldau), the national stream of Czechoslovakia. And all the same it is, in its primitive contexture, an Italian melody such as those most commonly met with in the campagna, at Naples, or in Sicily.

Andantino

Fe - nes - ta che lu - ci vi - ge - mo non lu - ci, — Sign' —
 è ca Nen - na mia sta - ce - am - ma - la - ta. — S'af - faccia la so - rel - la e me - lo
 di - ce: — Nen - ne - lla to ja è mor - tà e j'è al - ter - ra - ta. — Chia
 gne va sem - pre ca dor - me - va so - la, — Mo dor - me co li muor - te ac - compa - gna
 ta, — Mo dor - me co li muor - te ac - compa - gna - ta.

Of a fundamentally dissimilar spirit, and testifying to the variety of this repertory, are other songs in which one might verily glimpse an emanation, as it were, from the soul of the peoples of Latin lineage. Such are the peasant songs, analogous to the melodic snatches that one hears sung by laborers in France, and that seem like an issue of the soil. In Italy they have another accent, but their forms are equally free and no less beautiful.

Lentement et sans mesure

Mi vo - glio fa - un ves - ti - to — e tu - to — ne - ro,
 tu - to guar - ni - to e di - ma - lin - co - ni - a. Co - sa di - rà la gen - te



French musicians who had spent some of their youthful years in Italy, were often impressed by the accents of these popular melodies, whose echo might be heard time and again in the works written on their return. For example, the—not at all improbable—story has been told that Massenet, while on a trip with his comrades in the École de Rome, jotted down on his way the melodic contour of an air played on a *piffero* (rustic flageolet) out in the country, and, moulding it artistically, made of it the initial theme of *Marie-Magdeleine*. Gustave Charpentier's "*Impressions d'Italie*" bear traces, that he did not try to conceal, of souvenirs of a similar nature.

Berlioz furnishes us with a still more strongly localized instance. When he wrote the account of his walks among the Abruzzi, he included the theme of a serenade sung at night by a mountaineer before his sweetheart's house; a sort of universal formula into which the singer injected his words at will; a call, a salute. It is nothing more than a chant on one note intermingled with vocal ornamentations and ending on a note that calls for a guttural tone of voice. This mountain song, in its extreme simplicity, has a character of grandeur.

The sea, too, the Latin sea, has inspired songs suffused with the same melancholy poesy. So it is also with the Venetian lagoons, whose songs have always enjoyed high distinction. "When I heard the barcarolles," wrote Jean-Jacques Rousseau, "methought I had never heard song before." Many of the melodies that have overrun the world under that appellation are the creations of a factitious art, and their effect is often deceptive. But some of them retain full flavor and force; for example, this *villotta* of the boatmen of Chioggia, with its few monotonous, yet justly rhythmized notes: "*In mezzo al mare ghe xe una fontana: Chi beve de quel'acqua se inamora. . .*"

In Italy, poetry and music so early attained artistic development that one might have feared that the folk-song would be unable to conserve its character in the desirable state of liberty

and spontaneity. Pointing at those among the common people who sing the verses of Dante and Tasso, it has been asked, "Is not this sort of culture bound to harm true popular production?" Not at all; it has been no hindrance. The songs whereby the gondoliers of Venice not long ago sustained the recitation of the most renowned stanzas, possessed all the characteristics of the purest folk-song.

Wagner was still in time to hear them. In his essay on "Beethoven" (1870) he wrote:

During a sleepless night in Venice I stepped out on the balcony before my window, overlooking the Grand Canal. Like a profound dream the fantastic City of Lagoons stretched away in the shadows. Out of the most absolute silence arose the mighty and harsh cry of some gondolier just awakened in his barque. He repeated his call through the night until, from afar off, the same call answered him along the dark canal. I recognized the plaintive, ancient melody to which were sung of old the well-known verses of Tasso, a strain assuredly as old as the canals and people of Venice.¹ After solemn pauses, this dialogue of far-away sonorities finally grew more animated and seemed to blend in a unison till at last the tones faded away as slumber resumed sway. What could Venice, motley and restless beneath the eye of the sun, have to tell me, that this dream music, in the night, did not reveal to me much more intensely?

Other travelers, artists and poets, have described their impressions on hearing these puissant tones, but there were few who took the trouble to transcribe them—or who were able to do so. Liszt, however, did save one of these songs from oblivion, that he might magnify it in a symphonic work, "Tasso, Lamento e Trionfo." In the theme as noted by him one could, from the standpoint of tonality, surmise oriental influences, as might well be expected in the case of a town that has seen so many and various changes.



Jean-Jacques Rousseau had also taken an interest in these manifestations of Italian native talent; nearly a century before

¹Take note in passing of this felicitous observation, whence it may be gathered that the song was not made to be fitted to the verses of the modern poet, but is a pre-existent and primitive melody to which the said verses adapted themselves readily and quite naturally.

Liszt, he had written down song-formulas, likewise fitted to verses by Tasso, which he called "Psalmodes de Florence et de Venise," *Tasso alla Veneziana Ottave alla Fiorentina*.

Let us pause a moment in this rapid review of Italian folk-song to consider the dances. We shall make no attempt to enumerate all the varieties that are known to the country; we shall mention only the *Monferrine* (to which Stendhal alludes as, to his knowledge, disseminated throughout northern Italy), the *Forlana* (according to its title the dance of Friuli—or it may be of Forli), and then immediately take up the *Saltarello* and *Tarantella*, the dances *par excellence* of central and southern Italy, and both in ternary rhythm. The *saltarello* is a very ancient dance, examples of which were printed in the earliest editions of instrumental music, more especially that for the lute. From it the *tarantella* was apparently derived; it has never ceased to be the favorite dance of Naples and its environs. Its animated rhythm and gay color are well-known; this form has given rise to innumerable artistic imitations, some of which are excellent.

These dance-tunes are sometimes set to words and sung, and sometimes executed by popular instruments:—the *piffero* (a rustic pipe which comprises an entire family of various dimensions); instruments of percussion for marking the rhythm, like the drum with a single head and with or without jingles, and the triangle or any combination of metallic leaves or plates (sonorous devices deriving from the antique *sistrum*); and the guitar, whose rhythmically plucked chords serve to mark the measure rather than to reinforce the harmony. Occasionally the *pifferi*, grouped so as to form a diminutive orchestra, take several different parts; the first and highest plays the melody; a second part accompanies, harmonizing with the first by figurations which it would be imprudent to designate as contrapuntal, and following it in the simplest of intervals; while the deepest-toned instrument sounds a bass that is nothing but a holding-note, the dominant. Thus the primitive harmony is produced by several instruments, which in French folk-music is incorporated in a single instrument, the *vielle* or the *cornemuse* with its drones.

Berlioz (already quoted), who could see and hear with the best, graphically describes these rustic symphonies that the *pifferari* of the Roman campagna, descending from their mountains, come down to perform at Rome, on festival days, before the images of the Madonna.

The musette, seconded by a great piffero blowing the bass, sounds a harmony of two or three notes, to which a smaller piffero executes

the melody; then, still higher than these, two very short little pifferi played by children ten or twelve years old, twitter their trills and cadences and inundate the rustic tune with a shower of bizarre ornamentations. After gay and gladsome refrains repeated *ad infinitum*, a grave, slow prayer of a quite patriarchal unction worthily terminates the naïve symphony. Nearby, the tones are so loud as to be hardly endurable; but at a certain distance this singular orchestra produces an effect by which few persons can fail to be moved. Somewhat later I heard the pifferari at home; and, if I found them so remarkable in Rome, how much livelier was the impression received amid the wild fastnesses of the Abruzzi! Here, volcanic rocks and dark fir forests form a natural background and complement to this primitive music.

With regard to harmony, apart from these rudimentary ventures by instrumental aggregations, one not infrequently hears the people in Italy singing their songs in two parts, or accompanying them on the guitar. But herefrom the inference should not be drawn that this is an original manifestation of folk-talent. Folk-song, at least in its primitive state, is everywhere melodic, monodic, non-harmonic, and the fact above-noted in no way contradicts this truth. The melodies one sometimes hears sung in two parts in Italian village streets are modern, at least relatively, and their accompaniment in consonant notes, particularly in thirds, is merely the consequence and extension of practices originating in written music, with which the people of Italy are more familiar than those of any other land.

* * *

Pursuing our travels along the *Mare clausum* ("Inland Sea"), as it once was called, we now arrive at its western limit, in Spain.

SPAIN

Spain was the first nation to find a collector of its folk-songs. Its "Romancero" was printed as early as the seventeenth century. It is true that the memory of these ancient poems is in great part effaced from the minds of the people, where it has not completely disappeared; it is reported that to this day, Castile, Portugal, and in general, the provinces occupying the central zone of the Iberian peninsula, still preserve through tradition some epic romances. But it is chiefly through the medium of love-songs and dances, probably of lesser antiquity, that the practice of Spanish folk-song has maintained itself; to-day it shows more vigorous life than ever before.

The character of these songs, and even their form, vary sensibly with their habitat. In the several provinces of Spain

there lives a particularistic spirit that extends to their songs as well as their speech. Catalonia is like an extension of southern France. The Basque country, intermediate and partitioned between these two, is distinguished from both by its mother-tongue. In the south, Andalusia still bears the impress of Moorish influences that long made themselves felt through the actual presence of the invaders; influences which were felt as far as the Levantine region (Alicante, Murcia); while Aragon, Galicia, the Asturias, Murcia and Estremadura, representing the pure Spanish race, are likewise distinguished one from the other by numerous local traits. Atlantic Spain (the mountain country of Santander, Asturias, especially Galicia) similarly has its own physiognomy. Galicia, a Celtic land, like northern Portugal, offers a clean-cut contrast to central and southern Spain, by reason of a certain rhythmic heaviness in its dances, and, at the same time, a melancholy, dreamy, feminine tenderness in its songs.

Whereas in Galicia the songs, in the *gallego* dialect, akin to the Portuguese, are accompanied by a wind-instrument similar to the *cornemuse*, in the greater part of Spain the guitar, with its derivatives, is decidedly the favorite instrument.

The *bolero*, the *seguidilla*, and the *fandango*, in vogue in most of the central provinces; the *jota*, familiar more especially to Aragon; the *tango*, the *vito*, the *tirana*—these are the dance-tunes most characteristic of the various regions. They are fresh and vigorous in effect, with infectious, though not very diversified, rhythms.

On the other hand, regarding the *malagueñas*, it is impossible to say with absolute certainty whether they are exclusively derived from Moorish music, or, like the *Peteneras sevillanas* and other "*flamenca*" songs, they are not quite as much derivatives of the *Seguirizas gitanas*, *Soleares*, etc. They display very remarkable peculiarities of form, together with great (at least, apparent) freedom; superpositions of different measures in both song and instrumental accompaniment, the voice developing a long-drawn out *melopœia* adorned by a multitude of *fiorituri* improvised according to the singer's caprice, while the guitar obstinately pursues its course in ternary rhythm without appearing to follow the voice or slowing down to let it catch up. Examples that might be given of these free compositions sometimes possess a strongly marked character.

Ought we to mention the *Habanera*, too, whose name (from Havana) indicates its foreign origin? With its variously alter-

nating rhythms, it found an echo in Europe, where it was readily acclimated, but perhaps, like the *tango*, it is merely another Andalusian form come back with modifications from America.

Some other varieties, exhibiting special nuances, will be presented in the further course of this summary review.

As has been remarked, the popular songs of Catalonia are related to the French songs and seem to derive from them. Mili y Fontanals, in his "Romancerillo catalan," and, outside of Spain, far-sighted observers, like Gaston Paris and Nigra, have established this affiliation, analogous to that which they have traced with Piedmontese songs: little couplets similar in style and in rhythm, inner strophe arrangement, poetic subjects, syllabic melodies, especially in 6/8 time; all this they have in common. Does this imply that these songs are identical? No: within the same forms color and accent are different. Investigations, not as yet completed, undertaken by the *Obra del Cançons popular de Catalunya* to constitute the general collection of the songs of that country (whose area extends to the Balearic islands, Majorca in particular), already have familiarized us with a certain number of these melodies, and have cast into relief their noble character. At the same time, however, they have established the fact that these Catalan songs, having affinities with the French, positively do not resemble those of the interior and of the Midi.

In penetrating into the heart of Spain, we at once realize, in fact, that folk-song as it is there practised, has nothing in common with that which constitutes the folk-lore of other Latin countries, from whatever angle one scrutinize it. Let us consider the poems. They constitute the preponderant element in the French songs, with their numerous couplets obstinately repeated on the same formula, sometimes very concise. In Spain, on the contrary, the music is the song, and the poem is really reduced to a minor rôle.

We do not mean that this element, the basis of all lyricism, is to be disregarded in this case. The Spanish songs are habitually sung to short lines and short strophes, upon which the voice weaves its rhythmic lays and languid melodic figurations; and these words on occasion bear an accent worthy of the most delectable poetry. They are most frequently simple distichs, and sometimes quatrains (*coplas*, *soleas*), which in themselves constitute a whole poem:

The bird of winter calls, in a clear voice, "It snows." It is to thee he calls, for that thou knowest naught of love. Oh pity! pity! On the nails of thy door thou wilt find my heart.

Thus speaks a Castilian ditty, while the voice, sustained by the guitar, pronounces a measured and lilting lay:

I bear a pain in my heart, Ay! a pain I shall not disclose. Accurst be love, and he (she) who awakened it in me!

This bears no resemblance to our timid, and often prolix, "Nightingales of the Wood."

Traitors are thine eyes, and buried must they be!

Such is the wild outburst of a song sung to dancing.

Below we quote a few of these little couplets in which are interwoven such dainty conceits, amiable subtilities, expressions now sparkling, now delicate, sometimes of a poignant emotion, such as are native to the love-poetry of the south:

Son tus labios dos cortinas
De velor de carmesí,
Y entre cortina y cortina
Estoy esperando el sí.

Envidia tengo a la tierra
Y también a los gusanos
Que te tienen de comer
Ese cuerpo tan gitano.

Dos estrellas se han perdido
Y en el cielo no parecen.
En tu casa se han metido
Y en tu cara resplandecen.

Thy lips are two curtains the color
of scarlet, and betwixt one curtain
and the other I hope there will pass
a Yes.

I envy the earth itself, and envy
the very worms that shall one day
devour thy body that is so Gypsy-
like.

Two stars have lost themselves and
are seen no more in the skies. They
came down into thy dwelling and now
sparkle in thine eyes.

One may feel inclined to doubt that conceits of so chivalrous a turn can be a product of genuine popular art. Yet nothing is more constantly employed in Spain than this type of couplet, these "*piropos*," compliments which the young men improvise and address to the young girls when they come from mass, are out walking, or even in the street.

Withal, the expression of their music is not always in full accord with that of the poetry. In some cases this is really fortunate, because, side by side with poems in the style of those above-cited, one meets with texts whose sense is infinitely more of the earth earthy. For example, here are the words of the song "El Pano moruno" (The Moorish Cloth), set to a somewhat sombre tune in a daintily accented ternary rhythm:

When a spot shows on fine cloth, it sells for a cheaper price, because it has lost in value.

An eminently practical truth that naturally calls to mind another song, the song of Monsieur de la Palisse!—Let us con-

tinue our exploration of this collection, a work which we owe to the competence of a master in the art of contemporary Spanish music, Manuel de Falla. Now we read:

He who lives in a house roofed with glass, should not throw stones at his neighbor.

This might be one of Sancho Panza's proverbs!

In thine inconstancy I compare thee with the pesetas that pass from hand to hand and are at last worn out; then they seem counterfeited, and no one will take them.

These blandly incoherent phrases are sung in the province of Murcia to the air of a seguidilla, very pleasing in its smoothly flowing melody and well-turned cadences.

We note further, in the repertory of Castilian songs, this melodic "Mariana" motive (see p. 540), superbly scintillating, ornamented like the call of a muezzin, intended for the open air, free, ample, suggestive of proudest fancies—then see what the poem has to say:

In the mountains of Burgos I fired off my carbine. Nine months after, the ball and the wad came out together. Come, Mariana, on to the mountains. My soul, I love thee, I love thee.—

Give no *palito* to Mariana, because the poor girl is maimed, because the poor thing is lame.

In truth, Spanish song is oftentimes at variance with the principle affirming the intimate union of music and poetry, a principle which many good minds still cling to.

But there are cases when the union is closer, either in the spirit or in the form. For example, one might cite a song of Granada in which the strophe is, strictly speaking, cut in two, and each of these parts is set to a melodic design quite different from that of the other part in character, sentiment, and tonality; each half forms at the same time a contrast to and a complement of its partner. This form is known in poetry under the name of *Pantoum*: the French romanticists employed it; they knew that it came to them from the East. Whatever its origin, it is interesting to show that its equivalent may be found among the songs of southern Spain.

Music, therefore, lives its own life in these songs. It has a color, a poignancy of accent, an inward warmth, that distinguish it from all folk-songs of the rest of the world. Is this music very old? No one can tell; it can neither be denied nor affirmed. It may be that there is some ground for the general opinion that it derives its origin from Moorish influences. But were these

influences exerted throughout all parts of the peninsula, and upon all the varieties of its songs? That might be doubted.

Furthermore, the ancient musical scripts furnish us no aid in forming a correct idea of this style, that to-day strikes us as so original. Some time ago Pedrell reproduced (following Salinas and his book of the sixteenth century, "*De Musica*") specimens of Spanish songs; they are totally different, and archaic in style. How much more vivacious are those that have been handed down solely by oral tradition! It is these that constitute the bulk of the collections whence we have of late drawn information concerning Spanish folk-song (Olmeda, Ledesma, Verdu, Feorner, Manuel de Falla, Koeckert, Laparra, Nin, Collet). In them the melodies for voice are often very short, and limited to a few measures; the same rhythm, inflection and accent throughout. Contrariwise, there are others that seem like improvisations continually developing and renewing themselves without being exhausted; slow melodic phrases, now syllabic, and now surcharged with ornamental vocalizations.

Their rhythm is almost uniformly ternary; and this, it would seem, is a characteristic of Spanish music, whether scientific or popular. The dances, in particular, are most frequently in three-time.

As for the modes, those who like to trick out the airs of the people with Greek names, will certainly be hard put to it in this case. Spanish songs are devised simply in the natural scale, major or minor, very often based on the dominant for a close, with passing accidentals affecting the modal tones, such as leading-tones to the tonic and dominant, flats attracting the second and sixth degrees respectively to those same two fundamental notes—which does not in the least justify the appellation "*Dorian*," the adductive pull of these alterations being diametrically opposed to the spirit of the ancient modes. On the contrary, nothing is more vibrant, passionate and modern than these Andalusian, Aragonian or Castilian melodies. Perhaps one might rather discover infiltrations of oriental music in them; but that is quite another matter.

Finally, there is one peculiarity that signally distinguishes Spanish folk-song from that of nearly all other nations on earth—the fact that it is accompanied song. Spanish song and the guitar are two inseparable entities. The instrument is not utilized solely as a dance-accompaniment; it sustains the voice, or, more exactly, the voice goes along superimposing itself upon the chords and forming with them an harmonic aggregation or alternation

whose like one would fail to find this side of the Far East. Over the chords and the unyielding rhythms of the guitars, a moment after they have begun to play, the voice floats, reciting its measured melody or fervently dashing off some dance-motive. The resulting harmony is simple; an empty chord on the guitar, whose strings are tuned in fifths or fourths, furnishes its basic elements, and the voice instinctively follows their lead. From this combination, rudimentary though it be, results an enhancement of sonorous resources unknown to other folk-music, essentially alien to any harmonic intervention whatsoever. The vocal melody, thrown at a venture across the arpeggios or flat chords of the guitar, often engenders clashes; notes are tossed hither and thither; and in these licenses, due to instinct alone, the attentive ear may distinguish rare harmonies from which art might win advantage. This has been brilliantly demonstrated by Chabrier in his "España."

This combination is rounded out by the percussion, whose principal agent is assuredly the simplest of all instruments and requires no intermediary to make it sound—the hands. Around the dance-hall, whose centre is reserved for the evolutions, are seated, together with the guitar-players, the onlookers, who themselves like to take part in the choreographic action by clapping their hands to the rhythm and sometimes blending their cries with the animation of the music and the dance. There are, besides, the castanets clacking under the fingers of the dancers, and forming what might be called rhythmic variations on the isochronous movement of the guitars and hand-claps. The vocal air, generally non-rhythmical, flows onward above this fundamental rhythm without conflicting with it; at times it is sung by a solo voice, seemingly far away: then a unison chorus responds to the solo, or it may happen that the dancers themselves join in singing; when there are two, one may stop to sing his couplet while the other goes on dancing, and this forms a sort of dialogue between dance and song. A most animated spectacle, whose picturesque aspect has been admired by travelers in all periods, and in which the Spanish people daily renew the delights whereof they never weary.

From among the great variety of these songs and rhythms we shall give at least one example and specimen. To this end we choose a seguidilla from Murcia that has been harmonized by Manuel de Falla, the melody of which we borrow from his collection of "Canciones populares españolas," a work full of the most characteristic music.

Allegretto spiritoso

Cual-quier-a que el te - ja - do ten-ga de vi - drio -

ten-ga de vi-drio, Cual-quier-a que el te - ja - do ten-ga de vi -

drio, No de-be ti-rar pie - dra Al del ve - ci - no -

Ari-e-ros se - mós; Pue-do que en el ca - mi -

no, Pue-do que en el ca - mi - no. Nos en-con - tre - mos -

In the execution of the majority of Spanish dances guitar and voice alternate, the latter being sustained by the throbbing of the plucked chords, the clapping of hands, and the clack of the castanets. Almost all the songs are accompanied by a uniform pattern on the guitar arpeggiating, in turn, the notes of the tonic and dominant chords in ternary rhythm, the dominant remaining as the base from beginning to end, even in the close. Bizet imitated this instrumental formula in the last entr'acte of *Carmen*, which conforms so perfectly to the Spanish style that one might suppose it to be merely a transcription of some popular air; we have discovered its prototype, as is mentioned elsewhere.¹

It is in the south, in Andalusia, that one can discover the finest folk-songs of Spain (or of the whole world, no doubt), among them all the most heartfelt and impassioned. The *mala-gueñas* afford truly admirable examples. They are freely declaimed songs, grave and sustained, with which are intertwined ornaments of an infinite multiplicity and variety, the voice supported by an instrumental web formed by the figures and broken chords of the guitars; the voice-part itself alternates with long developments played by the instruments, leaving the latter free scope between stanzas. No description can give an adequate idea of the bold character of these songs, nor can a mere reading of the music; they must be heard in their proper environment.

¹See THE MUSICAL QUARTERLY for October, 1927: "Bizet and Spanish Music," by Julien Tiersot.

Librement mais pas trop lent

En las mon-ta-ñas de Bur-gos En las mon-ta-ñas de Bur-gos -
 - yo he-ti-ra-ti-to a un ca-ra-bl-no - ro,
 y a-e-so de los nue-ve me-ses sa-liò la ba-lay el ta-co.
 Su-be, Ma-ri-a-na, Su-be! Su-be, Ma-ri-a-na, Su-be! Por a -
 que-las mon-ta-ñas ar-ri-ba Su-be, Ma-ri-a-na. Mas-ca-ro-nes, mi
 al-ma, te quie-ro, te quie-ro. No pé-ga-le un pa-ti-to a la, Ma-ri-a-na
 Mas-ca-ro-nes Ah! Ah!

In their totality the Spanish songs are indeed worthy of being classed with loftiest art. And if it be objected that, in their sometimes unruly plasticity, they depart so far from primitive forms that the vibration of the folk-soul can hardly be felt in them (which might be disputed), we turn from them to a more rustic setting, where we shall find renewed satisfaction.

I once took down a melody that resembles neither the *fandangos*, nor the *jotas*, nor the *seguidillas*, though its expression is no less engaging. It is a bagpipe-tune which a French artist (Vierge, the designer, a Basque by birth), interested in all the manifestations of Spanish popular life, heard played by a shepherd leading his flock down from the sierras. Long after writing down this air of so charming a turn, I rediscovered it to my surprise in Rimsky-Korsakov's *Caprice espagnole*, where it joyously rings out in the opening measures of the brilliant symphony.

So Spanish folk-song lives on as a wellspring to which musicians come from afar for deep, refreshing draughts. Among such we have just noted one Russian; other of Rimsky-Korsakov's

compatriots had already shown him the way, first of them Glinka, the creator of the national music of his country. Chabrier's *España*, without being constructed on borrowed themes, although imitating their rhythms, their movements and their color, still affects us like a magical evocation; while *Carmen*, the most widely popular musical drama of the present, owes what is essential in its substance to the penetrating insight into folk-life of a musician who lived beyond the mountains.

Herein there is enough of glory for one country, even though it has not itself produced monumental works. And when, confining ourselves to the above, we consider that the folk-spirit has found spontaneous manifestation in songs wherein vibrate the accents of such collective genius, we must conclude that this nation holds a rare and lofty place among the creators of universal art.

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Although we announced this article as a study of Mediterranean folk-song, we shall not proceed around the sea by way of its African coast; in those regions the influence of the Arabs is so firmly established, and their populations differ so greatly from ours in nature and origin, that we should feel ourselves in exile among them. So let us stay in Europe. But since it was our purpose to gather from that ancient continent whatever evidences of popular and ethnic life are still extant among those peoples who builded the foundations of earliest culture, and having taken our course from a start in the centre to the western confines of the Latin sea, we shall now have to return to the other end, toward what is nowadays termed the Near East.

GREECE

The glory of Greece, mother of all civilization, preëminently the classic land, is such that those who have studied the customs and life of modern Greece have always been tempted to discover in them survivals from the ancient past; and as, with the best will in the world, it has hardly been possible to show its effects upon the arts of civilization, it has been admitted that these remote influences might at least have left some traces on the folk-songs.

It is quite certain that Greece, alongside of its immortal art, its poems, and its learned music, possessed from times immemorial

a great variety of songs. Without taking up the much-discussed problem regarding the nature of the primitive Homeric rhapsodies, or trying to show that they were simple epic songs, like those in the "Romancero," we may at least note the fact that the ædile Demodocos, in the *Odyssey*, the interpreter of a most varied repertory, sang in alternation at the festivals the amours of the gods and the exploits of Ulysses, before Ulysses himself; while the *Iliad*, describing the scenes at the vintage festivals, tells how a child's voice chanted the *Linos*, to which the chorus of laborers responded, marking the rhythm by stamping on the ground; or it brings before our eyes (and Hesiod confirms its testimony) the ceremonial of a wedding, where the young men and maidens sang the traditional *melopœia* in alternating choruses; whereas at funerals another *melopœia* was sung, that of the threnody. More recently, the "Athénée," in an article on the customs of the Greek artisans, enumerates the vocational songs in vogue among the people:—songs of the spinners, the weavers, the millers, the boatmen; songs of nurses; the song of the swallow, the prototype of the one universally sung at the return of Spring—not to mention the songs of shepherds, of laborers, of harvesters, and love-songs, too; all varieties still extant everywhere at the present time.

Does this signify that some memories of these ancient lays still linger in the popular mind? It may be so, as regards certain peculiarities of their general form; but as for the songs themselves, the matter is much more doubtful. Cherishing the illusion that, by visiting Greece, one should be able to rediscover the music of antiquity, Bourgault-Ducoudray more than half a century ago set out on a search that led him through the Mediterranean countries where Greek is spoken, in Asia Minor as well as in European Hellas. The harvest of folk-songs that he reaped in those regions was a rich one, no doubt, as far as the quality of the material collected goes; but at the same time it demonstrated the erroneousness of his original premise; he did not find during his journey the least remains of the music of ancient Greece; he could only make a study of oriental music.

Romantic enthusiasm has helped in keeping such illusions alive and in stimulating research in Greece after souvenirs of antiquity that are totally obliterated. Thus it came about that Fauriel, during the wars of independence, undertook to gather together the "Chants populaires de la Grèce moderne" (Folk-songs of Modern Greece), a volume of which he eventually published. It is true that he—less venturesome than Byron—got no

further than Venice, where refugees furnished him with the principal material for his work. Rather superficial documentary evidence, that!

Let us take the trouble to explore more trustworthy sources. We possess, besides the collection of Bourgault-Ducoudray (whose material, with the above reservations, is still reliable), the results of a more recent research undertaken by another Frenchman, M. Hubert Pernot, and also some further information. All these together will permit us to form a summary conception of Greek song as it is at present.

We should have been glad to find in the isle of Chios (explored by M. Pernot) some narrative, possibly epic, songs. There, among the rocks of the seacoast, may be seen the remains of an old monument (perhaps a simple heap of unhewn stones) which in local tradition goes by the name of "The Stone of the Master," or "The School of Homer." It is maintained, thereabouts, that traces can be seen of a long seat hewn in the rock, and, in the middle, a block on which the poet might have sat, surrounded by a circle of hearers, if. . . . Tradition locates in this spot the action of a ballad whose subject is none other than Leonore (Jean Psichari and others have discussed the poem), without any reason for conjecturing German influences; the primal idea of the legend is common to all countries. The air is a rudimentary melody developed on only four notes. Another legendary song of the same countryside is called "The Castle of the Jewess." Nothing could be less Homeric than the mere title!

The verses of the love-songs sung in Greece are distichs of a form akin to the *coplas* of Spain and the *strambotti* of Italy; poetry of an essentially Mediterranean cast, as this resemblance testifies. They exhibit the same subtle and sprightly grace:

My sweetheart so fairly formed, flower of the field, thy curling tresses are lustrous as the sun.

Thy body is a lemon-tree, and thy tresses are its branches; happy the youth who shall climb thereon and gather the fruit.

Thine eyes are twin seas, thine eyebrows are a port; no tempest rages there, no winter blights them.

When thy mother gave thee to the world, the sun came down; he bestowed beauty upon thee; then he resumed his station.

Sometimes words of tenderness turn into a malediction:

Shouldst ever thou leave me to love another, may the fever grip thee, in summer as in winter.

It has been noted that at Pyrgi, on the isle of Chios, there are twelve airs to which the distichs are sung, one for each month of the year.

The oriental songs disseminated in these regions are embellished; the Greek songs are simpler. Nevertheless, these latter are not always averse to variation. In order to give an idea of this dual style one might set side by side two songs forming part of the wedding ceremonial; the one, in measured cadences, has an easy rhythmic swing and a bouyant grace whose match can be found in few folk-songs (it is one of the "Cinq Mélodies populaires grecs," harmonized by Maurice Ravel), the other, after free, melismata, closes with a melodic period of fine and graceful outline truly representative of Greek genius:

Modéré

Kei-pni-cè pè, kei-pni-cè pè-tro pèr-dhi - ka, — kei-pni-cè
 pè, kei-pni-cè pè-tro pèr-dhi - ka, — Ti-nak-cè ta ftè -
 ra - - çou — Ti-nak-cè ta ftè-ra - - çou — Triç èl-yèr'ke
 mya va mò - - ni, — Tin gard-hya moa-chie ka - mò - ni —

Here, the names of the ancient modes would not be out of place. The song of the bride's entrance into the nuptial chamber might well be designated as "Dorian." And another melody, gleaned in Thessaly (Pachticos), is "Hypodorian" or "Æolian." But the influence of the oriental scales, with their chromaticism, has often disturbed the pure diatonic flow of ancient Greek song.

Vocal songs have not suffered neglect in modern Greece; there have been recorded harvest-songs, weeding-songs, and also the air of "The Handmill"; this last is sung in villages where cereals are still ground in small mills turned by hand. The words follow:

Grind, my mill, grind the barley and the wheat. May the young maiden marry, may she take a fine young man.

For a long time the following words, frequently quoted from Plutarch, have been known:

Grind, mill, grind; for thus grinds Pittacus, the king of great Mitylene.

When we consider that Mitylene is the isle lying nearest to Chios, where the modern version was secured, we might think

ourselves authorized by reason of this proximity to draw conclusions on which, however, we shall not insist. We may at least be permitted to reproduce this modern Greek melody, whose words bear such a resemblance to those of the ancient Greek song:

Bien mesuré, pas lent

A - lè - thò mi lè ma - lè - thò, kri - tha -

ri kò çl - ta - - - - ri, Na - pan-drèf - ti i -

li - yè - - ri, Na pa - ri pal - li ka - - - ri.

The *mirologues*, songs on the dead, are celebrated. Their usage in Greece might be compared with that of the *voceri* in Corsica, with which we should have made acquaintance had we visited that French island on our way eastward. The words are improvisations set to short melodic formulas which are chants rather than songs.

That the Greek populace dances to their songs is quite beyond a doubt. These dances are often executed without preparation or artistic adjuncts; homeward bound from work in the fields, to the strains of a *cornemuse* that precedes their troop, the young men and maidens come to a halt on the village green before dispersing, and form a chain or a figure of *vis à vis* moving forward in leisurely meanderings. Their dance-songs are, in fact, not rapid in movement; the words are most frequently in the form of distichs; most of them admit the introduction of a refrain between lines, a form universally indicative of the dance-song. Some of the tunes are very simple, comprising only a few notes; others are somewhat ampler in range; but in no case do they partake of the exuberance of embellished melody.

It was in Megara that Bourgault-Ducoudray assisted at the traditional spectacle of a dance of women, holding hands two by two, and forming a long, regular chain. They executed to their own singing an alternating movement of "forward and back." This dance, the chief diversion of a Greek popular festival that attracts a great concourse of visitors to Megara, not far from Athens, is called the *Trata*. In such an environment the harmonious, almost sedate, evolutions cannot fail to suggest impressions of the life of ancient Greece. However, the sung melody that controls the port and rhythmic motion of the dancers bears

a modality sensibly different from those of such ancient songs as we know to be authentic, and whose modal theory is familiar to us. Not that it has been influenced by what we term modern tonality; on the contrary, in these melodies we have other modes of other origin, whose amalgamation here seems so strange.

But this is not the place to bring up for discussion these questions of musical technique, the investigation of which, however interesting, would cause us to overstep the limits originally fixed—into the Orient and the Slavic lands. Let us come to a halt, then, on those Mediterranean shores whose exploration has already provided us with such a wealth of material for annotation, which has confirmed at one and the same time the unity in principle and diversity in form proper to the folk-songs conserved in these regions, and likewise bears witness to the wonderful vitality of musical talent among the peoples of these ancient lands; for, by means of the concordant testimony of these documents, we can catch an echo of the most enduring and potent traditions through which, during primitive epochs, the arcanum of mundane lyricism has taken form.

(Translated by Theodore Baker.)

FURTHER ASPECTS OF CONTEMPORARY MUSIC¹

By ANDRÉ CŒUROY

THE MUSICAL THOUGHT, AND ITS FORMS:
CONTEMPORARY THEMES

WITH *Parade* at the Ballets Russes, in 1917, Satie raised his banner of victory. With *Mercure* at the Soirées de Paris, in 1924, began the retreat. With *Relâche* at the Ballets Suédois, in 1925, the rout set in. We were bored. The disciples deserted the master. For Satie the orchestra-pit proved a pitfall. And yet, standing before this new-made grave, how forget the service he rendered to music by his annexation of a new domain—the music-hall? His whole misfortune was inability to maintain himself there as victor.

Before the music-hall had assumed the place it now occupies in modern society, the honest laborer, his day's work done, was wont to rejoice his heart with the artless music of the fair. Such market-day music was, for the workman, what folk-song is for the countryman. It was the time of the carroussel and the travelling circus. Musicians were well-advised in taking over the somewhat gross, but always sane, humor of these merry-makings. Bizet wrote the charming "*Chevaux de Bois*," that forms No. 4 of his little suite *Jeux d'Enfants*; while the little poem by Verlaine, likewise entitled "*Chevaux de Bois*," inspired (in a different way, to be sure) Gustave Charpentier and Claude Debussy. Louis Ganne sympathetically presented the circus-folk in his *Saltimbanques*, and Delibes lets a picturesque waffle-seller chant his lay. In the six numbers of his *Musiques foraines* Florent Schmitt gives free rein to his merry mood, quite without equivocal allusion.

This frank merriment and ingenuous rejoicing gradually became vitiated by the rougher and ruder sallies of the English and American extravaganzas. In England Elgar sought, in *Cockaigne*, for the formula of an imitative music that should betoken the hubbub of the streets, the swarming crowds of the

¹The present article is a sequel to the author's "The Esthetics of Contemporary Music," published in THE MUSICAL QUARTERLY, April, 1929.

crossways, the uproar of public houses. *Fine at the Fair* stimulated Bantock to noisy scenes in which gayety gives place to silly cachinnation. From America came the dances and songs of the negroes to invade the music-hall.

Brutalities of rhythm, and exotic melody, had a thrill for musicians on the lookout for new sensations. So it came that Debussy wrote his "Golliwogs' Cake Walk" (in the *Children's Corner*) and, on echoes from the music-halls, such preludes as *Minstrels* or the *Danse de Puck* (which, orchestrated by Grovlez, was played around 1920 at the Olympia).

Erik Satie's achievement was to bind these transitory phenomena into a unified whole. After *Parade*, this esthetic product of the music-hall found an echo in "Le Coq," a diminutive ephemeral review printed on poster-paper, wherein one might read:

We no longer need discuss the successive failures of overmuch esthetics . . . the Wagnerian rout . . . the ruins of Debussyism. Imitation of Debussy seems to me worse than the worst form of necrophagy. But *Pelléas* none the less remains the masterpiece that ushered in the twentieth century, and in which Rossetti, Maeterlinck, and the enchantments of night, find full realization. Since then we have had the music-hall, the circus-parades and the American orchestras. Cocteau unwearily and shrewdly taught that "The café-concert is often pure, the theatre is always corrupt. There they hold fast to a certain tradition which, with all its sensuality, is none the less racial. It is here, no doubt, that some young musician might pick up the thread lost in the Germano-Slavic labyrinth."

But this thread, picked up by Satie, turned into a cable. The excellent teachings of the music-hall—which can express in its own way the meaning of life, on condition that one enter it straight-forwardly and with a certain juvenile ingenuousness which makes life endurable in it—change into detestable travesties when stuttered out like a lesson ill-learned. What is the sense to-day of refurnishing the rustiest of tavern dance-tunes, and of composing—as was done in *Relâche*—an orchestral suite in which "Cadet-Roussel," "Mère Michel," or "J'ai du bon tabac," pays the whole score?

Quite differently inspired, the divers pieces for scenic music that Georges Auric has written (*e.g.*, for a burlesque like *Malbrouck s'en va-t-en guerre*) reveal, besides a keen sensibility as alive to tenderness as to irony, the same faculty for transmuting into living flesh what Satie could only mould in wax. For Achard's burlesque—wherein are mingled pomp, parody, the circus, clownish fantasy, poetic buffoonery—Auric devised the truest and most various accents. Music-hall esthetics, with its incisive brevity,

its acrobatic suppleness, its power of direct and infectious allusion, aids by adroit multiplication of picturesque expressions; and it all pleases us so greatly because the full life of genuine youth palpitates therein.

Whereas *Relâche* was only the lacklustre application of a theory. And what is a theory but poor canned stuff! "It is a dish," said Camille de Sainte-Croix, "that one leaves to the supernumeraries of life, giving them the wind to drink out of painted glasses." For Satie the esthetics of the music-hall became an inescapable tyranny. For our youthful musicians it is a powerful reagent, which, as they have learned, must be used with due discretion. The use that the best of them have made of it so far, proves the excellence of the principle and their intelligence in its application. And its transient tyranny has not even been prejudicial to that eternal purveyor of musical inspiration, impressionability to Nature. Passing in review the production of the last fifty years, we decide that the "Pastorale" has grown to be "a genre." In the defunct group of The Six (which was, after all, neither elegiac nor rural) they fell into the habit of calling a piece a Pastorale, just as one would name any other piece a Serenade or a Nocturne. This designation rarely implied a program or a literary paraphrase; Milhaud's "Printemps," for piano and violin, in no way depicts an awakening of nature. It is the quality of the theme and the esoteric expression that mark the pastoral character.

But there are still a great many composers who imagine, when they have found a title and developed a commentary, that they have done enough to bring out that mood of nature at which they aimed. Some years ago one might have heard a certain *Conciliabule des Fleurs*, whose author thought it an exhaustive picture of pastoral inspiration because he presented it as a musical translation of a little poem he had written.

We had supposed this brand of esthetics extinct since Murger. Although hardly to be excused (and not at all, in a poet), in a musician it has a justification—it derives from grand opera. In opera the pastoral element subsists entirely in the words. It is difficult to discover a breath of nature in the most celebrated airs of vegetal music, such as the romance in *Guillaume Tell*, "Sombres forêts"; the air of Lulli, "Bois épais, redouble ton ombre"; or Händel's air, "Ombra mai fu di vegetabile." It remains to be proved that the "Waldweben" is the most silvan page in *Siegfried*.

A-piece is not truly pastoral unless its music suffices, in itself, to evoke that feeling. Kant would have said that there is a

pastoral in itself. Sometimes the title fits the music, as in Séverac's "Chant de la terre," the "Tableaux de voyage" of Vincent d'Indy, or Paul Dupin's "Vergers." But also in pure music of classic form a theme may spring from the most profound feeling for nature, as in the finale of Magnard's Quintet for wind-instruments. After all, then, certain specific characteristics are imminent to the "pastoral theme," and it would be an interesting investigation, though a protracted one, to attempt their analysis. It would seem that pastoral themes are distinguished by an accentuated diatonic style that avoids, as far as possible, chromaticism and altered intervals; also by the persistence of rhythmic figures, and an habitual leaning towards folk-melody. One can easily imagine them played by the *coplas*, or *binious* (bagpipes of Brittany), or the *cornemuses* of the *Maîtres Sonneurs*. Hence arise decidedly curious parallels between works similarly inspired, but of very diverse periods and tendencies, as between the first theme in Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony and the second theme in Arthur Honegger's *Pastorale d'Été*.

With different races these general characteristics take on a peculiar tinge. Nature-sentiment is not expressed by a Russian musician as by a German or French musician. The Russian impression of nature is at once melancholy and picturesque; it is in Borodine's "Steppes of Central Asia" that the immobility of the desert tingles with exotic songs; it is in the beginning and finale of Balakirev's *Thamar* that the river at early dawn rolls its turbid flood along; it is in the interludes of Rimsky-Korsakov's opera *Sadko* that the reeds in the lake sway to and fro as the sun rises. The German pastoral inclines to be heavy and threatening; one might say that it evokes memories of the vast Hercynian Forest. By contrast, the French pastoral is calm and soothing; here one finds no malevolent and obscure suggestions like those in the Wolf's Glen scene in *Der Freischütz* or Schumann's "Forest Scenes." It is tender; even the frenzies of Berlioz subside in the presence of Nature falling asleep in the fields (*andante* of the *Symphonie fantastique*) or awakening to drive old Winter away (first chorus in *La Damnation de Faust*). In this vein of French tenderness Albert Roussel expressed his fondly expectant confidence, and Witkowski his profound gravity.

This contemplative attitude has been superseded by a new style, the sporting aspect. This is the play of an activity intended not to "conquer fate" (thank heaven!), but to delight in its own health and its own resilience. It was Strawinsky who, with his *Sacre du Printemps*, rendered possible what the estheticians so

neatly denominate the "objective dynamism" of the younger school as opposed to the "static objectivism" of a Debussy (*La Mer*) or a Ravel (*Jeux d'eaux*). The "sporting" theme thereupon branches out; we have the "Sports et Divertissements" of Satie, the "Promenades" of Poulenc, the "Train bleu" of Milhaud, Elliott's Bicycle Sonata, Honegger's "Skating Rink," "Rugby," "Pacific 231," crowned by his "Horace Victorieux." "When," asks André George, "will our young men of to-day, so fond of sane and comely strength, the contestants of the stadium and the captains of Montherlant, ever realize that this masterpiece is the Ode of their generation?" In the background a factory landscape is revealed. The "Faubourgs" by the Catalan Mompou (for piano) echo the muffled hum of workshops in operation. Poetical and fanciful in the ballet "Sooner and Later" by the American Whithorne, the workshop-theme becomes a sullen growl in "Pas d'Acier" by the Russian Prokief; the dancers are wheels and cranks and pulleys. These women who crook their elbows and twist their hands and contort their hips are nothing but delirious drill-borers. These men, half-naked under their leathern aprons, swaying arm in arm, round and round, are just so many whirling cogwheels. And the music that moves them whirrs like a motor. The factory-scene swells to the proportions of a skyscraper (in "Skyscrapers," by the American Carpenter). And similar huge shapes arise out of the commotion of metropolitan crowds ("Foules," by P. O. Ferroud).

Machines, crowds, velocities. And no more of love—of that love whose last great interpreter was Debussy. No more eroticism—that eroticism whose last great purveyor was Richard Strauss. Voluptuous love forsakes music; Poulenc's "Biches" and "Chansons gaillardes" are a rarity in contemporary art. Machines, speed, speed.

NEW ASPECTS OF THE OPERA

If all the woes of men are owing to their inability to keep quiet, all the mishaps of theatrical composers are due to the fact that they do not know enough to shut off their music-box at the right time. Musicians cling to the notion that, having lobbed in tones all the words and all the silences of a libretto, they have always thought it a greater glory to write some opera or music-drama sung and orchestrated from beginning to end, than a work in which music and song intervene only when essential.

This illusion derives from sympathetic and respectable sources. Our operatic manufacturers piously profess that, among all the

arts, music is the sacred art *par excellence*. Since it has become the warhorse of the metaphysicians and Belphegor, it assumes to represent a superior and, as it were, supernatural world (music of the spheres, cosmic music, music of the universe); hence it comes that the opera-composer fancies himself raised to the rank of high priest, and little cares he what he writes so long as he exercises his office of hierophant.

But many are the aberrations! Weber himself, for whom dramatic music held no secrets, and from whom many a present-day composer might learn—even Weber, a hundred years ago, thought to celebrate the rite with *Euryanthe*. His enemies, after the success of *Der Freischütz*, went about repeating that he was not capable of writing a rounded and symmetrical work, and that his talent, quite at ease in the form of comedy-opera, would fail in grappling with grand opera. Whereupon he set a “grand romantic opera,” a romance of chivalry, to music that has never been able really to live. The significance of *Euryanthe* for the history of music resides in its new conceptions in style and esthetics; but as an illustration for our purpose, which is to unveil the illusions of the genre, it is no less effective. Weber fell into the common error of seeking the greatest glory in the realization of an opera in which “everything is sung.” As if it were not fully as glorious to write a good comedy-opera. Fully as glorious, and perhaps more difficult. Like the tragedy, like the symphony, the lyric drama has become a matter of disposition, a clever system of arrangements whose sole aim is to fill to the brim the vase of the librettist, and whose only care is for periwigged decorum.

I forget who it was that said: “There are three situations that are always applauded on the stage—when they fight, when they embrace, and when someone hides under a table.” Needless to add, that the lyric drama disdains these situations, which do not at all comport with its dignity. But, after all, we know what happens to the hearer under this deluge of eloquence; there are moments amidst this avalanche of recitatives, under the steady grind of the string-quartet that starts up at eight o’clock and keeps up till midnight, when one begins to wish that the heroine would consent for a minute to lose her reason suddenly, and so find a pretext for some salutary extravagance. But no—there she is, sound and round as a Dutch cheese.

Taking its rise from Wagner (the normal outcome in the land where the “song” has become the “Lied”), the music-drama becomes a lyric drama, that is to say, with Anserrat, not a drama, but “a vast lyric poem whose personages are mere transfigurations

of the author." The formula is assimilated to that of rhetoric and the oratory. In Germany they never run short of congenial subjects; one of the most execrable is that of the Dream-opera (*Traumoper*), like Max von Schillings' *Mona Lisa*, Erich Korn-gold's *Die tote Stadt* (after the romance by Rodenbach), and Franz Schreker's *Die Gezeichneten*, which presents a hunchback who, to console himself for ill luck in love, loses himself in voluptuous dreams of a personal Elysium. A lucid intelligence like that of Busoni, absorbed by Germany (where he spent most of his life), has permitted its satirical bent to be gradually enmeshed in an obscure symbolism; the operas *Turandot*, *Harlequin*, and *Dr. Faust*, are manifest proofs of this.

In France, *Le Rêve* of Alfred Bruneau marks an epoch. When the work was played for the first time in 1891, at the Opéra-Comique, no musician could doubt that a style had made its appearance. To minds accustomed to the historical opera, the new drama was a portend of revolution, or rather of necessary evolution, which, with its asperities that conformed to dramatic expression, reinstated the life that was by way of abandoning the grand musical drama.

It was a genuine reform of the lyric drama, one of those reforms that one may count on his fingers down the ages. After all, personages of whatever period simply strive to express their humanity! The ever-present danger is, that the lyrical element may misguidedly get the upperhand. This has, unfortunately, not failed to happen, even in the works of M. Bruneau himself, whose maturer compositions, e.g., *Le Jardin du Paradis*, have not fulfilled his earlier promise. The curve projected by the works born under the sign of Zola has not shaped itself according to the rhythm that one might have expected. The horrors of Italian *verismo* have done the rest. Of how many talents could one wish that they might have been applied to some form of art less over-worked, less sure of effects that can already be termed "historical," so swift is the current that sweeps history-ward all that the grand lyric drama envelops in its wide purple folds. The operas develop their far-flung flourishes and flowery arabesques at the foot of one of the greatest chapters in music, a chapter wherein the *Tetralogy*, *Otello*, *Falstaff*, *Werther* and *Louise* have in turn marked episodes of unequal, but profound significance. One more glance at this splendor, and we turn the page.

The weak point in opera, whether grand opera or lyric drama, is to insist on "realism" where it does not belong. As soon as we have singing and playing, we have conventionality and artificiality.

Art consists in establishing oneself in this conventionality and turning it to profit. But musicians have always thought that their art would be superior if they gradually succeeded in eliminating artificiality. Hence, the essentially extravagant theories of all the reformers, from Monteverdi down to Wagner. Some have contended that the true mission of music is to second the poetry; Gluck made a vow to forget that he was a musician. Others have reasoned that the music should faithfully interpret the situations and passions, going so far as to proscribe vocal duos and trios because they are not "real." The ones cherish an idealized photograph, the others an idealized phonograph. But if we once comprehend that a spectacle with scenery, words, choruses and orchestra can be nothing if not artificial, we should follow this track rather than seek some ever-illusive evasion; we should try to bring all the elements into harmony with this ideal of artificiality. The result will be a truth of art, all the elements of which are false with regard to reality, but whose ensemble is consistent.

Experience teaches that the only original operas are those in which the style of declamation is chosen to conform to the language. In this sense one might say that opera is no longer possible unless it is national, not in its subject, but in its esthetic intent. To get rid of the "dialect of opera"—that is the only effort truly worthy of this form, and the one to which musicians fully aware of its necessity have given themselves—Moussorgsky with *Boris*, Debussy with *Pelléas*, Bartók with *The Castle of Blue-Beard*, Janaček with his Moravian dramas, Szymanowski with his *Roi Roger*.

To get rid of the dialect, and at the same time shatter the form. *Pelléas* is still playing his part. He sets at naught—without thunderclaps, but with the sovereign might of a radiant beam—all the Wagnerian principles; the music is wedded to all the emotions of the soul, and revolts against the formal rule of the *Leit-motiv*, against phraseology. Their day is past. Now form is riven asunder, because the conception of the old opera, grand opera, or Wagnerian drama, no longer corresponds to musical esthetics. To-day music bears within itself its *raison d'être*; if it allies itself to other arts, it is not to be their slave. For a young musician the formula of Wagnerian art as a whole is nonsense; the Debussyite formula of a poetic atmosphere is a contradiction in terms. Alban Berg's *Wozzeck* is the type of a modern opera where music and poem run parallel without abdicating an iota of their respective dignities.

Busoni, in the preface to his *Faust*, was one of the first to demand that we return to "absolute music" in opera. The requirements of discipline frequently cause a reversion to the fixed forms of pure music, and the need of clarity leads to the adoption of "separate numbers." Thus it comes that Hindemith's *Cardillac* is an attempt at applying to opera the style of chamber-music. The entire parti-colored and shifting apparatus of the conventional lyric drama disappears. We now are confronted by a structure with its compartments—the minuet and its passacaille, aria, fugato, variations. Honegger's *Judith* harks back to the *opera seria*. As its author declared, "Just when a number of young musicians are fain to return to the ancient Italian *opera buffa*, it has been my aim to revert to the old Italian framework of the *opera seria*." And still it is only a framework, cracking in all its joints under the pressure of lyric pages, of overpowering choruses, and of that vocal plasticity of which Honegger is the doughty champion.

The framework of opera is cracking in all its joints. We are witnessing the development of elements derived from the pantomime, as in the *Protagonist* of Kurt Weill, where, at the same time, the wind-instruments detach themselves from the orchestra and play apart. Another opera by the same young German, *Royal Palace*, takes in the lyric drama, the music-hall, the ballet, and the cinema; the stage-setting is never at rest, the light is continually changing, cubism is spiritualized. Jazz, in its turn, invades the stage in the shape of the first jazz-opera, *Jonny spielt auf*, by Ernst Křenek. In view of this fever of experimentation, Richard Strauss does not hesitate to take up with new formulas. In his *Intermezzo* he has created a series of scenes where the voices carry on a sustained parlando that rarely mounts into melody. As these scenes are connected by symphonic interludes, the musical material is always the same, a background of Viennese waltzes as in the *Rosenkavalier*; but the working-out shows a new point of departure.

The evolution of opera is analogous to that manifested in literature, in the romance. The term "romance" no longer bears its traditional meaning. A modern romance may consist of a series of "essays" in which narrative, meditation, dialogue and subjective monologue either follow one another or are blended. A modern opera is no longer a "stage-play" in music; it is, first of all, music that happens to accompany a drama. In antithesis to the palmy days of the grand lyric opera, another day has dawned, wherein the lovers of the "theatre" deplore the absence

of "theatricality." Striking examples multiply. *The Castle of Blue-Beard*, by Bartók, might just as well have been called a "symphony in tableaux," as a "drama accompanied by a symphony." Only two characters sing, Blue-Beard and Judith. A prologue is declaimed by a bard; the wives of Blue-Beard are mute personages. The theatrical element does not lie in the action, but in the suggestive power of a music which though not dry, is severe and nude, with clear-cut contours—a music that marks an epoch, as Dukas' *Ariane*, with its coruscating and prodigal orchestration, marks another. Schönberg's *Die glückliche Hand* is both a symbolic drama and an illustration of the correspondence of sensations; it seeks, more rigorously than Scriabine's *Prometheus*, to bring music, drama and colors into perfect harmony. One entire section of the work is built up on a crescendo of color—reddish brown, dull green, bluish gray, violet, dark red, orange, bright yellow (here the three-note musical motive passes *fortissimo* to the trumpets, to return, with delicate blue, to the celesta and solo violin). Prokofiev's "opera" *The Loves of the Three Oranges* is not an opera; it is, as Schloezer says, "the materialization in space of a fantastic scherzo." Falla's *El Retablo*, a little masterpiece of taste and vigorous grace, is of theatrical effect only on the puppet-stage.

As the romance became the novel, so the opera has become a short act. Schönberg's *Erwartung* is a monodrama in which the intensity of a dramatic action is concentrated in a single personage, a woman in white, who gropes through the darkness in search of her lover. *Mavra assassiné*, by Stravinsky, *Les Malheurs d'Orphée* or *Le pauvre Matelot*, by Milhaud, with *Hin und Zurück*, by Hindemith, inaugurate the era of what might be called "chamber-opera"; very small orchestra (often composed of soloists), few characters, skeleton choruses. And if we press yet further along this pathway toward concision, we arrive at "the minute-opera," whereof a striking example is given by Milhaud in *l'Enlèvement d'Europe*, played in 480 seconds.

Thus the domain of the grand lyric opera is generally deserted by the youthful forces in music. The reason is surely not to be sought in the old prejudice of which Saint-Evremond made himself the echo, and from which *Le Rêve* of Bruneau and then the *Louise* of Charpentier had to suffer:

In operas there is one thing so contrary to nature that it wounds my imagination, and that is, to have the whole piece sung from beginning to end, as if the personages were absurdly adjusted to express in music both the most ordinary and the most important matters of their lives.

Can one imagine a gentleman singing when calling his valet, or when sending him on an errand?

We are also reminded of what the Dancing-master in *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme* says:

When one has personages who are to talk in music, one really ought, for the sake of verisimilitude, to set the scene in a sheep-fold. In all ages, singing has been affected by the shepherds; and in dialogue it is hardly natural for princes and city-folk to sing their emotions.

To invoke reason, nature, and verisimilitude, is to deny art. From the moment when art becomes a play, a convention, we have first of all to accept its rules; and one shows oneself quite incapable of comprehension—as the majority of the auditors and a good part of the critics showed themselves with regard to Milhaud's *Brebis égarée*—by trampling on a composer because he resorts to music apropos of happenings or in connection with words that his hearers conceive, owing to prejudice, not to be “musicable.” In reality, everything is “musicable” on condition that the part the music has to play shall be very clearly indicated in every case; there is a way of doing things, as Prince d'Aurec said, and that is a problem to be solved. Our recent music is aware of this difficulty, and there is nothing more interesting than the diversity in the solutions it proposes. The solution is far easier in the style of *opera buffa* than in the sustained style. Cimarosa, in *opera buffa*, held rigorously to the swift delivery of the words, and this musical volubility is always natural (cf. Rossini's *Figaro*). In the scene with the giver of books in *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, the dialogue is made to roll along in an uninterrupted stream.

However, this volubility in song inevitably creates an atmosphere of joviality and fun. That is what makes the problem so delicate in the sustained style, when it is charged with interpreting the platitudes of conversation. It is of vital importance to eliminate, whatever the cost, the comic element that results in this case from the incongruity (confusedly noted by the hearer) between the lyricism attaching to the serious music and the intentional triviality of the text. The worst of it is, that the composers themselves have always delighted in emphasizing this incongruity by consigning to music, in a too-humorous mood, the most preposterous texts; we recall Foutou's plain-chant litanies on a prose celebrating the virtues of manure; Hindemith has set newspaper advertisements to music; others have diverted themselves by musically interpreting prospectuses of agricultural machinery. In these cases the smile of intelligence is not occasioned by the fact that a prosaic and impossible text has been set to music, but that

this music is exactly the same as would be used to interpret a serious poetic text.

This very delicate question of the relation of a text to its music has long been the object of theoretical and practical researches. The system which has been most frequently proposed, and of which scenic music is merely a special application, is what is called, in the jargon of the musical stage, *melodrama*. It will, of course, be understood that we do not refer to the melodrama of Ennery or the Ambigu, but to that already venerable form of art in which stage-declamation is sustained by music. One finds examples—incomplete, to be sure, and hardly more than theoretical—in France, in Rousseau's *Pygmalion* (1770), and, in Germany, in Georg Benda's *Ariadne* and *Medea*, dating from 1775 (*Ariadne* was given, as *Ariane*, in Paris in 1781). This is what Mozart, who took a lively interest in this form, called the opera without singers; he applied it in *Zaïde* and *Semiramis*.

The method, however, was still only embryonic. "I have imagined," writes Rousseau in his *Réflexions sur l'Alceste italien de M. le Chevalier Gluck*, "a species of drama in which the words and the music, instead of progressing together, should make themselves heard successively, and in which the spoken phrase is, in a manner, announced and prepared by the musical phrase." He again remarks on the effect of this combination in his "Dictionary of Music," calling it the most energetic in modern music. "The actor, agitated and transported by a passion that does not permit him to say all, breaks off, halts, fails of expression while the orchestra goes on speaking for him; and these expressive silences affect the auditor infinitely more than would the actor himself by saying all that the music now tells."

Conceived thus, the method has resolved into a scenic music that prolongs by a commentary the spoken scenes, or announces them, or heightens their effect. In this regard the skill of Georges Auric, in the *musiques de scène* he has composed for sundry comedies, is remarkable. The music not simply accompanies the piece, but itself creates its own scenario; it possesses an individual personality whose full value can be appreciated when transplanted to the concert-hall.

But one can conceive of other forms of music to support the drama. In scenic music—at least in that which attains its aim—the affinity between text and tones is real, but not continuous. In the ideal melodrama this affinity would be real and continuous. Some say that there is an irreducible antagonism between the sound of the word and the sound of the orchestra. True enough,

when the declaimant is lacking in spirit; but the voice that speaks has its harmonics, and the whole problem consists in attuning them to the harmonics of the orchestra.

That this problem can be resolved has been shown by Ida Rubinstein in certain scenes of *Le Martyre de Saint-Sébastien*, where she succeeded, aside from some lapses, in finding spoken intonations that were musically attuned to the orchestra. Like all great works, *Le Martyre* has served as a pretext for various absurd conclusions. One enthusiastic critic, whose good intentions outrun his perspicacity, has even averred that one should listen to *Le Martyre* in a devotional mood, because it is "a lay mass" in which the profane mingles with the divine. From such talk one may judge what ravages the Wagnerian illusion has wrought in men's minds. You say, it is art; they answer, sacerdotalism; you say, music; they answer, ecstasy. *Parsifal* assumes a heavy responsibility. Its vainglorious subtitle, *Bühnenweihfestspiel*, has engendered a host of errors; in this connection I know of nothing cleverer than the chapter by Canon Clement Hesse, in his little book "La Musique Allemande chez nous," on the question whether *Parsifal* shocks the pious-minded. Wagner was quite at liberty to believe that he could compete with the altar. But with regard to *Le Martyre* no such question arises. Here we have to deal neither with the mass nor with mysticism. It should be viewed simply as a novel form of art, though still hardly more than a sketch. It should be considered as an art-style that may well make head against the esthetics of the old opera and the lyric drama. The basic material of this art, text and music, are the same as ever, but their relations and the ensemble in which they are grouped are different.

To be sure, there are the words, the pitiless words. But, beneath d'Annunzio's sumptuously sophisticated style, there lies an excellent and serviceable intention. The text not infrequently appropriates an artificial tone wholly in keeping with the artificiality of the situations. Its esthetic value is, after all, of little importance; if its vocal interpretation is successful, the game is won. The art-form mirrored in *Le Martyre* must depend for effect upon the musical merit of the vocal interpretation. In this "melodrama," where the voices declaim against the orchestral background, it is indispensable that the voices should be musical; that, without really singing, they should possess a timbre whose alliance with the instruments produces a harmony. This style of declamation is not new; it was that of the Choeutes, and also of the tragedienne, Champmeslé (1642-1698). It may at least

provide a provisional solution of the ever-recurring problem of recitative, that pitfall of all lyric art. Recitative is apt to be a mere padding; or the melodic intervals and the rhythmic pattern are only too well-tried. Some composer like Schönberg, desirous to avoid the trodden path, resorts to intervals of a less conventional span (not necessarily of negative value), or to a compromise between speech and song. The *Sprechgesang* of the *Gurrelieder*, or *Pierrot Lunaire*, presents features of this kind, so that one can clearly recognize a form of free art in which, just as formerly, the conduct of the bass was left to the harpsichordist, the conduct of the vocal part would be left almost entirely to the taste of the declaiming singer. This possibility is disclosed by the discs registering the voices of Vaughn De Leath or Jack Smith, which pass over with the utmost ease and smoothness from song to "musical speech."

Honegger's *Antigone* offers another example of experiments of the highest interest. He writes, "While composing it, it was my constant endeavor to realize a natural form of vocal expression, to bring out the plasticity of the voice."—As to the musical setting: "I sought a rhythmical scheme as closely as possible akin to the melodic plasticity of the French word; hence my declamation has a physiognomy very different from all that has heretofore been done in dramatic music." The voices are carried on in a rapid recitative similar to what the earlier elaborated system termed *quasi parlando*. Song and orchestra maintain their independence even more strictly than in *Judith*.

And so, finally, the illusion is exploded that led the composer to fancy he had done his full duty when, for better or for worse, he had pasted the words of a libretto together with music. For each libretto presents a special case, in view whereof the problem of form is posed anew each and every time. And nothing is accomplished without a feeling for *finesse*.

MUSIC FOR ENTERTAINMENT

The makers of grand operas are always with us. But we still await the coming of the genius who shall (by what sorcery?) put new life into this cadaver. It is in the pantomime, the ballet, or the comedy with music, that the younger generation seeks and finds new elements. And when I say the younger generation, I mean not only those who are young in years, but those seasoned composers who, although laden with quite a bit of luggage, do not hesitate to drop it by the roadside in order to seek new fields and give free rein to the youthfulness of their spirits. Stravinsky,

by the endless controversies provoked by his musical comedy *Mavra*, and by the success attending *Œdipus Rex* and *Noces*, has demonstrated from the start what possibilities dwell in these novel forms of the musical stage-play. On the other hand, the success of Ravel's *l'Heure Espagnole* with the subscribers to the Paris Opéra is plain evidence of this evolution. The gay Italian stage revives; Malipiero interprets Goldoni (*Tre Commedie Goldoniane*), Castelnuovo-Tedesco interprets Machiavelli (*La Mandragola*) and Francesco Redi (*Il Bacco in Toscana*). The resurrection of Gounod—the Gounod of *Le Médecin malgré lui*—and the revival of Chabrier belong in this category. Not all of these ventures will succeed, but the fact of their having been conceived at all is enough to comfort them, rather than the grand lyric drama—entrance into musical paradise.

This paradise the music of gayety is striving to gain. It is not by chance, nor from caprice, that Vincent d'Indy, at the age of seventy-five, has written and himself directed an operetta, *Le Rêve de Cyniras*. The fact that operetta-music is being treated to-day on an equal footing with "serious music" is perhaps a more signal revolution than all the atonalities in the world. That the *vis comica*, that humor in music, has won a place beside the "sublime" in all forms of music, that the organ, our liturgical potentate, condescends to play the Charleston under the name and form of "cinema organ," may possibly be a novelty of greater consequence than *l'art dépouillé*. Rather than a return to Bach or Händel we could wish a return to Mozart—the Mozart of "The Magic Flute"—a return to *opera buffa*. *Opera buffa* is not what a vain multitude of hearers think it. True, the title conjures up heaven knows what visions of mummery. But the right sort of composers of *opera buffa* have never—very fortunately—sought to split our sides with laughter, for the reason that they were too clever to father a vaudeville in music. They have always striven to serve up an intellectual treat. Do people expect to die a-laughing over *Don Pasquale*, *La Serva Padrona*, *Così fan tutte*, or "The Magic Flute?" Some may be astonished at seeing this fairy *Flute* set down as an *opera buffa*. Undoubtedly, the work does not belong with all its parts to the genre of *opera buffa*. Still less does it belong, whatever the oracles say, to the sublime genre. Metaphysics finds congenial lodgment in newspaper advertisements, or peradventure in cheap criticisms. And so we witness the theatrical journalists and musicologists who have seen better days ascribing to the *Flute* I know not what "philosophical profundity," under the pretext that Goethe (who

had no understanding for music) lauded the elevated and allegorical character of the story. How much truer was Wagner's opinion:

What variety, what diversity (in the music). How like folk-song in character, realized without effort and with such great distinction, are all the melodies, from the simplest to the most passionate! In truth, genius here took a giant stride, well-nigh too long, for in creating German Opera it produced, at the outset, a finished masterpiece that will never be surpassed, and of which the very type can neither be developed nor continued.

Like folk-song in character: that is indeed the right phrase, and one that should silence the cackle of these footlight metaphysicians. But they are deaf. They cannot do without "sublimity" in Mozart since its discovery by the romanticists. For him it was a real misfortune to have been praised by the phrenetics of 1825. While rightly according him the title of divine, they have, as always, concealed the reality beneath a metaphor. As if this music were of the kind that is non-existent outside of poems and lyric confessions; the kind to which one listens with the head between the hand and the face bathed in tears. As if it were belittling Mozart to assert that his music is primarily alive and lively, and cares as little for sublimity as it would for the boggy. But there are more people than one suspects, and very decent folk, for whom the word "music" has no meaning if it does not forthwith excite some hidden glands.

Wagner was right. Mozart's music, even when it evokes the mysteries of Isis or the spectre of death, is human music, a music of the rarest and most exquisite humanity, that of taste and the joy of life. Profundity—shall we never have done with it?—is easier to lay hold of than buoyancy. The former can lead us astray, but not the latter. At the call of this amusing *Flute*, which suggests the spectacular review and the magic lantern, the mountebank's platform and the diorama, at the call of this continuous fantasy wherein light-footed comedy leads the dance, the rats may gnaw at contradictory symbols. Music, which is a lesson in taste, has nothing to do with them.

It is the want of this taste that threatens to entail the ruin of the operetta. For a long time the operetta was a free and easy comedy-opera, represented by Offenbach, Hervé, Lecocq, Audran, and Messenger; it was the French operetta. Thereafter appeared the Viennese operetta, wherein vivacious comedy resigns the lead to languishing sentimentality. Then came the Anglo-American operetta, in which the latter element, still *spirituel*,

gave way to the dance. So the operetta has fallen upon evil days. It has yielded too easily to Danubian suggestions, then to transatlantic assaults, and finally to the offensive of the music-hall. Some experiments have permitted us to discern the possibility of an evolution parallel to that followed by grand opera toward the form of ballet-opera. We can imagine an opera in which the dance, intervening incessantly, would stir up the sluggish spirit of the librettos by the help of the girls' legs; and it would appear vain to hope for an immediate return to the sources of the genre in which the decency of the spectacle accords with the propriety of a music regardful of its ancestry.

The French operetta, as authoritatively realized by *Messenger*, capricious, coquettish, impulsive, seductive, now coy, now yielding, sways the hearer by its graceful vivacity; it plays the game of its race. An English or American operetta obtains its effects in an entirely different way, delivering them successively with industrial precision. To conduct a scene or manage a transition adroitly, it has little use for all Latin art. It devises a simple wheelwork, adjusts it, and sets it going at top speed with a push of the thumb, and the troupe gallops laughing after. We are reminded of Heine's remark when he returned from London, on "This confused dance of wheels and cylinders and spindles, whose movements seem almost endued with passion."

Such movement, where mechanism takes the place of psychology, is all that really matters in a form of art which demands arms and legs, but as little brains as possible. All the librettos of English or American operettas are miracles of artlessness and evangelical decorum. But the anemic narrative takes on color from the rhythmic and frolicsome agitation of the melodies, of jazz, and of the personages. They dance. Everybody dances. The conductor of the orchestra dances. With a supple hand that disdains the baton he weaves fox-trots and blues, urges on the swelling saxophone, the trombone and the muted trumpet in the bluish halo thrown around them by a spot-light cleverly adjusted to attract the attention of the crowd; or suddenly silences the jazz-orchestra and, all unaided, marks the rhythms on the piano. In the auditorium, if 1,500 skulls are empty, 3,000 legs are itching with dance-fever.

Such is the operetta that has been the salvation of dance-music.

Musicians and amateurs who stand in awe of public opinion, profess to be horrified at it. And no doubt they are right, in view of all the outrages that this music, that they adjudge light,

heaps upon everything the artist-soul loves: truth, power, poetry. They justly execrate it for all it embodies of the cynically false and trivial; trivial sentiment, false grace, vulgar tone.

This censure is only too well justified by the astonishing flimsiness of dance-music in general. The insipidity of the polkas, waltzes and schottisches has spoiled this music as the monologues and *saynètes* are spoiled, and the ear continually rings with the charivari of the orchestra that plays them—fanfares in which the trombone jars and the cornet nauseates.

But severer critics do not stop at this objection which, after all, applies solely to a transient phase of pseudo-esthetics; they attack the principle itself, and deny to the dance any share in artistic delight. This is because the clan musical often wears blinders. In literature one may, without compromising oneself, have a sneaking fondness for Chénedollé and enjoy Alphonse Allais. But our clansmen are uncompromising; for them there is only "Music," that of the Great (though they may disagree on just who these are), and, beyond that, a formless chaos where no man who is musically well-born may set foot. Charlestons? Tangos? Fox-trots? Shocking! Rubbish to fill the ragbag.

Poor dance-tunes! They are just as necessary in musical life as, in the literary mart, the characters in novels who impersonate jovial immorality. Their equivocal airs and graces, their gross wiles, are ravishing on occasion. Alongside of the music of ecstasy, of sacramental music, there is room henceforth for the music of diversion. How greatly to be pitied are they who are incapable, in case of need, of passing from Claudel to the *Lapin agile*, and how much more to be pitied are they who can take no delight in the strains of a maxixe or a "Yale," prepared according to time-honored recipes and sprinkled over with traditional salt. Take heart again, good folk, ignorant or artless, whose only wish is to be amused.

In reality, any dance-music is what the dancers make of it. So long as the dance remains a characteristic dance, the musician knows what he has to do; he works with care and is heedful of his style. But as soon as the dance becomes nothing more than a grotesque prance, the music grows nerveless and flat. The dances of the eighteenth century, the minuets, gavottes, passepiés and pavans, admitting no vulgarity in the attitudes, are equally intolerant of vulgarity in the harmonies. Best of all, the ultra-delicate among the delicate have revived their admirable graces; like Ravel and his Pavane, Debussy and his Minuet, and Fauré with his *Masques et Bergamasques*. Even when they are taken

over into operetta they retain that distinguished air of slender grace which is their excuse before the critics; for instance, the gavotte in *Le Petit Duc*, and the minuet in *Orphée aux Enfers*.

But ah! what a falling-off with the polka and waltz! Any man in a sackcoat can dance polka. Any man in a jacket should waltz. Is it worth while to take pains for such beggarly dancers? Enter the waltzes in dulcet array. The operetta seized upon them, and the Viennese operetta opened wide the floodgates of ineptitude. The Gilberts, Lehars and Falls have dealt the death-blow to the oldtime waltz. There are bad ones, there are worse; but there are good ones; and if you accept the Rostand of the *Musardises*, then gladly welcome Archibald Joyce and his *Vision of Salome*.

But mark! out of this sorry mess have reëmerged the characteristic dances; and, as of old, the complexity of steps and attitudes imposes renewed dignity on the musician. A professional dancer attempted a while ago to demonstrate that, "if the dancers of the tango, with sad and gloomy air, bowed head and fixed gaze, seem so absorbed, it is simply because they are following the music with eager zest." That is admirable fooling. But, in sober sadness, a tango born of the exotic folk-spirit deserves equal praise with any folk-song of Brittany or air of Anjou.

At the same time arrived the American rhythms with their compelling contratempi, their predestinate syncopations, their droll reëntries, and their cadences with the stereotyped succession of two seventh-chords. It was a triumph for the Mississippi, the Grizzly Bear, Alexander's Ragtime-Band, the Mysterious Rag and the Hitchy-Koo. But rhythmic imitation is all too easy, and so a lot of plagiarists entered in turn to discredit a style whose début was not lacking in ironic mockery.

With the fox-trot, the Charleston and the Yale, dance-music has won back originality. A Charleston like the "Yiddisher Charleston," of Rose and Fisher, draws its life from its close kinship with the popular Jewish songs. A fox-trot is, in principle, merely a polka with a vigorous rhythmic accent on the third beat; well, there is more wit, mocking gayety and musical adroitness in Irving Berlin's "Blue Skies" than in some "delicious" bibelot by Grieg. The fox-trot has made its way into "real music"; Auric, Hindemith and Ravel have placed the forces of the symphony orchestra at its disposal. We may be assured that Debussy, were he still alive, would have written one whimsical as heart could wish—he who could write such a priceless cake-walk for his "Children's Corner."

These are nothings, yet they are such nothings as wise people make much of in this vale of tears. He who grasps their fugitive *finesse* is of more companionable sort, and more enlightened, than he who disdains it because "it is not art."

Musique est une science
Qui veult qu'on rie et chante et danse,
Cure n'a de mélancolie.

(Music's a science that enchants
That bids all laugh and sing and dance,
Cares naught for melancholy.)

Thus warbled Guillaume de Machault more than six hundred years ago.

This apotheosis of dance-music applies to that of the ballet, of which hardly any great modern musician has not ventured to run the gauntlet.

There are the Russian Ballets, that permitted Stravinsky to reveal his true nature, whose first soulful realization is *Petrouchka*, whose first epic expression is the *Sacre du Printemps*, and whose first pure product is *Noces*. We have seen how Prokofieff with his *Bouffon*, has bridged the gap between the Russian folk-dances and Occidental thought by treating these ethnic themes after the fashion of Mozart or Scarlatti. We have seen how de Falla, in *Le Tricorne*, seized upon the movement of the pantomime and illustrated all manner of psychological variations by means of Spanish dances. We know how Satie, with *Parade*, and then Milhaud, with *Le Train bleu*, revived the ballet with the music-hall. The Russian Ballets no longer display the sumptuous opulence of heroic times. They, too, have yielded themselves to retrenchment; it is a mere matter of accommodation. Of retrenchment, in such a ballet as *Romeo and Juliet* by the young Englishman, Constant Lambert, there is a little too much; but there are others, like the *Barabau* of the young Italian Rieti, which, in twenty-five minutes, symbolizes an epoch—that of rapid exactness and of a precision designedly angular. In rediscovering the *line*, that was sacrificed to *color* by the preceding generation, our young musicians have rediscovered the secret of the ballet. It is no longer a symphonic poem with nuances, a reticulation wherein the dancer expresses his soul, or the anguish of the world, or the origins of the universe; it is a music that glides, runs and leaps, the while—parallel with it—the dance lightly and alertly glides, runs and leaps on its back. This parallelism is still more evident in the new form of the ballet-cantata, with voices in the orchestra (a typical piece is *Noces*), in which Schaeffner sees a "new metamor-

phosis of the antique chorus," intensified in Stravinsky's *Pulcinella* and *Renard*, imitated in *Les Biches* by Poulenc, and *l'Homme et son Désir* and *Salade* by Milhaud. "The decisive move of a Stravinsky will be to abandon the pure ballet and carry out what amounts to a doubling of each personage; an actor dancing on the stage, a singer remaining submerged in the orchestra-pit."

This parallelism found different expression in the oldtime French ballet. Théophile Gautier, after he had admired the Grisi in Adolphe Adam's *Filleule des Fées*, wrote as follows:

The ballet is a serious matter, and one that should not be lightly treated. A ballet is the most synthetic, the most universal, the most humanly comprehensible work that one can undertake; it is poetry enacted, a waking dream, the ideal rendered palpable, love interpreted in tableaux, rhythmic grace, harmony condensed into human shapes, music translated from sound into sight. It is a hymn without words to the rotation of the spheres and the movement of the moons, such as Plato heard reverberating through space; a sacred procession calling to mind the stellar evolutions, whose significance, as conserved by the hierophants, is lost to us through the brutalizing influences of civilization. One cannot, therefore, exercise too great a care and caution in assuming so difficult a task and so heavy a responsibility.

Beneath this grandiloquence one discerns the point of view. The French ballet presents an idea at the same time that it presents its period. The ballet of the Empire interprets Delille. The ballet of romanticism—as *La Fille du Danube* or *La Jolie Fille de Gand*—expresses the vague and smiling, fantastic and puerile fantasies of the Jeune-France; Gautier's *Péri* derives from *Les Orientales*. Herein the French ballet accords with the musical tradition that admits an intellectual element. Ballet-music, in France, is a music which, as well as the dance, is rooted in a poetical conception. It sustains steps and gestures, and these steps and these gestures form part of an ensemble that has some meaning. It lives only in action, and forms a pendant to those harpsichord-pieces that hint at the dance as much by psychological suggestion as by their musical substance: *Les Moissonneurs*, *Les Papillons*, *Les Bergeries*, *Le Bavolet flottant*, *Le Réveil-matin*, *Les Barricades mystérieuses*—all these pieces by Couperin are by way of being French ballets in embryo.

The deep-seated and permanent characteristic of this ballet is the equilibrium between the musical element and the poetical element. This equilibrium, so well realized by Rameau, has not always been maintained. The ballets of the nineteenth century too often sacrificed the music; those of Adam, of Halévy and Auber did not invariably possess the quality one could wish. Sometimes

the ballet was merely one of those *pastiches* whose tunes are borrowed unscrupulously and reassembled at random. With *Namouna* and its sprightly fair-day parade (forty years ahead of our young composers), its Moroccan airs, and its serenade, and its *pas des corbeilles* (basket-dance), Lalo revived the tradition of equilibrium. By the variety dictated by the choice of his themes, and by the care he observed in their treatment, he restored to the music the place it had lost. That is why the public blamed him for being too good a musician. Lalo had revived the true form of the French ballet with too much intelligence; Vaucorbeil urged him to modify his score. And Debussy even wrote: "Among a surplus of stupid ballets there was a masterpiece in its way, Lalo's *Namouna*. Heaven knows what grim ferocity has buried it so deep that no one even mentions it now." The example of a Stravinsky was needed once again to reestablish the equilibrium between music and dance.

And in its turn the ballet is developing into a mechanism, that Moloch of the future; like the ballet of the *Triades*, quite bare of action, or ideas, or symbols; a pure play of color and form, of triads in color (red, blue and yellow), of plastic triads (sphere, cube and pyramid), with a score by Hindemith directly cut on an orchestrion-disc.

THE RENASCENCE OF CHAMBER-MUSIC

While recreative music is assuming a place alongside of music with a mission, chamber-music is blossoming anew in lithe and alert forms. This does not imply that the broad orchestral forms are disappearing, any more than philosophical or descriptive ambitions. The Germanic dominions have not renounced the Brobdingnagian manner of the Mahler symphony, at once metaphysical and popular, and adapted for immense crowds, although it seems totally opposed to the style of "chamber-art" now striving for supremacy. The Mahler tradition is still very much alive, as witnessed by the Symphony (1917) of the young Hollander, Willem Pijper, and also by the young Swiss, Robert Blum, or by the Cyclopean *Laudi*, with mixed choruses, of the late Hermann Suter of Basle. When "Pacific 231" lasts only six minutes, Honegger's "Horace Victorieux" is a monument. The London Symphony of Vaughan Williams is a gigantic tableau of London life. Gustav Holst portrays "The Planets" with full orchestra, and Arnold Bax pens an austere and bitter symphony. Szymanowski, the semi-Latin Pole, does not shrink before the vast dimensions of the "Chant de la Nuit"; and French music has not

lost the memory of grandeur, whether expressed in Albert Roussel's splendid and sombre "Symphonie," in the immense "Offrande à Civa" of Delvincourt, in the cantata "Équateur" for chorus and orchestra by Benoist-Méchain, or when it finds in Darius Milhaud the inspired interpreter of "l'Orestie" in a colossal trilogy comprising *Agamemnon*, *Les Choéphores*, and *Les Euménides*. A certain mysticism born of the war is not foreign to these survivals of Titanic forms. Such is the mysticism of Obouhov in his "Livre de Vie," or of Felix Petyrek, in his "Litanies," where we find religious sentiment in its essential purity, free from bitter esthetic reflexion. We note in passing that the religious music of the French always stands apart from that of other peoples. Both Obouhov and Petyrek are, above all, visionaries; while Lily Boulanger ("Psaumes") Pierné ("Croisade des Enfants"), Caplet ("Miroir de Jésus"), Fauré ("Requiem"), are first of all artists. Szymanowski, half-Latin, half-Slav, with his *Stabat* achieves synthesis. Aureste, that religious mystic, is not alone in revivifying the grand forms. One of the results of the "national" movement has been to multiply symphonic poems having patriotic, historic or geographical subjects. All the heroes and rivers and mountains do their bit. It is a strange paradox to hear them praised and described in a language that is often not theirs; as in Sibelius' "Finlandia," expressed in German style, or Mackenzie's "Britannia," or Ernest Bloch's "America." Such is the primary form of nationalism; it is, first of all, literary. This "literature" is one of the musical roots that are the hardest to extirpate.

Program-music—whether patriotic or descriptive—still enjoys so great a favor that in Portugal they had to wait till the year 1926 to greet the appearance of a modern, purely musical, symphony: the grand Symphony in F by Freitas-Branco. Those programs that branded as with a red-hot iron the symphonic music around 1900—when Spitteler wrote: "And after you have set to music all the history of literature and all the history of art, what will you have gained? Does your orchestra stand in need of a literary visa, or do you really think that literature stands in need of your violoncellos? I see: you wish to show off your culture?"—those programs we still find a melancholy example of in 1917 in the *Alpensymphonie* of Richard Strauss, wherein the urge toward the heights that animated the composer of *Zarathustra* is cruelly hampered by the Baedeker of his program. Nor should we have to scratch the surface of French music very hard to lay open, athwart successive esthetic schemes, the vein that extends from the Fantastic Symphony of Berlioz through the "Danse macabre"

of Saint-Saëns down to the "Apprenti-Sorcier" of Dukas, and reappears again in 1925 in Ravel's *Valse*. However, the renascence of the ancient forms facilitates the choking-off of these literary appeals and aids in guiding music back to its true domain, especially when the dimensions of these forms are duly restricted. The problem confronting the future is far less how to express sublime thoughts by means of the orchestra than how we are to settle questions of tone-combination satisfactorily. This is why the return to classic forms is not a simple pastiche. We recognize the revival of the old chamber-cantata, but only by its attire; like the *Sérénades* of Hindemith (Op. 35), with the subtitle "Short Cantata on Romantic Texts, for soprano, oboe, viola and violoncello." We note how the sonata-form attracts the most fertile talents in the Sonatas for piano and violin by Béla Bartók, with all their spontaneity and diversity; in Ravel's Duo for violin and violoncello; in Stravinsky's piano-sonata; in Szymanowski's sonata "Mythes," for violin and piano. We note the revival of the Concerto; but this revival brings a renewal of the form itself, as Hindemith once again shows in his Concerto for Orchestra, in which no exclusive soloist figures according to tradition, but where each of the performing instruments in turn takes the rôle of soloist. And we note the renascence of the Rhapsody, but a rhapsody rejuvenated by the methods and instruments of jazz, like the "Rhapsody in Blue," by Gershwin.

The difficulty of assembling and financing very large orchestras leads musicians to favor a small band of chosen soloists rather than the massing of sonorities. The profit is twofold; the expense is less and the taste for pure tone is satisfied. Ingenuity is taxed to draw a rich volume of tone from a much reduced orchestra, another aspect of "retrenchment." Of this sort is the chamber-orchestra; what the Germans call *Kammermusik*. Parallel with the decrease in the number of symphonies for grand orchestra goes the increase of so-called *Kammer-symphonien* (chamber-symphonies). Milhaud's Sixth Symphony is scored for vocal quartet, oboe, and violoncello. Stravinsky's "Histoire du Soldat" is a very small instrumental ensemble (clarinet, bassoon, horn, trombone, contrabass and drum). *El Retablo*, by de Falla, contents itself with woodwind, brass, harpsichord, harpe-luth, and three soloists. Typical of the genre is Schönberg's *Pierrot Lunaire*, where an extreme diversity of tone-effects is obtained with the greatest economy of resources (voice, flute, clarinet, violin, viola, 'cello and piano), and even these are not always employed at once. Schönberg was one of the first to demand of the chamber-

orchestra what rivals demand of the full orchestra; his Op. 4, *Verklärte Nacht*, is a genuine symphonic poem, although it is entrusted to a string-sextet. To this chamber-music Schönberg has been faithful since it dawned upon him that cycles of melodies with grand orchestra, like his "Gurrelieder," or a symphonic poem like his "Pelleas und Melisande," would never carry him beyond Wagner; hence his Quartets, his *Kammersymphonie* written for four solo instruments, and his Suite (Op. 29) for 3 clarinets, string-trio, and piano.

In Czechoslovakia we note how national inspiration has forsaken the symphony to enkindle chamber-music, as in Vaclav Stepan's String-sextet, or his Poème for violoncello and piano—subjective music in which are mirrored the anguish and aspiration of an entire nation.

The attention increasingly paid to wind-instruments favors new combinations of timbres; e.g., the Sonata for flute, oboe, clarinet and piano, by Milhaud; the Sonata for horn, trumpet and trombone, by Poulenc; the Rhapsody for 2 flutes, clarinet and piano, by Honegger. Moreover, without dissolving the traditional alliance of the strings, such detailed experiments as those conducted by the Austrian, Webern, in his Five Pieces for string-quartet go to show what absolutely new tone-effects are obtainable in chamber-music. Henceforth this music will likewise require virtuosi for its execution. Schönberg's Quintet for wind, and Prokofieff's Quintet for violin, viola, contrabass, oboe and clarinet, one of the most unquestionable masterpieces of contemporary chamber-music, are works of unsurmountable difficulty for mediocrity. The danger lies in a—frequently needless—complexity in the writing which disconcerts the intended simplicity of the conception. Thus, in Arnold Bax's Second Quartet, we find the striving after simplicity through the utilization of folk-tunes (for which he has a predilection) conflicting with some obscure and tortuous inhibition of thought and expression.

It is in cases of this kind that we can most clearly read the tragic destiny of contemporary music, which has never commanded more opulent, more varied and more subtle resources, and which at the same time dreams only of an ideal of asceticism and nudity.

WHITHER IS MUSIC BOUND?

"If so, whither is music bound?" cries an impatient questioner. To this Georges Auric has already made the very sage reply:

I have no idea! After all, when one glances over the recent crises in music, each of which crises lends it renewed impetus, what does one see?

The Wagnerian upheaval (a finished ideology, a complete vocabulary: "leading-motives," or "continuous melody," and one capital fact, the imperishable *Tristan*); the Debussyite marvel (the revelation of a fresh harmonic blossomtide of extraordinary vigor; the exquisite and soulfelt conception of a declamation and orchestration hitherto undreamed-of); the smashing blow of Stravinsky's *Sacre du Printemps* in 1913, challenging, by virtue of its gripping dynamic exaltation, the very harmonic principles so admired but yesterday in *Pelléas*, and whose rhythmic frenzies, with instruments goaded to extremity, would seem to have reached the final limit.

It looked as though music were driving straight towards an uncontrollable frenzy in tone-effects. And precisely as yesterday and the day before, *Pelléas* and *Tristan* had been imitated, travesties of *Sacre du Printemps* were now inevitable.—But what do I see to-day?

The lover of intellectual art would answer, that he sees a musical epoch singularly stimulating for the mind. There is no more resting at ease in conquered positions. A need is felt for fresh adventures; after one discovery, intelligence seeks new paths, new genres; and there hazards are the more thrilling, because many musicians who run them have earned the right to rest on their laurels. But music, like her sister arts, is smitten with the malady of the period; unflaggingly she follows the universal rhythm, and shares in the modern spiritual crisis.

Someone has remarked: "Nowadays the entire universe goes in undress." This does not apply solely to the fashion of short skirts. Nudity is the universal fashion born of the war, and even in countries most amenable to Puritanic convention, music turns to free rhythms, painting to bright colors, the novel to cynical confessions, the dance to precision of gesture, the stage to swiftness in light-effects. The veils wherewith impressionistic art was fain to cover itself are torn, and through the wide rents appears to view, not a skeleton, but a solid and muscular body that, instead of seducing us, would conquer us, and to this end relies only on its very muscularity and solidity. A straightforward, rapid art; the art of the boxer in the ring, the art of the automobilist hurtling along the straight road. Preparations and detailed developments vanish. The art of transition has become an anachronism in literature. In music the chord-resolutions are always in flux, dissonances enter and make their exit without asking leave of anybody. This is the technique of the movies and the music-hall, a juxtaposition of the most diverse planes and most widely separated scenes. The swing of an earlier time, whose oscillation awakened the pleasing sensation of an uninterrupted glide, has been superseded by the jolting plunge of the "Dodg'ems," these American pleasantries where the encased

votaries of feverish thrills are catapulted down the tortuous and vertiginous track.

"Music is naked, and has no heart?—She shall be clothed, and that heart shall be heard to beat!" saith the Little Prophet of Bömischbroda, who, when playing at predictions, wins every game. For it can be predicted with certainty of the music of to-morrow that it will experience a change of heart. The false psychology that has deserted music, to the greater delectation of some few—a happy few!—will again return, with floodgates opened wide for the satisfaction of the crowd.

But what matter? Esthetics follows its regular rhythm, which is the rhythm of ebb and flow. Music makes no professions, it sways this way and that. It tends less toward evolution than toward inflation.

A tonal art, it inflates itself with atonality. Sovereign of tones, it inflates itself with noises. The home of consonance, it is inflated with dissonance. The white man's slave, it embraces the Negro. Daughter of man, it dallies with the machine.

Hitherto musical jousts took place within the lists, in a field straitly delimited by narrow barriers. The barriers fall; they are reset more widely. Paris loses her ramparts; for a time their sites remain vacant, but are speedily built up. Music is a great city that is now developing its suburbs. The explorer meets with more surprises; but, though it is easier to lose oneself, instinct always guides her lost children back to the old quarters.

(Translated by Theodore Baker.)

THE MUSICAL OBSERVATIONS OF A MOROCCAN AMBASSADOR

(1690-1691)

By FREDERICK H. MARTENS

THERE is in the Royal Library of Madrid a certain Arabic manuscript with an accompanying Castilian translation, entitled (in Spanish), *Viaje á España de un embajador enviado por Muley Ismael á Carlos II, y observaciones que hace en todo lo que vió* (Voyage to Spain of an ambassador sent by Muley Ismael to Charles II, and the observations he makes on all that he saw). At first glance it would seem to offer but barren pasture for musicological browsing. For why should an envoy from the court of Muley Ismael the Cruel, Emperor of Morocco, whose favorite music was the anguished cry of tortured slaves, be thought susceptible to dulcet sound and capable of making musical observations?

And yet he was. This Moslem gentleman, whose ears one might take to be attuned only to progressions of tones and rhythms utterly alien, finds time, when not discussing Spanish manners and morals, politics and religion, to touch on the music which he hears during his leisurely progress through the country from Cadiz to Madrid, and during his stay in that capital while awaiting the Spanish king's answer to his own sultan's demand for the rendering up to him of 500 Moslem captives and 5,000 Arabic manuscripts, which last had once formed part of the library of the Moorish kings of Granada. All this, be it said, happened before the time when French bandmasters had begun to compose "national hymns" for the Grand Seignior, the Padishah and His Sherifian Majesty.

It is possible, however, that in a measure the Moroccan emperor's envoy was better prepared than other dignitaries of the court of Mekhinez to respond to the appeal of occidental music. The manuscript of the *Viaje* ends somewhat abruptly and is unsigned—in other words, our ambassador's identity is not revealed. But Simon Ockley (1678-1720), in his "Account of the States of Fez and Morocco," mentions, a few years later,

that in the Emperor Muley Ismael's palace at Mekhinez one of the great men was a certain Hamet ben Hassu, "who had formerly been ambassador to the Court of Charles II of England." This gentleman, whom Evelyn described in 1681 as "a handsome person, well featured, of a wise look, subtle and extremely civil," had various opportunities of hearing music at Whitehall. On one occasion, in particular, in the Duchess of Portsmouth's apartments, there being present various "of the king's concubines and cattle of that sort, as splendid as jewels could make them," Hamet and his suite enjoyed "a great banquet of sweetmeats and music," and "behaved themselves with extraordinary moderation and modesty," thus setting their hostess an example she was constitutionally unable to follow. Hamet also went to the theatre on various occasions, and there heard the King's musicians.

If Muley Ismael, ten years later, availed himself of the chance to send as his envoy to Spain a man who already had dealt successfully with the infidel in his own habitat—something very probable—the latter might well show an appreciation of Christian music otherwise inexplicable.

Adopting this supposition, and thus giving our Ambassador a name, we find that Hamet was at once tonally greeted on his arrival from the African shore at Cadiz. There the entire population of the city, headed by the governor, came out to meet him, and he tells us: "There was not in the town a single singer or musician who had not been brought along, nor was there a single cannon on the city ramparts or on the great ships in the harbor that was not discharged." All this, of course, indicates no more than blare and fanfare complicated by that horrid relic of barbarism—May Allah visit it with destruction!—known in our own day as "community music." It is significant that the cultured Moslem does not even damn it with faint praise.

When, progressing inland, Hamet reaches the town of Utrera, however, in the course of his leisurely horseback journey to Madrid, he signals his first contact with Spanish church music in the following terms:

One of the greatest marks of graciousness shown us by the inhabitants of Utrera was, that during the night we passed in their town, they brought to us the monks who excelled in singing in their churches. These had musical instruments; one among others which they call the harp; it is garnished with a great number of strings and resembles a weaver's loom. They pretend to say that this is the instrument which the prophet David—upon whom and upon our Prophet be prayer and blessing!—was wont to play. I saw one of the same shape held by one of the statues they place in their rooms and in their houses and which they declare

represents the prophet David, blessings be upon his head! All their historical narratives, in fact their very religious dogmas are borrowed from the religion of the children of Israel and from the Old Testament, so they say; save always, that which they have added and which causes the division between themselves and the Jews, the Christians having unanimously pronounced themselves in favor of the Messiah, whence comes the enmity which exists between the two sects. Since that time they have never ceased repeating in their religious dogmas, in their corrupt beliefs and in their straying from the right path what is told them by the Pope of Rome.

It is a pity that Hamet's religious zeal carried him away into a disquisition on the demerits of Christianity before he had given us a fuller account of what the monks of Utrera played and sang for him. In all probability it was good music, for the sixteenth century traditions of the golden age of Morales and Victoria still lingered in the land. It is possible, too, that in this Andalusian town the peculiarly Moorish inflections of the music used in the Mozarabic ritual, whose employ Cardinal Ximenes had authorized in various cities in the early part of the sixteenth century, may have fallen with a certain degree of familiarity on Hamet's ears. Unfortunately, he has failed to supply any clues with regard to what the Utreran monks performed by way of motet or laud.

Nor does he mention music in connection with his stop at Cordova, although he describes the famous "mosque-cathedral" in fullest detail, with some melancholy reflections on the to him depressing uses to which it was then put. And in passing through Linares he merely mentions that "because of their affability . . . the inhabitants, men and women, assemble with instruments of music, and dance." In the neighboring hamlet of Torre Juan Abad, whose people were practically nomads, however, he is struck with their resemblance to the wandering Kabyles of his own land:

Their mode of life resembles that of our own Berbers who dwell in the Fah Mountains and their environs. They came out to meet us on the day of our arrival among them; a band of their women held a kind of guitar (*mazahir*), and tambourines in their hands, following the custom of the Berbers of our country. Their song differed from that of the Christians of the civilized cities.

The quasi-modern guitar was already popular in a widespread way in seventeenth-century Spain, having altogether supplanted the older guitar, the *vihuela*, for, as Felipe Pedrell remarks in his *Cancionero Musical Popular Español*, "the glorious but all too brief reign of the *vihuela* was over by the end of the sixteenth

century, when the supremacy of the guitar began with the treatise written by the famous Catalan, Juan Carlos Amat." The fact that Hamet notes the difference between the song of these nomads of the borderland between Andalusia and La Mancha, and that of the city dwellers might indicate that they were not Spaniards at all, but gipsies, *jaques* or *flamencos*, whose music, for all that in every land it conforms in a measure to the folk-wise modes of the country, always retains certain specific rhythmic and melodic inflections of its own. The interesting fact is that Hamet was able to note the difference.

Once arrived in Madrid, and received in audience by King Charles II, the Moroccan ambassador was shown every courtesy by the Spanish monarch. Every effort was made to beguile the tedium of the month-long ambassadorial dancing attendance while waiting an answer, which that crowned child of old age and disease, the last of the Hapsburg line really to reign over Spain, regarded as essential to the preservation of his dignity. Hence Hamet ben Hassu was led through all the royal pleasaunces and palaces. He visited the *Buen Retiro*, and saw what for him was a most surprising sight—the infidels skating on the ice of the river which flowed through the palace gardens. And he hunted the wild boar and wolf in the *Prado*, a very special favor granted him by the king, and one that the latter had denied the ambassadors of France and Germany. He saw the great markets and churches of Madrid, a bull-fight and a splendid religious procession, and visited the Spanish hospitals, which he admired.

And finally, after seeing many other things, he attended a musical service on Palm Sunday in the Chapel Royal of the palace in Madrid.

On Palm Sunday I saw the King enter a church situated in his palace and there listen to all sorts of impieties—May Allah preserve us from them!—which were spoken before him by the priest entrusted with the administration of the church, as well as by his assistants. After the ceremony he went out with all the priests, the monks, the archbishop—whose name means the same as *moufti*—and the nuntio, who is the Pope's vicar. The monks were clad in rich stuffs, encrusted with jewels, and each held a palm branch in his hand. Before them they bore a silver cross upon which was an image covered with a silken stuff. They were preceded by a troop of little monks [choir-boys] who excelled in song and carried musical instruments. The religious carried parchments which they read while chanting. Behind them came their superiors, who were followed by the greatest personages of the Court. The King came last, having in his hand a palm-branch wound with flowers. After having carried the cross in procession around the royal palace they took it back to its place in the church.

Carlos Patino, himself the successor of the great Matteo Romero, had been succeeded as choirmaster of the Chapel Royal in Madrid in 1683 by Juan Perez Roldan, and it was he, no doubt, who was responsible for the training of the choir boys, "the little monks," as Hamet calls them. Perhaps recollections of the *enanos*, the dwarf buffoons he had seen in the royal palace, misled the Moroccan, and refusing to look beneath the cotta and accept these *mozos de coro* as belonging to the genus boy, he saw them only as minuscule monastics.

But, as when he tells how the monks of Utrera sang for him, so in describing the Holy Week processions through the Madrid streets, our Moroccan soon closes his ears to their musical aspect in order to open his mouth and curse the *giaour*.

When . . . the Spaniards once more bring out the image of the Crucified One, at the moment when He is nailed to the cross [the reverential caps. are not Hamet's] they parade Him taken down from the cross, and then lay Him away in the tomb. At the same time they chant psalms full of sadness. They march around the church with torches and tapers, drape the church in black hangings and close the doors. The bells no longer chime, and none go abroad in carriage or on horseback during the days the processions continue.

And on the third day, when the bells ring joyously and the crowds acclaim the Risen Christ with glad cries and canticles, our son of the Prophet, neglecting this chance to note down this music characteristic of the sidewalks of Madrid, passionately cries:

These misguided ones delude themselves, in persevering in their evident error, and departing from the right way and the great road radiantly white. . . . The Pope—May Allah shame him for his abominable efforts!—has traced a road for them which leads them astray!

It is in connection with his visit to the Escorial, toward the end of his stay in Spain, that our ambassador has more to say anent music than anywhere else in his little record. Among the statues of the seven kings of Judah in the courtyard of the church, he is again intrigued by that of David the Prophet.

This personage wears a crown of gilded copper on his head and holds in his hand the musical instrument which he invented. The Spaniards insist that it is the same upon which he accompanied himself when reading the psalms, and call it the harp. This harp is a large wooden instrument, as high as a man, and having about forty-six strings. It produces harmonious sounds and one does not see the blow given by him who plays it. The Christians make much use of it and teach it to their wives, sons and daughters. Hence it is rare to find a house all of whose indwellers do not skillfully pluck the harp. When they receive guests, when they are welcoming anyone or when they wish to honor

someone who has come to see them, they let the harp express what they feel. The persons who most cultivate this instrument are the daughters and sons of the great and noble.

It is similarly much in use in their chapels, in their churches and all those places in which they indulge themselves in their impious acts. It is the instrument they employ most of all.

As to that which is known among us as *el 'awd* [i.e., the lute] they do not know it at all; they know only another instrument which resembles it and which they call the guitar [*el enquetarra*].

It is, perhaps, not so strange that the lute gradually lost favor in Spain, if, as Father Mersenne claims, a lutenist who reached the age of eighty years "had certainly passed sixty of them tuning his instrument." With regard to the universal Spanish use of the harp we confess to doubts. Spain was and is very regional, and the strings plucked in one province are not necessarily those picked in another. No Spanish instrument-maker of the seventeenth century would have said to a customer: "Yes, we have no *guitarras*!" But it is hard to imagine the average Madrileño of 1691, whether in cottage or castle, with his sons and daughters, his sisters and his cousins and his uncles and his aunts, all harping to welcome the pilgrim of the night. Nor do the seventeenth-century picaresque novels bear out Hamet's assumption. But Hamet is not yet done with the Escorial. Passing from the court into the edifice, he continues:

In the interior of the church are kept all sorts of jewels, rare and precious objects which have been bequeathed to it, and whose value is incalculable. High up is the place where they recite their prayers, and sing what they call the mass. There one may also see a musical instrument which they call organ. It is a large instrument composed of whistles (*Qananit*) and big pipes of gilded lead; it gives forth marvelous sounds. The readings which the Christians practise to the accompaniment of this instrument, in this place and others like it, are, so they pretend to say, the psalms of David, may his name be blest! . . . There are in this church two hundred monks to say the masses and pray, and a large number of others, young ones. It is surmounted by nine great and very high bell-towers, which fling themselves up into the air. Each of them is provided with a clock sounding the hours, and enormous bells, which they ring at certain periods a number of times. The sound which they give forth resembles that produced by a musical instrument.

This concludes our ambassador's description of the celebrated convent-church-palace-mausoleum, though he notes the damage done it by the fire of 1671, and tells of the royal library, the seminary and convent buildings, the *Pudridero*, the vault in which the dead kings of Spain were laid to rest, as well as of the great gardens which surround the buildings, veined with streams and canals, "and trees of curious form, for the delectation of the

monks." Noteworthy is the Moslem's appreciation of the sonorous organ-tone; and the fact that coming from a land where only the gracile tintinnabulations of mule- and camel-bells were to be heard, he should have been struck by the musical quality of the Escorial chimes. Yet, after all, these bells were percussives, to whose music the oriental ear is always more subtly alive than our own.

Finally, soon after his visit to the Escorial, Hamet was invited to a "fête which lasted three consecutive nights," in the *Palacio Real* at Madrid; and he notes that when the king and queen had entered and taken their places on the royal dais in the great hall:

The musicians, men and women, arrived and began to make music and to sing, as is their custom, until midnight. When they had done, and the guests wished to depart, the king was the first to come forward. He doffed his hat, after having raised his toward the side on which we were seated, and every one then returned to his home.

Hamet's account implies that for three evenings in succession the king's *musicos de camera* gave a concert; and that such evening concerts were given is confirmed by Madame d'Aulnoy in her *Mémoires de la Cour d'Espagne*, when (ten years before the Moroccan's arrival in Madrid) she says, in connection with a celebration of the queen's birthday:

On this day the Queen became eighteen years old, and received the compliments of all the lords and all the ladies, who also gave her gifts, the Queen-Mother in particular, who sent her a parure of diamonds and turquoises. *That evening there was a concert of French music at the palace. . . .*

Our ambassador's final musical allusions are in connection with the "mosque"—he refuses to call it the cathedral—of Toledo, of which edifice, within and without, he gives a highly colorful description:

On the inside of the mosque the Christians have raised up a supplementary construction which occupies the middle, with grills of yellow copper, which contains statues, crosses, a musical instrument they call organ and which they play during their religious ceremonies, together with a great quantity of books which they read in their prayers. Before this grill is a golden Christ toward whom they face while praying. . . .

At the place of the calling to prayer the Christians have installed nine great bells of extraordinary size. Each bell is thirty-six *empans* in diameter. The minaret of the mosque . . . is one of the most marvelous of constructions and made entirely of a hard stone resembling marble, of the same kind used in the building of the mosque. We pray Allah that he may restore it to the cult of his unity, and to the songs consecrated to his praise!

But not a word does Hamet say anent the music of the Mozarabic mass and other offices then and up to the present day performed in the Mozarabic Chapel of the Toledo Cathedral. Nor does he allude to the famous *campana gorda*, "the fat bell," two tons in weight, in the principal tower, whose sound was said to carry as far as Madrid. Instead, we have a pious prayer that songs praising Mohammed's Allah may once more sound within its walls. It is with this wish that the Ambassador's musical notes of his Spanish journey conclude.

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Why, the reader may ask, should these brief, uncritical observations of a Moroccan Moor, incapable of passing adequate judgment on what he heard in an alien land, be considered worthy of culling from his travel-record? It is because of the fact that any musical observations at all on the part of such a personage, given the time and circumstances, are remarkable. Nor are they quite as uncritical as may at first seem: they express definite appreciation, the ability to compare present with past musical impressions, and an intelligent curiosity with regard to the musically unfamiliar. Given the gulf which usually yawns between occidental and oriental conceptions of music as such, Hamet ben Hassu's remarks are well worth considering.

A view of Hamet's musical background emphasizes the fact that they are exceptional, for it surely is not one calculated to call forth these Spanish reactions. Music in Hamet's homeland was not over-cultivated. Moroccan *Hausmusik* as practised under his own and other sheikish roof-trees, might be divided into three parts—to Christian ears all gall. In the harem, henna-stained fingers idly plucked the strings of the Moorish lute to chromatically gargled love-songs; or odalisque mothers of many lands crooned lullabies to their young. In the male quarters the usual Arab orchestra, on occasion, played set pieces, or accompanied the sinuous windings of the dancing girls with adequate tones and rhythms. The music of these orchestras, with their noisy batteries of percussives, their large mandolins and nacre-encrusted oriental violins, the musicians singing deliriously while they beat, plucked and sawed, had nothing in common with that of the harpist monks who canted for Hamet in his Utreran hostlery.

In Mekhinez, in the emperor's palace, the sovereign's negro musicians, a kind of Whiteman band, armed with brazen trumps, trombones and kettle-drums, were a barbarically greater exten-

sion of lesser symphonic groups, ceremonial blarers and beaters. Mention might be made, in addition, of a musical theme peculiar to the Moroccan Sultan's domestic interior. This was the mating-call, sounded by a specific trumpet when Muley Ismael deigned to cross his harem threshold. An orientally debased *Liebestod* motive, it set the emperor's three hundred wives and seven hundred concubines (the exact reversal of Solomon's seven hundred wives and three hundred concubines), scurrying each into her particular love-nest, there to await the possible advent of Allah's viceregent on earth. And, floating ever on the air of every Moslem land, there was the cantillate call to prayer which the muezzin sounded five times a day from his minaret, the tonal bond between Allah and his people.

And with such a non-preparation, plus what Restoration melodies he may have heard ten years earlier at Whitehall and the Drury Lane Theatre, Hamet's flair for the musical as he encounters it in Spain is nothing short of astounding.

There is, of course, another plausible explanation of the Moroccan's appreciation of occidental music, on which we have not touched. In the harems of the Moroccan emperor and of the grandees of Fez and Tangiers were many European women—French, English, Italian, Spanish—captured and sold in the slave-markets by the Salee rovers. Is it possible that Hamet's mother was a Spanish girl? Constrained to a Moroccan embrace, did she so compellingly weave the spell of Spanish folk-song about the ears of her Moorish babe that, grown to man's estate, it still spoke to his soul? Was the vague liking Hamet manifests for the music he heard in Spain the outcome of musical reminiscences of his childhood? These questions are too far-reaching to be answered in so brief a sketch as this.

But a conscientious musicologist, willing to devote years of effort to running down the truth, may some day be able to tell us. Intensive research work in the Oriental sections of the great European libraries, the comparison of Arabic Mss., those of the Moslem University of Cairo, the Mosque of Kairowan and the present Moroccan sultan, might lead at least to a partial solution of the mystery. Until then, however, we must leave the question unanswered, and take our Moroccan Ambassador's observations on their merits as they stand, without further trying to fix their psychological origin.

NOTES ON THE HISTORY OF THE DANCE

By DR. PAUL NETTL

HUNDREDS of books have been written on the dance and its history, and if we consult this literature we find that chroniclers of the choreographic art have always had a somewhat mocking smile for the dances of bygone times. It is not as with the other arts—music, for instance—where praise of the past is common in all periods. Now, while the characteristics of the music of any given period are determined by the work of individual geniuses, the dance springs from the depth of popular impulses or from the height of fashion as decreed by the smart set.

History recognizes two types of dances, the social and the exhibitivite dance. This duality is already evident among the most primitive peoples: Wundt, at least, points the contrast between their ecstatic and their mimetic dances. The ecstatic dance is expressive of some psychic exaltation, some intensified emotion, of some frenzied paroxysm into which the primitive individual falls while communing with his deity. The movements, mostly saltatory and gyratory, are purely physiological in origin and not yet of any æsthetic value; but they reach a higher plane through organization, that is, when a number of individuals perform the same evolutions. Sensuous delight is, of course, experienced even in the lowest type of ecstatic gyrations, through that gradual diminution of consciousness which has the same narcotic effect as the later orgiastic dances, the influence of these being based on the hypnotic power of ordered rhythm, which has an effect similar to that of uninterrupted gazing at an object. When several persons perform the same motions, whether in work or in play, rhythmic movements are the automatic result. Rhythmic movement is easier than unorganized or undisciplined movement, for through the rhythm individual will is in a measure eliminated: a special act of volition is not needed for each single movement; instead, its place is taken by an act of mass-will, and from this moment on ecstatic motions become intentional dance movements. Herein we must seek the birth of the dance.

The primitive ecstatic dance is in large measure a cult dance, a religious dance, although it is, of course, almost always of an erotic nature also. Witness the orgiastic dances of the Dyonisiac mysteries, or the similar spring festivals of the Mexicans which began with mimetic representation and degenerated finally into wild dances; or take the whirling of the dervishes, or the frenzied processions of the medieval flagellants whose erotic excitement often ended in suicide. Characteristic of all these dances is the dissolution of consciousness—partial at least, and often complete—which always accompanies sensuous ecstasy.

The second type of primitive dance is the play, the mimetic dance, which consists in the imitation of life in its various phenomena. Here we have in play and dance that imitation of nature which Aristotle calls the end and aim of every art. Primitive man imitates everything in the external world that in any way moves him. Not only sun, moon and stars are represented in action and in dance, but the animal and vegetable kingdoms, and, above all, man in his relations to his fellow men. And just as the ecstatic cult dance brought forth Greek tragedy, so the primitive mimetic dance brought forth the war-dances of the Salii, the feudal weapon-dances and the civic guild-dances of the Middle Ages. Elements of the ancient Germanic weapon-dances described by Tacitus were preserved in the morisco-dance (the Moorish dance of which the English morris-dance is a derivative), danced wherever the tradition of conflicts between Christian and Moor remained alive, as in Spain, southern Italy, and Austria. Again, elements of the *Rittertanz* (knight's dance) survived in the *Ritterballett* (knight's ballet) in which the sword-dance and the joust itself blended equally—for with the appearance of firearms the tournament, the chivalric game, itself originally but an imitation of battle, lost its significance and became idealized into dramatic allegory. One of the last of these *Ritterballette* took place in Vienna in 1667, a remarkable combination of racing, horsemanship and weapon-dances in the form of a medieval tournament.

Even the duel, too, in the course of time takes on ever more of the dance form. Choreographic proportions determine the positions of the combatants, the movements of arm and feet, and even the technical terms of the dance—such as the *engager*, *dégager*, *battements*, *voltes*, etc.—penetrate the language of fencing.

Like the weapon-dance, other dances have come down into civilized times. Animal dances were also known in Germany in the Middle Ages, and we may call to mind that modern dancing likewise, which has freshly drawn from primitive peoples, often

professes to borrow its steps from the animal world (turkey-trot, fox-trot, bunny-hug, etc.)

Among the mimetic dances also belong the guild dances of the Middle Ages which originally imitated the exercise of certain handicrafts. Karl Bücher has shown, in his well-known book, "Arbeit und Rhythmus," how rhythmically organized activity lightens all labor and how primitive peoples accompany their common tasks with singing and instrumental music. The many peasant, harvest, sailors' and smiths' dances, etc., are nothing but survivals of this sort of primitive work-dances. Every guild had its particular dance; or rather, not the guild as a whole, but every class within the guild: for the master-shoemakers danced differently from their apprentices and journeymen, and the high authorities must have watched well to see that there should be no overstepping the limits of class competence. But here there is also a close connection with the social dance which takes social life itself as its object of representation. These class dances are expressive of the strict division of society, just as it was manifest in the feudal Middle Ages. The guild dances lay emphasis upon industrial activity, the peasant dance, with its undisguised association of the sexes, is expressive of erotic experience and is not concerned with the symbolization of nature or family life. The 18th century, with its revolutionizing of society, is the first to reach back to the folk-dance again, simultaneously socializing and universalizing it. The Middle Ages knew only class dances.

Among these we have, above all, the medieval court-dances. In the Tyrolese castle of Runkelstein we may still admire 14th-century frescoes which portray the courtly round-dance of the time. This dance, executed by couples of knights and ladies and led by a musician who was usually a fiddler, is called by a medieval writer the *ductia*. It consists of a round figure, a step figure, and a leaping figure, called a *springal* or *espringale*, in which the melody, heretofore played by a fiddle and danced in straight duple time, is changed into a rapid triple measure. This division into round-dance and leaping-dance, which is traceable psychologically to the progressive excitement of the dance by which the original stepping or hopping movements are transformed into gyratory movements, is of decisive significance in the evolution of dance-music, and accordingly of instrumental music. For in this original dance and after-dance lies the principle of the suite, of the sequence of dance-movements, and so of the cyclical instrumental form. All Europe, from ancient times to well into the 18th century, danced after this manner. The

French court-dances, the *basse-danse* and *tourdion* of the 15th century, the *bransle* and *amener* of the 16th; the *paduane* and *gaillarde* in Germany, in the early 17th century, and the somewhat later *allemande* and *courante*, besides many other dance combinations, are based on this bipartite principle. Analysis of the instrumental suites of several parts shows that they all begin with two, however loosely connected, dances. This is still true of the Bach piano suites. The baroque courts cultivated the French dances: the *gaillarde* with its peculiar *cinque pas*; the *courante* with its striding and dipping steps that find their musical counterpart in the curious *courante* rhythm still recognizable in the Bach suites; the stiff and pompous Spanish saraband, the jolly English jig, the *bourrées*, *gavottes*, *canaries*, *traquenards*, *rigadoons*, and countless others. They were danced by society, and the ballet, which originated in the French court of the 16th century, was there developed, and finally from the court of Louis XIV conquered Europe and the world.

But by the second half of the 17th century society did occasionally dance folk-dances at its festivals, which in their turn also rooted in popular merrymaking. Folk-dances figured in the *Wirtschaften* (hostelries) and *Bauernhochzeiten* (peasant weddings), the two typical festivals of the baroque era in Germany and Austria, and were danced in Vienna in addition to French and Italian dances, the music of which now had an unmistakably Alpine or even Viennese stamp. At the court of Leopold I there appeared, in the German composer Johann Heinrich Schmelzer, a forerunner of Johann Strauss, a musician who was not afraid of regaling his patrons with village tunes, precursors of the *Ländler* and the waltz. In this connection, it may be of interest to learn that the manuscripts of these earliest *ländler*-like Viennese dances have been discovered in Moravia. This was made possible because the aforementioned Schmelzer, ballet-composer to the Viennese court, carried on a correspondence with the art-loving Prince-Bishop Karl Lichtenstein-Kastelkorn of Olmütz, and sent him the "airs," as they were then called, of most of these ballets, *Wirtschaften*, *Merenden*, pastoral plays and other entertainments, either to Olmütz or to his summer palace at Kremsier. It was at Kremsier that the writer found an extensive musical correspondence between Schmelzer and the Bishop, and also the manuscripts mentioned, which have been published in the "Denkmäler der Tonkunst in Oesterreich."

Before these dances were known it had always been assumed that it was the minuet which bridged the transition from the

baroque dances to the new south-German *Ländler*, German-dance and waltz. But the minuet is thoroughly typical of social life itself in the baroque era. With its curtsies, its ladies' chain—which originally moved in a curve and later, paralleling the transition in style from baroque to Louis XV and Louis XVI, followed an angular Z—it belongs only on the parquet floors of polite society. Musically speaking, of course, the minuet was necessarily influenced, especially in mid-18th century, by the three-part folk-dance which had evolved out of the two-part form.

But it was in England, where the great intellectual upheaval of Europe originated, that the great revolution in the dance was preparing—namely, the advent of the contredance. The characteristic and novel feature of this dance, which was originally a country dance, consisted in its being not, as the baroque dance was, a dance for princely or mayoral couples—in brief, for the single privileged pair of dancers—but a dance in which the whole company took part. This new and revolutionary element in the contredance which, while contrasting the simultaneous dancing of many couples with the dancing of single couples in the baroque manner, was yet allied to the old court round-dance, had great charm for the new orders of society; and just as in the 17th century the craving for popular forms of amusement brought forth the *Wirtschaft* and *Bauernhochzeit*, so the contredance represents in the new order equality of rights and freedom of the sexes.

There are two types of contredances. In the so-called English form, the whole company lines up, but the real dance is carried on only by certain groups which move progressively down the line, so that all have a chance to participate. In the French form, the *cotillon*, a specified number of couples, usually four, perform the given figures. From this French form of the contredance springs the quadrille with its countless variants.

Now, where do the waltz and its early forms, the German-dance and *Ländler*, belong in the history of the dance? This south-German folk-dance was assimilated in the middle of the 18th century into the contredance, and, like most dances, from the old Renaissance dance to the tango, was prepared in Paris for the uses of society. The *allemande*, as this dance was then known in France—not to be confused with either the old *allemande* of 1600 or the highly stylized *allemande* of Bach's suites—now achieved for the same reasons of social psychology as the contredance such popularity that it grew out of the general contredance in which it had been living in its various forms of *Tyrolienne*,

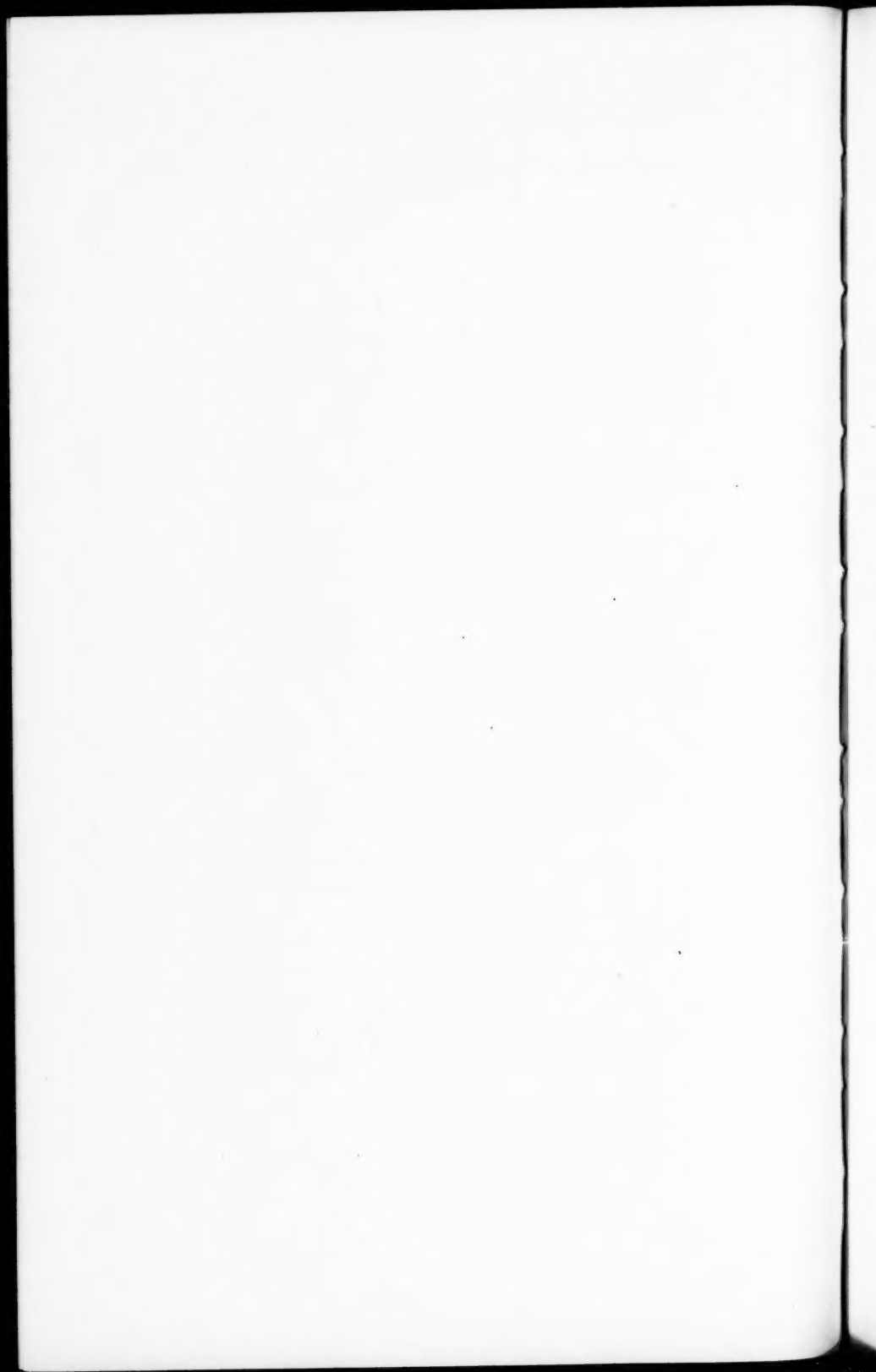
Strasbourgeoise, *Alsacienne*, etc., and became an independent dance. At first, it is true, these dances were often still danced in the duple measure of the bourrée. Only towards the end of the 18th century was the 3/4 rhythm definitely and finally established, whereby the old Austrian peasant-dance was received for good into high society. It is significant that 18th-century writers in describing the new allemands regard not the steps, but the position of the arms, as their characteristic feature. The crossing of the arms would indicate that these dances, while still of the people and not yet assimilated into the contredance, were, like the clog-dance, accompanied by rhythmic hand-clapping, of which the crossed arms remain to a certain extent a choreographic convention. The same thing is expressed in the music, in that from now on emphasis upon the first beat of the measure is characteristic, and this is still further evidenced by the renunciation of independent leading of the inner voices. This state of things is further assisted by the gradual transition from the polyphonic to the homophonic style which occurred in the 18th century. Thus, musically, the allemand and the courante are typical of the baroque dance, the minuet and gavotte of the rococo, while the German-dance and the waltz, in which everyone took part and partners were freely chosen, and in which the music was developed in purely homophonic measures, are typical of the new era.

To trace the evolution of the waltz in its various forms from Schubert, Lanner and the two Strausses down to Lehar and the slow waltz of recent years, would lead too far afield. The basic lines have, I believe, been given here. With Johann Strauss an overwhelming musical force takes possession of the dance and allies the waltz with the operetta. This association of a dance that had its origin among the south-German Alpine peasant-folk with an increasingly superficial theatricality that was adjusting itself more and more to meet the low instincts of the new capitalistic society, provides the new character of the Viennese operetta and the Strauss waltz. The musical genesis of this type of waltz was determined by the peculiar character of Strauss's music, which roots deeply in the erotic side of his personality, a phenomenon for which there is no further rational explanation. This elemental power of working upon the senses which is inherent in Strauss's melodies—whether it rests on the associative force of certain melodic forms which so vitally influence human impulses because they irresistibly call forth dark feelings and imaginings that are repressed in the subconscious, or whether it is rooted in that rhythm of movement which so much affects the undeveloped primitive



WALTZERS AT THE TIVOLI, PARIS, 1802 (drawn by Sir John Dean Paul)

"The dance which we saw is a most curious one . . . it is called *valse*; about 200 couples took part in it, to the accompaniment of very slow music . . . unfortunately my drawing can give but a feeble idea of it; the postures of the women were agreeable and alluring, to say the least; as to the men, the less said about them, the better; they were so dirty and vulgar as to be disgusting."



in man—is highly significant for the further development of the dance. The erotic character of the Strauss waltz passes in the waltzes of Lehar into an even more exaggerated form, achieved by a peculiar slowing of the tempo, presaging the "Boston." Strauss's use of Slavic and national Hungarian motives also implies a searching after some new sort of dance.

While the waltz is a national and democratic dance, the modern dances with their intentional neglect of melody and their emphasis on rhythm and sound for its own sake, reflect simultaneously the New World music and the recent internationalization of society. Heretofore the dance had expressed more the simple joy of living and only a hidden sensuality, but these are now giving place in society to an open freedom of relations between the sexes. A second feature also becomes more and more evident, and that is the element of sport, which has come to figure largely in life and thereby also in the dance—an element that has long been characteristic in America.

To attempt to-day any prognostication of the future of the dance would be hazardous. When we recall that the waltz ruled the dance-floor for more than a century, and that the latest fashionable dances live in comparison scarcely more than a season, and have furthermore practically no connection with each other—it would appear that we are living in a period of search, of seeking without finding. No stable development will set in until we return from artificial international productions to simple national forms.

CHERUBINI'S STRING-QUARTETS

By ORLANDO A. MANSFIELD

IN the department of chamber music, the position proper to Luigi Cherubini appears to us to be "similar and similarly situated" to that which, by rights, should be assigned to Muzio Clementi in the province of the pianoforte sonata. Fuller and richer in matter, and much more modern as regards manner, than the compositions—along similar lines—of the earlier classical school, the works of both the composers above mentioned, in the respective directions stated, cannot but be regarded as superior to any similar productions of their immediate period, with the exception of the more advanced chamber music and pianoforte sonatas of Mozart and Beethoven. Although, perhaps, not exactly on the highway of sonata form development, they both constitute a delightful byway which not only accompanies but frequently surpasses in beauty the main road of musical progress in this direction. Hence, no earnest student of musical composition, and no sincere lover of the art can afford to remain in ignorance of the existence of these works; while competent quartet-players on the one hand, and proficient pianists on the other, should make practical acquaintance with these more or less remarkable and interesting compositions. To assist in the prevention of the disaster first mentioned, and in the procuring of the desideratum last named, is not only the motive underlying the perpetration of the present paper but constitutes the justification for its public presentation.

Less in number than the similar productions of most of the classical composers, the string-quartets of Maria Luigi Carlo Zenobio Salvatore Cherubini are just about as numerous as his names—to wit, six. Of these works the last four were written—one in each year—during the years 1834 to 1837. Concerning them Cherubini is said to have declared upon one occasion, to Ferdinand Hiller, that they not only occupied him but actually contributed to his amusement, and that he had "not the least pretension in the matter." At this time the *maestro* was over 70 years of age, so that these quartets represent the composer at his most mature period, albeit at a time with reference to which one critic remarked that the "head and heart" of the Beethoven of France "had remained young." Also, these later quartets were

produced at a time when their composer had attained to a deserved degree of *otium cum dignitate*. Hence it is not surprising to find him, as Mr. Joseph Bennet once said, "returning with almost youthful zest to that form of composition, which, no doubt, he found better suited to his years than the more exacting labour of operas and masses."

The first quartet, in E flat, however, was a much earlier production, belonging to the year 1814, and thus anticipating by a score of years the four last quartets. Then the second quartet, in C, dates from 1829; and was, really, a transposed adaptation of the themes of a Symphony in D, with a new slow movement—Lento in A minor—taking the place of the original Larghetto. The Symphony in D was written—at the suggestion of Cherubini's fellow-countryman, Clementi—for the London Philharmonic Society. It was commenced in Paris, in February, 1815; was finished in London on April 24 of that year, on the occasion of Cherubini's fifth visit to England; and was played a week later—on May 1st—without either immediate or subsequent success.

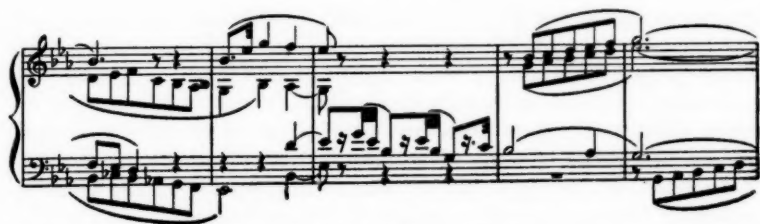
These two quartets, with the third, in D minor, were the only numbers of the set of six which were published during the lifetime of their composer. Consequently certain criticisms of these works were written without that knowledge of "the Whole" in which, according to Thomas Carlyle, "only . . . is the Partial to be truly discerned." Thus we have the late Professor Sir George Macfarren asserting, in the pages of the Imperial Dictionary, concerning the first two quartets, that "their merit entitles them to no distinction, and it is scarcely to be supposed that his (Cherubini's) several subsequent works of the same class which have not been printed can possess any greater interest, since these prove the author's entire want of feeling for the style, and aptitude for the form, of instrumental chamber music." This dogmatic utterance we might have attributed to Macfarren's ignorance of the later and admittedly finer quartets, had it not been for the fact that Ferdinand Hiller describes the second quartet as "full of delicacy and piquancy"; while Schumann, according to Mr. Joseph Bennet, "speaks of it as 'full of life,' and adds that the Finale sparkles 'like a diamond when you shake it.'" So we fear that the opinion of the learned Cambridge professor must be regarded as decidedly prejudiced, and not entirely the result of his unavoidable and unfortunate lack of acquaintance with Cherubini's latest contributions to the development of the string-quartet.

The accuracy of this observation will be the more apparent as we descend (or, should it be, ascend?) from the general to the

particular, and endeavour to proceed to a concise and, we trust, impartial survey of each of the six quartets in numerical and chronological order. Concerning the first and early (1814) quartet in E flat, Mr. Joseph Bennet declares of it as a whole, that its "refined and classic beauty" would, if needed, act as a foil to some of the composer's "warlike effusions." But, however this may be, the fact remains that this work was introduced to the musical public of Paris by that great French violinist, Baillot, at one of the quartet performances which he commenced in Paris in 1814. Whether Cherubini's quartet was especially written for any of these performances we cannot say; but it appears to have received so much appreciation thereat that it is probable that to this favourable reception may have been due "the revival of the old master's regard for this form of music." This, however, is a matter of conjecture; whereas it is one of fact that—although not so strikingly original as were, at the time of their production, Cherubini's later quartets—the Quartet in E flat bears such traces of individuality as would undoubtedly prevent it from being regarded as an emanation from the earlier Viennese school. Indeed, the work finely illustrates Professor Prout's opinion of Cherubini's compositions as a whole, namely, that they are works which as "models of purity" fully "merit the attention of the student," exhibiting, in addition to a "love for delicate effects" and a "contrapuntal treatment of the different parts," an "extreme economy in the use of resources," scarcely "a single note being introduced . . . without a special object," while "the most exquisite touches of colouring are produced with the fewest possible notes."

For instance, in the very first measures of the *Adagio* Introduction, we have an interesting example of double counterpoint, or free inversion, so natural to a musician of Cherubini's exceptional contrapuntal powers; and which is the more interesting and the more useful to the serious student because showing the master's skilful writing of the inner parts, and the charming effect produced by the melodious character and independent progression of the latter, *e. g.*,





The *Adagio* concludes with the following passage of chromatic harmony with its augmented and Neapolitan 6ths, *e.g.*,

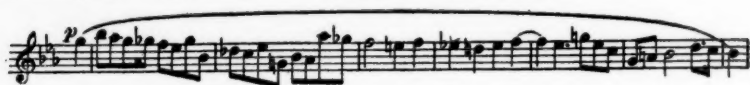


a phrase which admirably illustrates Cherubini's fondness for the insertion of short and solid harmonic sections, with "note against note" rhythms, into the midst of more active and imitative portions. Another instance of this occurs in the closing phrases of the development portion of the first movement proper—an *Allegro agitato*, in C major, really in *alla cappella* time—a passage we regret we cannot possibly quote. The bridge passage, or episode, of this *Allegro* is remarkable because opening with a "semi-Gregorian" or plain song fragment over a tonic pedal, *e. g.*,



a fragment which, in the development, is made a vehicle for the display of some clever imitative and sequential treatment. Prior to this, however, the same figure has been employed, in the key of the dominant, for the opening phrase of the second part of the second subject. The direction "*très marqué*," against the 1st violin and the 'cello parts, is one of those injunctions, or pieces of "advice to the players," which Cherubini occasionally inserted in his quartet compositions. And here we can only express the hope that as all these quartets are obtainable in the miniature scores

originally issued by Payne, of Leipsic, our readers will verify all our quotations and allusions by reference to the original text. Every page of the latter bears evidence of Cherubini's practical knowledge of stringed instruments and the effects obtainable therefrom. Hence his slurs are more often than otherwise literal indications of desired bowings; but, amongst the several exceptions to this statement, we have, in the concluding phrase of the episode, or bridge passage, a section which is noted thus:—



Here the tyro in orchestration might do worse than to endeavour to discover some of the various bowings possible in, if not proper to, such a passage.

The slow movement—*Larghetto sans lenteur*, in B flat, 2/4 time—is really a Rondo, with a more or less florid version of the principal theme at every recapitulation. The charming phrasing, the numerous “points” of imitation, the clear part-writing, and the ornamental tonic pedal introduced into the Coda, are features which abundantly atone for an uninteresting episode—in more or less even and monotonous part-writing, marked “*toujours également*,” and with long slurs denoting phrases—which precedes the final and most ornate entry of the principal subject. Here it is interesting to note how in this second Gallic direction upon which we have commented, as well as in others yet to be mentioned, Cherubini employs the language of the country of his adoption rather than that of the land of his birth, probably out of regard to the nationality of the players into whose hands the performance of his work or works would primarily be entrusted.

The Scherzo—*Allegretto moderato*, in G minor—with its initial phrase founded upon a tonic pedal, thoroughly deserves its name. The Trio is based upon an active phrase of 16ths, in 3rds and 6ths, which is marked “*légèrement et détachées*”—another of the master's favourite French directions—and which, after announcement by the 1st and 2nd violins, is transferred, in a modified form, to the viola and 'cello, the whole forming a fine study in detached bowing. Throughout the movement the phrases are of normal length, Cherubini, unlike Haydn, avoiding extensions or contractions in the simple Scherzo form.

The Finale—*Allegro assai*, in E flat, *alla cappella* time—opens with an introductory phrase of seven measures, the initial notes of which bear a close rhythmical resemblance to those of the first

movement. At the commencement of the second subject of this Finale there are some charming responsive phrases between the 1st violin and the 'cello which are pleasingly inverted, this theme and treatment forming an important feature in the development and the Coda. The second subject closes with another of those *sostenuto* harmonic phrases to which Cherubini was so partial, *e. g.*,

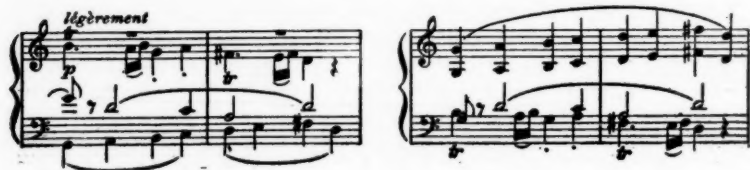


Here we note once more the use of the slur as a phrase mark. The movement concludes with a reference to the initial phrase followed by a "feminine" ending.

Concerning the origin, history, and valuation of the second quartet we have already written, so that we have only to add just here that the anticipations of breadth and fulness excited by its attested orchestral origin are abundantly fulfilled, the work in this respect, and, indeed, in every other, exhibiting a great advance upon its predecessor. The Allegro is preceded by an introductory Lento of great breadth and beauty, although of comparative simplicity, which closes upon a chord of the augmented 6th, German form, the Allegro itself opening with a five-measure introductory phrase. The second subject of this movement resembles that of the first movement of Beethoven's Pianoforte Sonata in C, Op. 2, No. 3, in that the first part of its second subject is in the minor key of the dominant, G minor instead of G major. We quote a few measures in order to show the canonic imitation (2 in 1 at the octave below) which Cherubini introduces without any manifest effort, *e. g.*,



The second part is equally clever, as it is founded upon an extended phrase in the first eight measures of which the 2nd violin and the 'cello maintain a couple of contrasted themes which are immediately inverted at the 15th. We can only quote two measures of the model and two of the inversion, trusting to our readers to refer to the original in order to form a fair idea of the whole passage, *e. g.*,



The recapitulation of the first subject is somewhat fragmentary and considerably modified, the principal melody being assigned to the 2nd violin, another instance of Cherubini's skill in part-writing and impartial treatment of his selected instruments. The Coda is thoroughly orchestral in character, leaving but little to be desired as regards breadth and vigour, the whole movement confirming the opinion of Schumann that in spite of "a few dry bars, the work of the intellect alone," there is, even in these, "something interesting . . . some ingenious contrivance or imitation, something to think about."

The slow movement—*Lento*, A minor, 6/8 time—will be remembered as the movement specially written for this work, in 1829. Schumann describes it as having "a striking individual A minor character, something romantic and Provençalish. After hearing it several times its charms grow, and it closes in such a manner as to make you begin listening again, though knowing that the end is near at hand." This beautiful Coda, consists, to a large extent, of a harmonized chromatic scale, ascending and descending over an ornamented tonic pedal. We quote the opening measures:—





The movement as a whole is in modified sonata form, the animation and *sciolte* reiterations (*assai forte*) of the episode forming a delightful contrast to the mellifluence of the principal theme, the recapitulation of which is preceded by another of Cherubini's Gallicisms, namely, "rall. par degré pour revenir au 1^r mouvement." The modulation from A minor to E-flat major, to be found in the first subject, and the graceful outline of the second (in C and A majors), are points which are far too important to be overlooked.

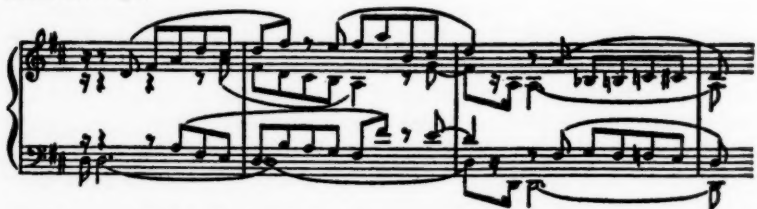
In the spirited Scherzo (in C) and the Trio (in C minor) we can only point out the quasi-orchestral character of the latter with its melodic ejaculations for the 1st violin, reiterations in the inner parts, and *pizzicato* for the 'cello. Both this movement and the Finale—the latter an *Allegro vivace* in C, *alla cappella* time—were regarded by Schumann as "full of wonderful life." Almost at first sight we are impressed by the absence in this Finale of any formal and complete recapitulation of the first subject, and still more by the orchestral character of its opening in which the alternations of tonic and dominant in the 'cello part suggest the orchestral *timpani*, a suggestion confirmed by long shakes, on tonic and dominant, in the Coda and development respectively. Cherubini's favourite device of interpolating short harmonic phrases or sections in the midst of more active material, is extensively used in the second subject, thus suggesting passages which in an orchestral movement would most probably be assigned to wind alone. In the development we observe another little mannerism—the partiality for modulation to the key of the major 3rd below, or the flattened submediant above, in this case from D to B flat; the extensive use of sequences for modulatory purposes; and, lastly, in the imitative passage preceding the dominant pedal, the direction "toujours sans aucune nuance," which, if we were not acquainted with the expressive character of Cherubini's music, might be "set down" as some justification for his receiving the title of "the grim Florentine."

We have now to consider the Quartet in D minor, a work remarkable for being the first of the four written during the years 1834-7, and the last of the three which were published during their composer's lifetime. The manuscript bears the date July

31, 1834, Cherubini being then 74 years of age, but it shows no decline of the standard set up by its predecessors, notwithstanding the fact that the first movement—*Allegro comodo*, common time—contains the orthodox double bar and repeat which are wanting in the previous quartets. The work opens with two *quasi recit.* phrases, assigned respectively to the 1st violin and the 'cello, these phrases partaking largely of the character of an Introduction, the theme proper commencing in the ninth measure. The vigorous flow of this theme is interrupted by another of those unadorned harmonic phrases to which we have already drawn attention, *e. g.*,



The bridge passage, practically developed from the introduction and the first subject, is omitted in the recapitulation. The second subject which appears in the relative and tonic majors, is remarkable for the figure of reiterated notes which accompanies its melody in the 1st violin part; the development is based almost entirely upon the figures of the first subject; while, in the Coda, the following passage, on a tonic pedal, renders quotation irresistible, *e. g.*,

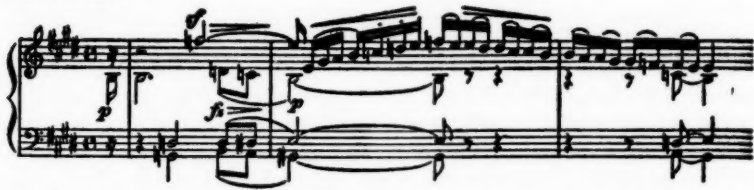


A remarkably beautiful movement is the *Larghetto sostenuto*— $2/4$ time, in F major. In modified sonata form, its first subject has a charming *cantabile* for the 1st violin over a "sobbing" accompaniment for the other members of the quartet. The episode shows interesting sequential treatment and considerable animation, a *staccato* scale passage bearing the direction "sans quitter la corde," thus affording another indication not only of Cherubini's practical knowledge of the strings but of his possession of a definite idea and a fixed determination as to the manner in which that

idea should be expressed. The second subject, commencing on a tonic pedal, differs in style, but yields nothing to the first in point of beauty. The development is wanting; but the Coda—with its melodic interjections for the 1st violin, punctuated by detached chords for the other instruments, and followed by solo passages for the 'cello, on the 4th string—is a dream of artistic effect accomplished by the simplest means.

The Scherzo, in D minor, with its quasi-fugal subject and frequent points of imitation, exhibits Cherubini's contrapuntal facility in a most favourable light; while the Trio opens with a *scherzando* solo for the 1st violin, accompanied *pizzicato* by the other members of the quartet; the two movements forming, collectively, one of the most extended examples of Scherzo form contained in these works. An *Allegro risoluto* in D, common time, forms the Finale to this quartet, and accomplishes its task in a manner suggestive of Haydn at his best. In a rapid passage of detached triplets, contained in the Coda, Cherubini again insists upon his own particular methods of technique by directing "3me Corde," and then "restez à la position."

No. 4 of the series, a Quartet in E, the second of those produced annually after 1834, is dated February 12, 1835, and is the first of the three posthumous quartets, for the earliest publication of which we are indebted to Payne, of Leipsic. Although we should hesitate to pronounce this work the most beautiful of the series, it is undoubtedly the most complex, a fact which renders quotation difficult and reference to the original well-nigh imperative. In one place or another it exhibits almost all the peculiar points in Cherubini's quartet writing to which we have already directed attention. For instance, the first subject of the Allegro has its first (extended) phrase of ten measures marked in the 1st violin part, "4me corde," the following phrase having the direction "sur les autres cordes." The bridge passage opens with a fine section



which is treated sequentially, not only here but in the development, although, strange to say, not in the recapitulation, in which latter both first subject and episode are considerably curtailed.

The second subject exhibits Cherubini's skill in distributing the melodic interest equally amongst all the parts; the development shows clever part-writing and modulation, while the Coda is noteworthy for another violin solo cadenza, or recitative, directed to be rendered *lento* and "toujours 4me corde."

That Cherubini possessed fairly liberal or advanced views on the subject of key relationship is proved by his placing his *Larghetto* ($3/4$ time) in the key of C, again, it should be noted, his favourite key of the minor submediant or the major 3rd below. Very remarkable are the opening measures of this still more remarkable movement, as they contain a modulation to A flat, again the major 3rd below, before the tonic key of C is really established, *e. g.*,



Sequential development of this idea—followed by responsive arpeggio and broken chord passages, "flying" in solo fashion through the different parts—brings us to the bridge passage, or episode, in which the parts enter imitatively, and alternately, at the unison and the octave below. This is followed by the second subject in which the accompaniment to a springing figure in octaves between the 1st and 2nd violins is effectuated by florid groups of 32nd notes maintained by the viola, or by the viola and 'cello in octaves. Here, although a good deal of the writing is in two parts, the skillful "laying out," combined with the rapidity of the 32nds, effectually dispels any feeling of thinness. A short "link" takes the place of the development, after which the first subject is very freely recapitulated, the bridge and second subject more strictly, an interesting and effective Coda, largely developed from previous thematic material, bringing the movement to a delightful close.

After a short introduction in E minor, the Scherzo—in E major, played *con sordini*, pursues a perfectly *legato* course, modulating into C major (note the consistent use of the minor submediant) and then returning to the tonic, with the 1st violin, and (ultimately) the other instruments, playing *senza sordini*, this being followed by a lengthy Trio, in C and E minor, remarkable for a vigorous unison of 16ths, nearly 24 measures in duration. Instead of the usual recapitulation we have small sections of the

theme announced in four-part harmony, *con sordini*, and then followed by florid interpolations in 16ths for two or more of the instruments—a procedure not altogether unlike the interludes between the lines of the Lutheran choral. The Coda, *senza sordini*, is brilliant, a reiterated tonic and dominant in the 1st violin part being directed to be played as harmonics, and a scale passage “sons naturels,” thus concluding a Scherzo almost as lengthy as that of the third quartet, and one of the most original of this type of composition.

In the Finale—an *Allegro assai*, common time, E major—we notice that, after an introductory sentence, the first subject is an extended phrase of six measures, the chief interest of the movement centering in the second subject, a broad *cantabile* for the 'cello, accompanied by triplets of quarter notes in the viola part and detached chords for the violins. Here, and in the recapitulation, the 'cello part is carried to a considerable height, at one point reaching to B above the treble staff, while the 1st violin soars to F sharp *in altissimo*, both these facts pointing to Cherubini's practical knowledge of the possibilities of stringed instruments, a good deal of which was probably due to his acquaintance with that unrivalled quartet player, Baillot, and with his friends and fellow-professors at the Paris Conservatoire, Rode and Kreutzer, together the three great representatives of the classical French school of violin playing.

Although the fifth quartet, in F, dated June 28, 1836, is not so complex, nor cast in so large a mould, as its predecessor, it is a thoroughly interesting work. The Allegro, 3/4 time, preceded by a beautiful Introduction, has its first subject, in accordance with Cherubini's frequent procedure, considerably shortened in recapitulation, this subject being also remarkable for its sudden modulations—to B flat, D flat, etc. Throughout the movement there are frequent charming modulations, together with responsive and imitative passages, conducted by means of the most elegant part-writing. The Adagio in D, 2/4 time, is a comparatively short movement in ternary form. A remarkable feature of the principal theme is that the melody of its initial section is employed to form no less than six out of the eight sections comprising the first sentence, and at every appearance receives a different harmony. The episode is largely developed from this theme, and has some delightful modulations to F, A flat, B, etc., the movement ending with a beautiful *pianissimo* Coda.

The Scherzo in A minor has for its Trio a violin solo accompanied by reiterated and detached chords; the latter marked

pizzicato, the former, "près du chevallet"—near the bridge—another of Cherubini's technical directions probably written in French because, as we have already remarked, these works were primarily intended for French players. The link connecting the Trio with the "Scherzo *Da Capo*" is a commonplace succession of dominant 7ths, and their resolutions, in five-part harmony, rising sequentially through F, G, and C majors, and D minor—a "rosalia" of the simplest possible construction and expressed in the most ordinary manner. Indeed, one wonders what could have been Cherubini's idea in permitting such a passage or perpetrating such a commonplace. The Finale, in F, has a remarkable episode, based upon what is really the exposition of a double fugue, of which, with the inversions of the subjects, considerable use is made in the development section. We can only quote the opening measures:—



We now arrive at the last of the six quartets—a work in A minor, dated July 22, 1837, its composer being then 77 years of age. Of this fact, however, the work bears no evidence whatever, it being, in reality, more elaborate than its predecessor. The first movement is one of considerable length, its episodes exhibiting some piquant points of imitation and inversion; while the second subject appears in two parts, in E major and E minor respectively, the recapitulation being, as is usual, in A major and A minor. In the development we are introduced to the following treatment of the initial phrase of the first subject, namely:—





from which we not only see Cherubini's generous treatment of the 2nd violin but once again note his partiality for modulation to the key of the major 3rd below, in this case from C to A flat, and from A flat to F flat (E natural).

For a second movement we are provided with an *Andantino grazioso*, in F, in 2/4 time, and in ternary form. Perhaps the expression "Mozartean" conveys the best idea of this portion of the quartet, thus leaving us free to remark upon the varied version of the theme employed in the recapitulation of this movement, and the sextuplet or, rather, double triplet passages in 32nd notes, for the first violin, over simple dominant and tonic chords, which indicate "the conclusion of the whole matter." With reference to the comparatively short Scherzo, in C major and in simple binary form, we can only comment upon its conclusion on a tonic pedal, and its Trio in A flat—again a major 3rd below the original tonality—note the piquant rhythms of both movements, and quote

the following fine chromatic sequence from the second part of the Scherzo proper, *e. g.*,



The Finale—*allegro affetuoso* in A minor, common time, is, really, a Rondo, and forms a worthy conclusion to the whole series. After a vigorous introductory phrase, and a short but an expressive first subject, the episode opens with a point of imitation and leads sequentially to the second subject in the relative major, this being of no considerable length, and having its second part founded upon a still further point of imitation. Then, after the first recapitulation (or second presentation) of the first subject, there comes a most singular development section in which, after a sequential treatment of the first portion of the episode, there are introduced in succession *the initial phrases of each of the three preceding movements*, the whole concluding with a recapitulation of the second subject in its original key of C. A further development section leads us to the second recapitulation (or third presentation) of the first subject; after which comes the episode, now modified, and the whole of the second subject, the latter now in the key of the tonic major—A, and leading, by means of a false or deceptive cadence, into a spirited Coda. The two portions of this Coda are separated from each other by a few *larghetto* measures, mostly of unison figures and *pizzicato* or reiterated chords, the final portion of the Coda being an *allegro* "flourish" of tonic and dominant harmonies, thus closing a work of truly remarkable virility for a composer nearly eighty years of age.

It is satisfactory to note, by way of conclusion, that this humble appreciation of Cherubini's six quartets is by no means a personal matter, nor one shared only by merely theoretical musicians. The Société des Concerts, instituted by Cherubini and Habeneck, for the main purpose of performing and popularizing Beethoven's works, gave 41 performances of Cherubini's chamber music in 34 years—a truly noble record. Of other important performances which undoubtedly took place, we regret to be unable to write just here; but the interest taken in these works, to say

nothing of their intrinsic value, is demonstrated by the comparatively recent publication of the last three of the set. And of even greater value than the facts just mentioned is the considered opinion of François Joseph Fétis, librarian of the Paris Conservatoire during the earlier part of Cherubini's Directorship, and, after 1833, director of the Brussels Conservatoire. Writing concerning the Cherubini quartets he says, "These compositions are of a very high order. Cherubini has here a style of his own, as in all his works. He imitates neither the manner of Haydn, nor that of Mozart; nor that of Beethoven." This is high praise and important testimony with reference to the minor productions of a man who lived through the greater part of the remarkable classical and romantic periods of musical history; and, amidst them both, as Mr. Dannreuther declares concerning Clementi, "preserved his artistic physiognomy . . . from first to last." With Fétis's testimony as to the originality of these quartets, with personally procured proofs of their virility and beauty, and of their expression—in miniature—of their author's musical idiosyncracies more elaborately although not more clearly displayed in his larger works, we venture to think that if, to students, performers, and auditors alike, these works are not as "familiar . . . as household words," the former should forthwith place themselves with regard to the latter in the attitude adopted by Bottom towards Cobweb, in Shakespeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and say

"I shall desire you of more acquaintance."

JAZZ—DEBIT AND CREDIT

By PAUL FRITZ LAUBENSTEIN

THE prospect of an American school of music has been variously regarded. Some have asserted that in virtue of America's position as the melting-pot of the world, it is vain to hope that a distinctive national music can be fused together out of her diverse racial strains; it is even undesirable that it should happen. Let America avoid standardization here, at any rate, and rejoice in the richness of her many-sided culture. Others have said: The time is not yet. Soon an undeniably American type will appear, his music will reflect his completed racial amalgamation, and an American school of music will inevitably be born. Or again, patriotic souls have long been pointing to our native Indian and Negro idioms and their developments as an incipient national music of promise.

This latter way lies jazz, a lusty infant of a decade or so, indigenous, clearly revealing in certain prominent features its American origin. Mention of its possible significance for American music or for music in general is almost certain to precipitate heated, if not illuminating discussion. The musical historian of the future will doubtless find his *bête noire* in this inescapable task of evaluating jazz. Indeed, many of its contemporaries there be who execrate the "stuff" as inebriate, doggerel, degenerate, ghoulish, vulturine, etc. *ad infinitum*—music, or as not music at all, bearing inherent frailties which spell its own ephemerality. Its enthusiastic devotees see in its local generation and popular cultivation the very best attestation of its truly representative American character, and from its study would derive invaluable leadings as to the direction which a national music should take. Those holding a middle ground discover in it some elements of permanent value and certain developments which must be counted as real contributions toward the progress of music.

In the present article I have in mind "jazz as she is spoke" nightly on thousands of dance-floors throughout the country, and purveyed over countless radio-sets; and not the refined, modified variety offered for the delectation of Carnegie Hall audiences. The appearance of this type would tend to support the contention of the second group mentioned just above. It would be rash now

to prophesy concerning the chances for longevity of the music of Mr. Gershwin or of Mr. Copland, for example, but if it should prove to wear long and well, one would be interested to know whether its staying powers should be attributed more to its peculiar jazz features or to elements borrowed from its more dignified sister. Any attempt at this early date to adjudge debit and credit entries in the jazz-account of the musical ledger must, to be just, consider the possible value for musical development of novelties which existing canons of musical criticism may be incapable of judging and might condemn. Of such pedantic and hasty censure the whole history of art should have taught us to beware. Yet despite the dangers (dangerous because no item can be either wholly debit or credit) and the presumption (presumptuous because the present attempt assumes the possession of standards adequate thereto), any efforts which may enable us more truly to evaluate this striking auditory phenomenon in our midst should not be entirely devoid of worth. It will be seen that the credit entries of jazz lie chiefly in its means and technique of expression, *i.e.*, in externals, rather than in its underlying spirit, motivation, quality of ideas or its substance. They can be little else, since, if we may believe Mr. Whiteman and other authorities, jazz with a few important exceptions is as yet not the thing said, but the manner of saying it, an affair of instrumentation.

THE CREDIT ENTRIES OF JAZZ

1. It is probable that, in consequence, the most significant contribution of jazz to musical progress will be found in the field of orchestration. It will be needless to linger on this oft-emphasized point. Not only has jazz out-Straussed the great Richard in calling the more respectable orchestral instruments off their respective perches and putting them through stunts highly indecorous, albeit revealing new potentialities in them, but it has resulted in the perfecting of present instruments and in the adding of new features to them; it has invented new instruments, both melodic and percussion. It has given us the opportunity of becoming more familiar with certain instruments only occasionally called for in symphonic works, *e.g.*, flügelhorn, heckelphone, basset-horn, sarrusophone, bass oboe, etc., and these it usually employs in solo passages. It has experimented eagerly with new instrumental combinations, and has displayed a precocious knack in achieving variety, brilliance and power with small means which is worthy the attention of every student of orchestration. It has developed virtuosi on certain instruments, and a class of versatile

performers on many instruments, such as the world has never known. Because of the importance it attaches to rhythm, jazz has brought the percussion instruments into the limelight and has produced expert percussion players of unusual dexterity. At least one school of percussion instruments has been established. A tympanist who knows how to temper his volume to the first violins is an invaluable asset to any symphony orchestra. The ensemble of many a permanent jazz band is well-nigh perfect. Good jazz players must acquire an adaptability and a responsiveness that will enable them to cope with any situation on short notice, and this individually or collectively. Every symphonic conductor knows what it means to stand before a group of adaptable players.

The jazz orchestra is a distinctive American evolution, and should any one be dissatisfied with the usual jazz pabulum, Mr. Whiteman offers to attempt to play any other music written for the combination. Perhaps we may hope soon to hear numbers composed for the jazz orchestra in other than the jazz-vein. (Which prompts the questions: Is this an anomaly? Did the jazz-mania call forth the orchestra, or did the jazz orchestra bring on the mania? And are the two inseparable?)

In addition to its admirable economy of scoring, the jazz-score contains a suggestion for publishers of *Partituren* in its printing of the parts for the transposing instruments as they sound, rather than as they are played. While this procedure might not be so advantageous for the student, yet where practicable, it would most assuredly allow the interested musical amateur to follow a score at a symphony concert with greater ease and pleasure. Only when they are copied for the players are jazz-parts transposed.

To what extent modern composers of the more serious schools will choose to avail themselves of this new orchestral palette, the new instruments and the new uses of old ones, will depend largely upon the individual composer's æsthetic judgment, and the adaptability of the instruments to his particular needs. It may be remarked, however, that the range of availability and of expression of these new orchestral features is frequently very limited. Jazz revels in the special effect. A modern Beethoven writing a Pastoral Symphony might include in his score staves for 1st and 2nd Fly-swatter—

2. Exponents of a national school of music should find some satisfaction in pointing to jazz as the first expression in music of a sea-to-sea cross-section of the American genius. As a product

of young America, jazz is preëminently the music of and for buoyant, unreflective youth, where the *joie de vivre* and the physical hold undisputed sway. It reveals a youth not averse to "going off on a toot," and impatient of all conventions and restraints. The experimental spirit which has meant so much for national progress, particularly along scientific lines, in jazz receives encouragement. In thus furnishing the jazz-player some opportunity for the expression of his personality and individuality, jazz supports the democratic idea. The immediacy of its appeal facilitates its ready acceptance by the musically unprivileged. The mechanical domination is figured forth in the underlying "rhythm" of jazz, in its mass production, its rapid standardization and its speed. And the superstructure of jazz expresses at the same time, as it were, the revolt of human free-will against a mechanical determinism in its freely moving upper designs and contrapuntal figures, in its varied syncopations, its superimposed cross-rhythms, its impredicable accentuations and anticipations. Exemplifying this human equation may be mentioned the "secondary rag" (where a persistent triple rhythm battles with a no less persistent four of the basic machine and of exotic rhythms), the whole symbolic of the futility of escape from the hounding tyranny of the machine. Apparent in jazz is a resulting restlessness, further evidenced in the breaking up of the first beat of a measure or phrase into a number of rapid impulses or notes. In addition to the borrowing of exotic rhythms, American cosmopolitanism also shows itself in jazz in its unprejudiced appropriation of any usable tune whatsoever, irrespective of its national source. Typical of the same cosmopolitanism is the very heterogeneity of the jazz orchestral combination. Here the more generally accepted instruments of the Occident gayly fraternize with the American Negro's banjo, with the red man's tam-tam, the Oriental musette, the larger drum of the African and the Spanish castanets. If one may ask, "What is jazz?" so may one also ask, "What is America?" It is difficult, therefore, to understand the chauvinism which discriminates against the skirl of the bagpipe. The Americanism of jazz is again exhibited in its commercial aspects, of which more later; and here the Jew figures prominently.

One would suppose that its many representative features and its widespread popularity would qualify this music to be held as the first real American folk-music. Yet at best it can be regarded as but *folkoid*. In the first place, it is prevailingly dance and orchestral music. While folk-music does include dance music, this has as often as not been vocal music as well; perhaps, origi-

nally, it was song. Certainly jazz cannot be classed as folk-song, to which species belongs the larger percentage of folk-music. Secondly, folk-music is usually characterized by simplicity and brevity, whereas jazz is complex, highly sophisticated, flashy and lengthy. (To which, of course, one may answer that our American civilization itself is nothing if not complicated, blasé and billboardish.) Thirdly, folk-music is as original as any music can well be, while jazz admittedly borrows or steals the majority of its melodies. Fourthly, so long as jazz acknowledges itself to be method rather than substance, it can lay little or no claim to be folk-music. Lastly, whenever jazz is provided with "lyrics," they usually lack that universality so characteristic of the folk-song, which embraces not only the sex-theme, but also songs of home, of patriotism, of toil, of joy and sorrow, songs of religion, songs of youth and songs of old age, etc., etc.

3. Jazz enthusiasts have been as emphatic in praising its "rhythm" as "vital," "rejuvenating," "therapeutic," "recharging the batteries of civilization," "putting mankind in tune with the infinite," etc., as its opponents have been vigorous in condemning it as "monotonous," "crude," "tedious," "killing its victims by sheer boredom"; while an English critic observes that because of its arbitrary treatment of rhythm, jazz has nothing to do with it. Obviously much depends upon the apperceptive background of the reagent, his condition in life, his age, the associations he links up with jazz and the aspect of jazz upon which he concentrates his attention. It is also a matter of "how much?" There is probably foundation for both attitudes, and the conflict of opinion urges discrimination in dealing with the subject of jazz-rhythm. What is new in jazz-rhythmics is the peculiar exaggeration and distortion of rhythm, the contrasts produced by freely moving figures gamboling in syncopation over an unvarying fundamental rhythm, both necessary for the proper jazz effect. Neither is the employment of cross-rhythm or of poly-rhythm new. That jazz has, shall we say, "stumbled" upon some ingenious instances of both is evident, but these are no more ingenious than some of the poly-rhythms to be found in primitive African dances. These occasionally put jazz to shame by skillfully combining as many as a half dozen different rhythmical patterns (including those of large and small drums, hand-claps and voices) in the course of a single dance. (See Mrs. Burlin's *Songs and Tales of the Dark Continent*, for examples; there is scarcely a dull formula among the lot.) That the jazz rhythms have caused certain European composers to turn to America for inspiration has likewise been

variously hailed, *chacun à son goût*. To those jazzists who see in this a significant instance of the growing prestige of their art and exclaim, "Behold how American jazz is influencing the world!" their opponents reply, "And how!"

Yet, after the worst has been said, it remains true that together with much rhythm that is undeniably dull, jazz owns rhythms which have caught the ear (and the foot) of many who would otherwise yield no ear (or foot) to music, and has introduced into popular music at least a semblance of life which, though it be but voltaic in character, may yet act as an invigorating stimulant upon American music—beneficent perhaps, if needed, and wisely utilized.

4. If jazz-rhythm has been pronounced at once monotonous (its opponents hearing chiefly its basic formulæ) and vital (its proponents being impressed by its human equation), a similar difference of opinion prevails with respect to its "form," which is intimately bound up with its rhythms. While on the one hand the congenital short-windedness of jazz, its failure to solve the problems of form raised by its material, its limerick-like circumscription in spite of the development of its form to the ultimate, its piece-meal, inorganic structure and lack of musical continuity have been commented upon, attention has also been called to its definiteness and the amazing simplicity of its form as being responsible for its hold upon the masses; and Mr. Leopold Stokowski sees in its indifference to form a possible presage of the development of music into multiple forms with a greater variety of appeal. Again much depends upon whether one centers his attention on the free-will or on the more deterministic aspects of jazz. As for the latter, artistic limitations must be admitted. If despite these, jazz may lead to the appreciation and evolution of higher and more complex forms, much of its present dulness in this regard may be overlooked. As to what possibilities such free-will tricks as the jazz "break," stop-time, the harmony chorus, an exaggerated syncopation, etc., hold for the development of musical form beyond jazz itself, he would be bold who would predict. To those song-writers who need it, the otherwise inane jazz lyric may teach the valuable lesson of effecting a coincidence of musical with conversational accent.

5. While not necessarily originating new harmonic progressions and idioms (indeed, Mr. Don Knowlton limits jazz harmonies to thirteen chords with a few alterations), jazz has not hesitated to utilize at its pleasure the most ultra modulatory and harmonic developments. And it sometimes employs them with

a facility and a deftness which are breath-taking. Sudden transitions it frequently effects with kaleidoscopic charm, for example, jumping the key up a half-tone with new orchestration preceding the final return of the main theme. Of course, certain striking progressions originally used by some real genius in jazz composition tend in time to become stereotyped, and are henceforth tricks of the trade in the hands of the lesser yardstick composers. Provided such progressions possess any value at all and are handled with discrimination, their use in jazz may serve the worthy end of popularizing the newer harmonic developments, and thus unconsciously ease the way for the wider reception and recognition of possible new and unexpected expressions of musical talent.

6. In this connection, the future of jazz may to a considerable degree be bound up with its frankly experimental mood. Let us grant the far from evident assumption that the mood which has availed mightily for science will do the same for music. (There is a kind of deliberateness and self-consciousness, a disinterestedness in the concept "experiment," which has no part nor inheritance in either vital music or vital religion.) But experiment to be valuable must be committed to no one point of view or attitude; it must try all possibilities and be prejudiced in favor of or against none. So with jazz; that is, if it aspire to be anything other than dance music; yet even within this area the first observation holds true. Up to the present, jazz experimentation has occurred chiefly within the orchestral sphere, and there has wrought astonishing results. Upon the decision as to how far afield jazz will choose to extend its experiments may rest important consequences with regard to it. Would it be willing to see the experimental mood through to the extent, for example, of essaying other types of rhythm perhaps radically different from its now distinctive ones, or of pursuing original melody of the long line, or of attempting a greater universality of content? If jazz chooses to limit its experiments to the development of its present idiosyncrasies or to the realm in which it now has its being, it may advance its status as a specialty, but it will then remain a specialty only, with the standing pertaining thereto.

7. Jazz and Bach have this at least in common—that in the music of each there is "something stirring" all the time; there always is movement. It may be only the movement of the persistent figure, but there is often, too, the progression of secondary voices against notes of longer duration, "breaks" filling in the rests or pauses. Jazz must be a "going concern" and

"going" in more parts than one. It thus represents a *trend toward* polyphony. Trite the comments and the main theme itself may often be, and the movement of the inner parts meaningless or mere "filler," yet the polyphonic idea is there and a dance-loving generation is unconsciously absorbing it. Occasionally one notices in an "original" jazz number a genuine melodic gift on the part of the composer, and powers of melodic development and elaboration which obviously were not learned in the school of jazz, and whose merits presumably pass unnoticed. But at the same time there is much continuous melody which is forced and artificial—still-born tunes 'which alone could not carry themselves for four measures' unless galvanized into life by the jazz-treatment.

Now, if I may draw a distinction between jazz and "regular" music (one which will not please the jazz-enthusiast), or one still more invidious to him, between jazz and music, the lover of the latter may be inclined to look with pardoning eye upon jazz, provided it gives promise of ultimately furthering the cause of true music by the transfer to its account of any credits which it may accumulate. How that transfer is to be effected in each instance is problematic. So far as my own observation goes, the transfer from jazz to "music" is a difficult one (rendered particularly so by the difference of mood and appeal between the two, and by the superior financial considerations connected with the former), much more difficult to manage than when the case is reversed. It has even been claimed that the jazz-classical combination is leading to an increased love for the classics, and, perhaps, in the case of some "classics," like "Russian Rose," the "Volga Boat Song," and the "Song of India," which themselves possess sensuous, appealing melodies, jazz-versions may lead to a desire to know the original. What the jazz-versions lead to is oftener a desire to reproduce at home the sensations experienced upon hearing the tune with all of its jazz orchestral trappings and its jazz-associations, including time, place, persons, etc. Mr. Knowlton tells the tale of an office girl who after hearing a thirteen-piece jazz orchestra give a brilliant dance rendition of the "Storm" from "William Tell," rushed up to the conductor and gurgled, "Gee, that's a peach of a number! Can I get it at Woolworth's?"

THE DEBIT ENTRIES OF JAZZ

When we turn to the debit side of the account, the discussion, for reasons which will soon appear, takes on a somewhat different character and moves more in the realm of tendencies, principles, attitudes, and the like. In the end it is these inner, subtler,

qualitative factors which in the case of any creative work determine its chances for permanence.

At the outset, one must remember that jazz owes many of its "debts" to the frenetic era in which it was born and of which it is a manifestation. The fact that the War and the post-War eras were characterized among other things by disorder, by hectic speed and high-pressure methods, by profiteering, by the passion for pilfering and for destruction, by revolt against conventions of all sorts—artistic, religious, moral, social, political—and by hurried experiment in all these fields, the recognition of all this and more may help to explain much in jazz, and cause us to be more considerate in our judgments. It does not, however, alter tendencies in jazz which may be reflections of such conditions, or of itself divert from it the consequences to which such tendencies may lead. Nor can the frailties of jazz be rationalized by an easy *C'était la guerre*. If jazz be "sheer Americanism," its faults cannot be merely derivative.

1. Begotten of the War, jazz also is an expression of the minus principle so characteristic of its parent. It may be harsh to call jazz, as war, waste; yet both are ever on the alert for loot, considering everything as their legitimate prey, even that which it has cost years and untold struggles to perfect. War utilizes to the full, for her destructive purposes, the best results of modern scientific research; jazz prodigally squanders in blatant vulgarity and with the inconsiderate appropriation of youth the hard-wrought gains made in the field of music-theory. War casts bells, bronze statues and the like, products of spiritual aspiration, into guns and bullets to kill men's bodies; jazz does not hesitate to melt down the works of the loftiest musical genius for forms of diversion whose pursuit, not so swiftly but none the less surely, wrecks the bodies of youth, and to judge from certain remarks of writers on jazz and from observation, their moral fibre.

While Mr. J. A. Rogers asserts jazz to be 'a recreation for the industrious and a tonic for the strong,' he also acknowledges it to be 'a dissipater of energy for the frivolous, a poison for the weak,' and refers to its 'present vices and vulgarizations, its sex-informalities and its morally anarchic spirit.' Of a piece with the above is the statement of Mr. Whiteman, occurring in the midst of a panegyric on jazz as the supreme releaser from undesirable suppressions, to the effect that jazz warms the blood, quickening and making more acute all the senses, as scientifically demonstrated. 'While we are dancing or singing or even listening to jazz, all the artificial restraints are gone. We are rhythmic,

we are emotional, we are natural. We're really living—living to a pitch that becomes an intoxication.' And to him it is good living, a good intoxication, a good experience. Mr. Knowlton thus describes the effect of the secondary rag: 'The result would provoke Jonathan Edwards himself, were he alive to-day, to the Charleston, the hip-flask, and the lesser caresses of the road-house table.'

Now, whether or no we hold our modern Western civilization in all of its tendencies to be the *summum bonum* as regards human evolution, certain it is that that which it prizes most highly, and that not alone in its arts, has been made possible at the price of renunciation of the more immediately appealing. The social fabric can be maintained only because mankind, in the exercise of the highest possible "freedom," has chosen to shackle itself by certain moderations which have proven to be socially desirable and necessary, wise and healthful—"artificial," to be sure, as all civilization, including jazz itself is "artificial." In war, too, as in jazz, "all the artificial restraints are gone," and we become intoxicated, emotional and natural. With the removal of war-time conditions, however, society's first care is to make a new alignment of the needful moderations and restraints loosened by the war. It relinquishes its war-time basis of living in the interests of reconstruction. The chances for survival into times of peace of an offspring of war which in its own way and in its own field continues to operate upon the minus principle of war, are as precarious as those of any anachronism. Already, points out Mr. Goldberg, 'the rough-house piquancy of jazz, its musical cockneyism, its exotic accent have lost their superficial appeal, and jazz, to save itself, must develop the ability to reach above the feet.' He likewise refers to Mr. Gershwin and Mr. Copland as 'transition composers'—transitional, presumably, to something other than jazz, more befitting times of peace, more positive and constructive.

2. 'Jazzing the classics has no real musical value; it is partly a trick and partly experimental work. We are just fooling around with the nearest material, working out our methods.' As a matter of fact, 'the old masters are not the best material we can use, we play best specially written scores.' 'I don't agree that we have done such very terrible things to the classics. I don't think we've even insulted them much.' 'More than half the modern art of composing a popular song comes in knowing what to steal and how to adapt it. At least nine-tenths of the modern jazz music turned out by Tin Pan Alley is frankly stolen from the masters.'

If war illustrates the principle of negation, none the less do the above somewhat conflicting utterances snatched at random from Mr. Whiteman's book reveal the parasitism of jazz, its creative sterility, the superior rôle played by method and the adapter as over against original production. The number of real jazz-composers is small as compared with the multitude of jazz-arrangers. Nor can jazz point to the borrowing done by the masters themselves as precedent for their prodigal pilfering of the classics (all jazz-arrangers do not own the classical background of Mr. Whiteman and cannot be expected to show his discriminating restraint as to what is suitable to be jazzed). For it was at least the intent of the masters to gild all that they borrowed, and, by and large, they succeeded. The result was a net æsthetic and spiritual gain yielding such fruitage as Brahms's "Variations on a Theme of Haydn," and Beethoven's glorification of the Diabelli ditty. Said Glinka to the young nationalist-composers of Russia, "The people are the creators, you are but the arrangers." Of the jazzists it may be said, "The masters are the creators, you are their derangers, to accommodate them to the 'mass mentality,' 'the mass mood' "—apt phrases of *A.E.* in this connection.

War shares with democracy one of its least desirable tendencies. The ideal hoped for in any social Utopia where equal opportunity is granted to all, is that with such opportunity, when people see the best, they will desire it, will strive to realize it, and there will take place a leveling upwards of the mass-standards toward higher ones. But the reality often falls far short of the hope. What frequently happens is that the greater gravity of the lower and easier standards pulls down the higher ones, or new standards of a relatively lower order are evolved and conformed to. The test of art may indeed ultimately be "its appeal to the great masses of humanity," but that appeal in the case of the greatest and highest forms of art is neither immediate nor obvious, neither is their appeal wholly emotional, wholly spiritual, intellectual or sensuous, but consists in various subtle blendings of them all, and the masses, sometimes even the *cognoscenti*, come to acknowledge their merits only after long periods of education and self-discipline. Good taste or great art then, is not the monopoly of the snobbish few, but of the disciplined few who prove themselves worthy of it. And in such a democracy as ours, absence of the "will to power" is the only let to the attainment of this privileged position. To say that the test of art is its appeal to the great masses of humanity, therefore, is not at all equivalent to saying that all that has popular approval or appeal is the best

art—the standard by which jazz hopes to justify itself as an art and to commend itself to the painstakers.

In its cultivation of the immediately appealing and in its attempt to make all that it appropriates conform to the ways of this standard, jazz represents a dogmatism of the commonplace, and commits itself to mediocrity. For jazz, seemingly devoid of powers of distinction, (unless it be in its choice of loot), must reduce all to the one common denominator of the readily discernible. This denominator is physical, a quasi-synthesis of the mechanical and the affective. When the original Negro rhythm of jazz, which included as an indispensable component of all real rhythm an element of relaxation, became domesticated throughout the country, it was caught up in the incessant movement of the machine, pounding not only in our ears but also continuously in our consciousnesses, particularly during the stress of war-time production. The easier Negro rhythm perforce surrendered to the tireless energy of the electric and steam machine with its unrelieved tension. But not without protest. There were human, sensuous, sensual elements in the Negro product which would not down. These found expression in certain alterations of rhythm, in exaggerated syncopations, anticipations, freak accentuations, free obbligatos, etc., which were superimposed upon the fundamental rhythm. Here is revolt against the machine domination, to be sure, but just as certainly not the release from its relentless, overpowering persistence which its devotees imagine jazz to be. Here is the real basis for that "cheerfulness of despair" which Mr. Whiteman finds in jazz, that optimism of the pessimist who says, "Eat, drink and be merry, etc.," and for the pungency of its wit. There is pathos in this jazz symbolism of the futility of man's struggle against his own creation, the machine, a pathos the deeper because the jazzists continually misinterpret this underlying mechanistic determinism as the "wonderful vitality" of jazz or in similar terms, whereas against Mr. Whiteman's conviction of the therapeutic value of jazz, Prof. H. J. Spooner, fatigue expert of London, reports upon the tremendous economic cost of the jazz-noise because of its wearying effects and its theft of health, and estimates that "taking the din out of dinner" will save England five million dollars a week.

To such a milieu, mechanical, sensuous but oftener sensual, burlesque, in which jazz lives and moves and has its being, this modern Procrustes would make all his victims conform. What boots it if jazz detaches blood, tear or universal song from its

original setting and reduces it to its own bare mechanical rhythms, where its proper expression and presentation are made impossible; or if by its associations and method of treatment it imputes sinister connotations to its character, renders it a vehicle of bestiality or offers it as a joke? 'All the good taste in the world must not be monopolized by a few people! Beauty is for all and anything too precious for the common gaze is out of place in this common people's world.' Mankind, and especially youth, must dance [*i.e.*, to jazz only] and in its beneficent intoxication be shaken back into life's fundamental rhythms—[particularly when the pecuniary incentives thereto are so tempting]! Jazz must act as the safety-valve whereby the spirit of America may be saved from crushing machine standardization! To fulfil this noble destiny nothing will suffice save jazzing up the masters!

Thus does jazz rationalize its dogmatism of the commonplace and its attempt to fix easy and profitable standards. Diligently it cultivates the obvious, both musically and intellectually, and if perchance an occasional number reveal real musical merit, it insists upon maintaining the moronic by attaching thereto an extraordinarily banal "lyric." It admits the existence of nothing so superior to itself that it cannot be domiciled in its "underworld" and feel perfectly at ease there. The jazz-world will see or hear no good thing unless it can be reduced to its argot, and it believes that all can be so reduced. It is blissfully confident that the profoundest philosophy can be rendered in ungrammatical speech or retold in perceptual words of one syllable. But such attempted reduction and such imputation in music, as elsewhere, is on the one hand foolishness, and on the other the unpardonable sin. The jazz-classic intoxication is the exact reversal of the process illustrated in Tschaikowsky's apotheosis of the rum-song in the familiar "Andante Cantabile"; it is alchemy turned backwards.

As for the philosophy of jazz intoxication, I wonder if Mr. Whiteman did not mix that precious concoction with tongue well hid in cheek. One need not resort to a *reductio ad absurdum* to discover its specious character. At the start, one questions the latitude of interpretation whereby he equates "intoxication" (Latin *toxicum* = poison) with "the sense of a fuller life" (spiritual or social) and this with "living more vividly than normally," *i.e.*, becoming rhythmic, emotional, natural. The reference to Spinoza as the "God-intoxicated man" (surprisingly omitted by Mr. Whiteman) involves, of course, a highly figurative usage of the term. Among all the means, desirable and undesirable, used by all men and animals at one time or another to intoxicate them-

selves, jazz qualifies as one exerting a tremendous influence for good in the world, as it puts and leaves men more in tune with the infinite than before intoxication. A bad intoxicant, such as drugs or drink, is only temporarily effective, and leaves men more out of tune than before. [Yet one recalls here the Vedic deification of the drink *soma*, conferrer of immortality. To which one may add Prof. G. F. Moore's word, "intoxicants have been widely employed as a means of inducing enthusiasm and vinous exaltation taken for divine possession."]

Now, considering the financial inducements of jazz, it is perhaps not surprising that the faithful should be so zealous to keep as much of mankind as possible perpetually well tuned up. But their very zeal defeats some of the larger ends which the jazzists profess to have in view. For in proportion as they succeed in their intoxication (here the somatic sense of the word is intended) men are in no fit condition to be of "those thousands whom jazz helps to a glimpse of the beauty of the classics," or for that double appreciation of both jazz and the classics which the jazzists appear to be so eager to cultivate in men. And with that warming of the blood and quickening of the senses which is claimed for the jazz intoxication are combined more than frequently certain "natural" consequences which change it into a bad intoxication. "The fact that a man has been dancing to the rhythms of a jazz orchestra isn't going to save him from nicotine poisoning or from going crazy on wood alcohol." No, but the common association of these and of sex abnormalities with jazz is more than a coincidence, and for the resulting ill effects jazz must be held at least a *particeps criminis*. Even granting the validity of the intoxication argument, such jazz drunkenness, perhaps, would serve at best merely as an occasional "adjuster" for those mature individuals who need just that particular kind of adjustment. I have in mind, for example, concert-performers or students of music who after a day of strenuous practice or study seek a contrasting activity or mood in jazz. Temporary respite from the exacting conditions of modern toil of any kind sought by those whose aims, habits and tastes have already received direction (and such a respite may be found in many ways according to one's temperament) is a different thing from that intoxication in which the jazzists would keep all of the people all of the time. And in view also of its common associations and their effects, this continuous jazz inebriety, this "poison for the weak" and "dissipater of energy for the frivolous" whose number, especially among impressionable, ductile, unseasoned youth is legion, is assuredly a poor

expedient for the purpose claimed, and in a society which acknowledges the obligation of the strong to protect the weak.

3. A feature of jazz which renders it in one instance a national asset renders it also a musical liability. I refer to its commercialism. With the bulk of jazz fabricated to satisfy a market-demand, it is scarcely to be expected that works of outstanding genius or lasting merit should be forthcoming. Of all forms of musical production, jazz is undoubtedly the most lucrative, and it will be difficult to convince Americans to-day that any activity can have other than a commercial motivation. Yet great music has usually been born of an inner urge, æsthetic, vital, irresistible, which "will out," irrespective of financial gain or loss. Much of it has been written under patronage, to be sure, but few jazz-arrangers would care to work dependent upon the emoluments which sufficed Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven, as they gave to the world genuine and inevitable music, music whose title to permanence rests upon the extent to which it represents either fundamental, universal concepts or great emotions deeply experienced—the extent to which, in other words, it represents a "hunk taken out of Reality," and interprets it to us. In some cases it is possible to distinguish qualitatively between the works of a really great composer which have been commercially motivated and those which proceeded out of a genuine creative urge. Compare, for example, the "Scotch Songs" of Beethoven with the "Eroica," or Richard Strauss' "Alpine Symphony" with "Heldenleben."

In 1924 jazz claimed four hundred and eighty million or eighty per cent of the six hundred million dollars spent for music and musical instruments. America boasts some thirty thousand jazz-arrangers. Jazz-players receive from one hundred and fifty dollars a week up, some as much as two hundred to three hundred dollars a week. As against this, symphony orchestra players may receive a third as much, symphony orchestras must combine or disband or else remain unborn, and the great orchestral masterpieces be left unheard, together with possible worthy new compositions. Money talks and the figures are eloquent!

4. As the somewhat sophisticated Till Eulenspiegel of music, jazz would caricature the Reality which the higher types of music present to us. If jazz really wishes to arouse a love for the classics, it would appear that it has adopted an exceedingly poor psychology to that end. Burlesque, satire, mockery, ridicule, never pave the way to respect, or company with it—their very essence is the negation of that attempt to understand and to appreciate, both of which, however, are fundamental to love

from "New Year's Eve In New York"

Symphonic Poem

WERNER JANSSEN

18

Picc. *to 3.*

I-II-III Flutes *to 2.*

I-II Obs. *to 2.*

Eug. Hrn.

I-II Cls in A

III

B. Cl. in Bb

I-II Bsns.

III *1. to the force.*

I-II Horns F *ff au naturel*

III, IV

Trpts in A

I-II-III Trbns.

Tuba

Timp. Dr.

Bells, Tri. *Tri.* (Wood)

I Sax. Eb Alto

II Sax. Bb Tenor

III Sax. Eb Alto

Tenor Banjo

Piano

VI. I *mp*

VI. II *mp*

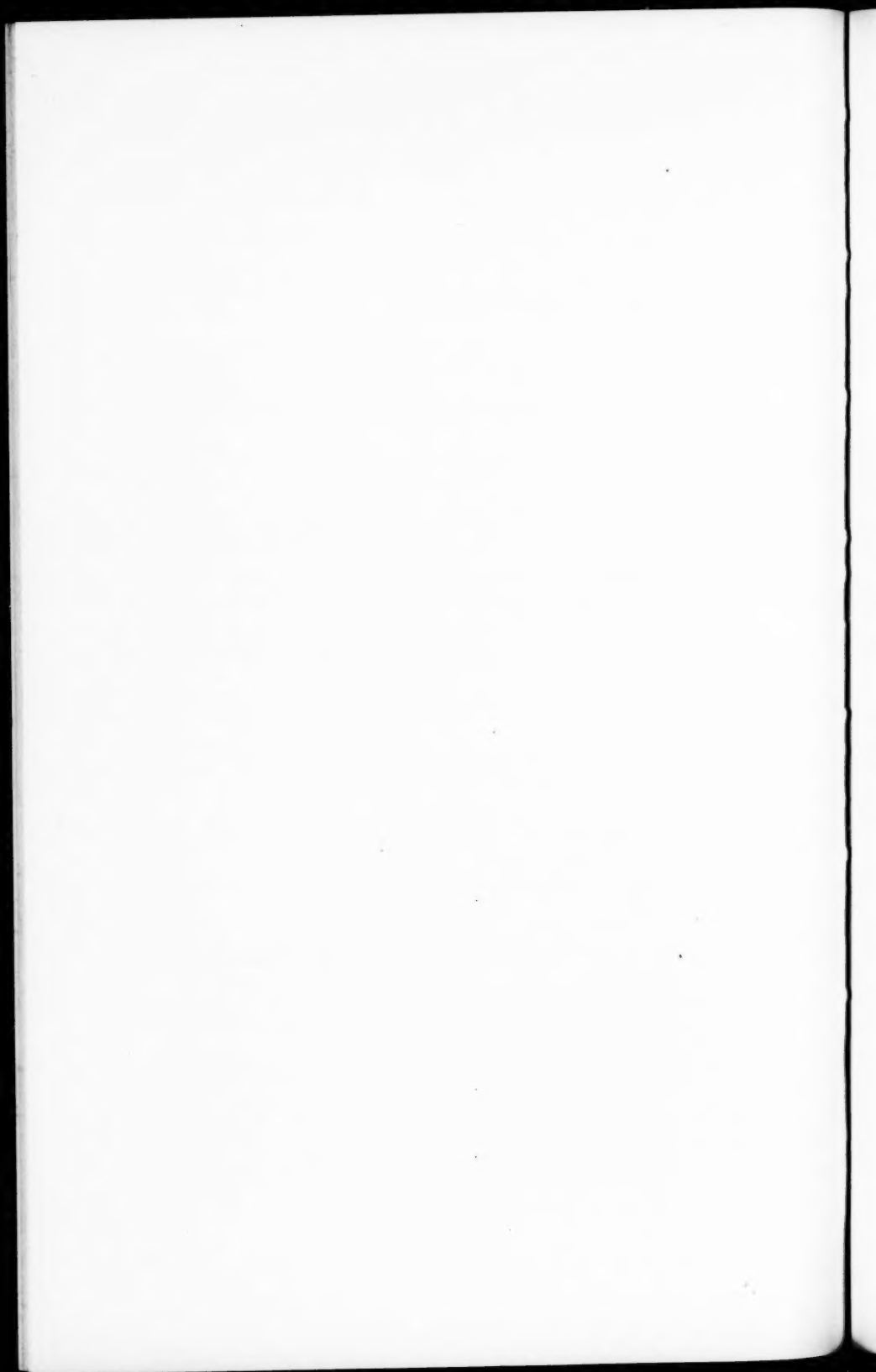
Viola *dim.*

Vlc. *pizz.* *arco*

C. B. *pizz.* *arco* *dim.*

19

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 "New Year's Eve in New York," by Werner Janssen.
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and friendship. In this connection, too, jazz represents the spirit of carnival let loose and running riot. As such, as the vehicle of jest and the dance, as pandering to youth, it cannot offer the variety in mood and in content necessary to satisfy the changing moods of music-lovers of different ages and classes. We do not care to hear carnival music every day, even though it be that of Berlioz or Dvořák, because we have other varieties of music which balance the scale and yield more general satisfaction. Then, too, all life is not a carnival.

The jazz orchestra itself is a highly specialized combination designed to convey the carnival mood. Says Mr. John Alden Carpenter, "It would be impossible to give jazz through the medium of a symphony orchestra." Hence, to get something of the sonorous jazz effect in his "Skyscrapers," he added saxophones and a banjo. Even so he regards this composition as "jazz once removed" and filtered through a symphony orchestra. A small affair, catering to the sensational novelty of the dance floor, with its standardized tricks, and producing jazz-experts alone, this orchestra affords little or no training for symphonic work, supposing the jazz-player by some miracle were tempted to desert his remunerative post for the symphony.

5. As the characteristics of carnival are disorder and confusion, so does jazz, for the most part, lack that æsthetic order and integrity which make of a number a perfect whole. As though to compensate for this defect, the persistent rhythmical figure serves to give a semblance of unity, but is really an artificial device made necessary to prevent the epileptic fragments from flying off at random. The "unity" of jazz is that of a mosaic whose separate pieces are held in their places by a supporting wire framework. This is far different from the organic unity of, let us say, a Bach prelude or fugue, where the whole is germinally latent in the main theme or subject, as the tree is in the seed, and is but the fulfilment of potentialities already present in the latter. There is here the difference between simultaneously sounding melodies and an organically reticulated polyphony. To use a conception of Prof. Albert North Whitehead, in a composition such as a Bach fugue, we have an example of the "principle of concretion," which he regards as fundamental to and characteristic of Being itself. It is that constitutive principle in the universe in virtue of whose presence and working Tennyson could write his aphorism concerning the "flower in the crannied wall"; it is that which makes possible the Wholeness of the part and the partness of the Whole, which is responsible for the universe being

all of a piece, for the body being many members and yet one. Whatever confirms and establishes this constitutive principle, promotes the greater participation of all in each and each in all, is entitled to be called "true" and "good." Whatever hinders the realization of this relationship, prevents a more perfect concretion, works for absolute individuation and discretion, is false and evil.

In its common manifestations jazz is riot, incoördination, incoherence. It helps to destroy and to negative hard-won and proved æsthetic values, to make disorder or discretion out of order and concretion. Thus, both in itself and in its larger relationships, it illustrates the principle of discretion or anti-concretion, and in so far as it conforms to these specifications is false and evil, and is doomed to a short-lived existence. It is out of kelter with the nature of things, with that æsthetic order which according to Prof. Whitehead is basic to Being, and which includes as abstract features both the moral and the conceptual orders. Sir Henry Coward seems to have noticed this discrete aspect of jazz in his picture of 'this gigantic black man striding over the world with a banjo in one hand and a saxophone in the other, disintegrating the British Empire.' Only, "this gigantic black man" is no longer entirely apropos of jazz.

On the other hand, jazz holds no monopoly of the discrete principle. Together with much of our modern music it may be but one expression of a *Zeitgeist* bequeathed to us largely, but not wholly, by the War, with its resulting disintegrations, a world reaction against the sustained, coördinated efforts demanded by the War, a preference for a number of brief, easy, disjunct tensions as against an articulated series requiring *Spannung* of any kind, and comprising a related and continuous whole, even though the latter might be more richly rewarding. To this widespread discretion in modern music Dr. Daniel Gregory Mason calls attention: "So it [jazz] is popular with listless, inattentive, easily distracted people, incapable of the effort required to grasp the more complex symmetries of real music." This *re* the short, stereotyped, "rhythmical" figures of jazz. Or again, he refers to "this piecemeal, mechanical, inorganic structure that seems, despite other differences, to characterize the whole contemporary movement of which Stravinsky is the outstanding figure and its derivative earlier impressionism. Modern music avoids long, living curves of rhythm" (as *e.g.*, in Bach). It also avoids, or is powerless to create original, long, living curves of melody (as *e.g.*, in Schubert) and long, living concrete form (as *e.g.*, in Beethoven and Brahms).

6. As for the melody of jazz, its parasitic and plundering habits chiefly account for its own creative poverty. It cannot afford to wait on "inspiration." Even the "breaks" and the earlier "faking," potent with creative possibilities for good or for ill, in the case of the former have now become set things and can be bought by the book, while the latter is increasingly giving way to the printed part. When the quarry has not been run down, therefore, jazz melody readily betrays its inventive impotence and the haste with which it has been thrown together.

It must be said, too, that the whole jazz situation is not conducive to the creation of great melody or great music. To the haste required for its production in response to the motivating market demand must be added as detracting features the composer's consciousness that, after all, he is writing only for dance-conditions in which the musical appeal must struggle for recognition against the other and perhaps stronger appeals of sex, color, the bright lights, motion, the carnival mood, the drink, etc., generally found with jazz. In such an environment great musical thoughts receive no more consideration than claptrap, and last little longer. For it is the custom with jazz tunes, that once they are published they are literally "played to death." No melody, however good, can long endure the strain put upon it by conditions which compel it to be heard almost continuously: if not nightly on the dance floor, then at any time on phonograph or over the radio. The short life of jazz music is thus a deterrent to the would-be serious composer of good jazz-music—whatever that may be. Perhaps the superior wearing qualities and vitality of the masters are the real secrets back of the jazzists' choice of their prey!

That the appeal of jazz is not purely a musical one has been proven (if proof be required) by an experiment reported by Mr. Serge Koussevitzky. "It has been possible to play simultaneously on several machines as many jazz records by different composers, and yet give the listener the impression that the ensemble was but the orchestration of a single piece!" It is doubtful if many patrons of jazz dances would take it particularly amiss if the melody of a jazz number in the course of its performance were suddenly to be omitted, and the characteristic kinetic figure and harmonic basis maintained. The faint discerning on the radio of a persistently throbbing figure sustained by the instruments marking the rhythm is sufficient to identify the music as jazz, even though we hear nothing at all of the melodic superstructure. That is to say, where pilfering is not resorted to for melody, the intellectual and higher emotional elements are usually exceedingly

thin and vapid, the substance watery, and the physical and the sensuous including the non-musical jazz associations predominate.

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It is still too early to close the account of jazz with music or with our culture, but a few concluding observations may not be out of place. If the above account has been correctly rendered, it seems to me that a trial balance will have to be penned in red ink. The more external credits of jazz and its truly representative symbolism avail little to counterbalance the weightier inner, qualitative debits of mood and spirit, to say nothing of the æsthetic and formal ones. As for the latter, Mr. Whiteman himself believes that "if jazz does not develop its own theme, its own distinctive language, it will fail to be musically valuable. But it will do so." It would appear that to be musically valuable, jazz must also abandon its restricted form, its mechanical "rhythm," its foot-rule, must forsake the immediately appealing, its love of the obvious, and cultivate the living (as opposed to the mechanically) sustained, and the organic throughout. Or else it must lead to or establish new and ingenious æsthetic standards of its own, revealing their worth by their wearing qualities and superior spirituality. To do this, however, means that in some manner it must flee the vicious circle in which it has enclosed itself. In that circle it is condemned to the proletarian, the limited, and is denied the possibility of becoming great music. For jazz to escape from its dance-youth-sex-burlesque—commercially urgent milieu, to abandon its parasitic habits and to have salt in itself, to develop a larger outlook upon life, to cultivate a new *melos*, form and rhythm, all in the interest of its self-preservation, would be for jazz to become not-jazz. If it should emerge into something to which all Americans could point with pride, it will probably do so with the same astonishing spontaneity which marked its initial appearance among us, and not because of our deliberate planning or forethought. It may be that jazz, too, can hope to find its life only by losing it, by surrendering those very characteristics which make it jazz. Perhaps it was brought forth to be but the creature of a day, a highly specialized phenomenon evolved solely for the highly peculiar War and post-War eras. Or jazz may be destined ever to play the court-fool in the kingdom of music, irritating and yet amusing us by the sardonic quality of its jest.

THE LESS-KNOWN SONGS OF SCHUBERT

By A. H. FOX STRANGWAYS

THE songs of Schubert are given complete in Breitkopf & Härtel's edition, and about three-quarters of them in Peters' Edition. The Breitkopf volumes (ten of them) are arranged by date; all the versions are given, and these are often instructive. The Peters' Edition shepherds into its first volume (of seven) the two cycles, the *Schwanengesang*, and three dozen selected songs. We may take it that the average concert-goer has heard most of these, as well as another dozen or so. Beyond these, there are at least a hundred more that are well worth knowing, and again, another hundred that are waiting for a singer to come and show us what to think of them. Those will be enough to refer to for particular points, as we travel through the less known ones.

It will be a good thing to start with a definition of song. Of definitions I have seen, that of Bourgault-Ducoudray appeals to me. He says that a song "applies simple, spontaneous, rich form to a great poem." "Simple" seems to negate "rich," though I think we can guess what he means; "spontaneous" is the right word; what we all feel about the really successful song is that it comes to us in one gush straight from the composer's brain (even if that isn't the least the case). The words should be "great," if only from the singer's point of view; unless they are, he cannot sing with complete conviction. Mendel's Lexicon adds that a song "presents a single emotion to mind and feeling." That is worth insisting upon; Schubert took a long time to find out how to give his song that unity which became its conspicuous merit.

He has been reproached for choosing words that were less than "great." Mandyczewski, the editor of Breitkopf's edition, says, however, that "from the poets from whom he selected no better choice could be made than his." We may do something to reconcile the two views by pointing out that until the eighteenth century German poetry was largely dependent on French models. Lessing was the first to throw off the yoke but, unfortunately, he did not write lyrics. For his early songs Schubert could find only the scholarly Matthison and the solemn Klopstock. In Goethe

he found the real thing, and he seldom failed with any lyric of his. The only important poets he seems to have missed are Uhland, who would have been, one thinks, after his own heart, to judge from the only one of his poems, *Frühlingsglaube*, that he did set, and Eichendorff.

We may consider what Schubert did with words that were less than great. One of the feeblest of his poets is Schubart, who is content with merely versifying pretty ideas, like Whittier; but Schubert has got two fine songs out of him and one famous one, *Die Forelle*, which I should like more if it did not moralise so much. (Schubert has spared us the last stanza, where Schubart shakes a warning finger at youth and says, "Girls, beware of deceivers!") But his "Serafina, an ihr Clavier," which we know as *An mein Clavier*, has provided lovely music, and his *An den Tod* (at least, two stanzas out of sixteen, the rest being about the various people Death is to spare) has suggested to Schubert a powerful use of modulation. Then there is von Platen, who loves sound more than sense, and from his rather acidulous *Du liebst mich nicht*, and *Die Liebe hat gelogen*, Schubert has extracted a wonderful poignancy, in the latter by means of a high *tessitura* which a singer who can manage it can make most telling. Ladislas Pyrker, a writer of epics, straggles in vague pictures; neither of Schubert's versions of *Das Heimweh* come together in any real unity, but *Die Allmacht* rises to a splendid harmonic climax. Schiller is the most disappointing. Unfortunately, Schubert came to him early in life, before he had acquired his real technique. Out of the three dozen or so that he set, three are great songs—the single stanza from *Die Götter Griechenlands*, *Gruppe aus dem Tartarus* and *Dithyrambe*. Schiller was, really, a historian; his *Abfall der Niederlande* teems with fine passages. And it is the mental horizon of the historian that stands in the way of the unified conception that a lyric demands; he says too much. The true reconciliation of the universal and the particular is found in Goethe, and later in Heine. Each line vibrates with many meanings beyond its own, and therefore will bear the emotion that music is there to add. The classically-minded and pessimistic Mayrhofer, the homely Schober and the reflective Schlegels all made sterling contributions to Schubert's *corpus* of song.

Schubert handles his poets with freedom. He repeats lines, phrases, words; he adds syllables—*O, ja, doch, nur, allein, erst*. If anyone wants an instance where such practice is completely justified, he can look at *Des Schäfers Klagelied*. Schumann would have been horrified, of course; Brahms would have shrugged his

shoulders; Hugo Wolf would have died rather than repeat a syllable. Like most luxuries, repetitions become vices when they are too frequent; Heine's *Ich unglücksel'ger Atlas* is weakened a good deal thereby. It is interesting, by the way, to look at *Die Heimkehr* (published 1826), from which it comes, and see what Schubert left aside for Schumann to snap up.

We spoke of Schubert's technique, and every one who looks through his songs in chronological order, must see how long it took him to acquire it. We may mention a few of his early difficulties. In the first volume, the songs he wrote between fourteen and seventeen, in No. 5, *Der Jüngling am Bache*, he is pulled up by full closes; in No. 7, *Todtengräbers Lied*, he has a fine tune, but the accompaniment is sticky and leaves the voice to do all the work; in *Verklärung*, No. 10, there is a lack of connection between the phrases, they do not weld; No. 13, *Don Gayseros*, straggles through its many keys, they are too mechanically introduced to be able to keep the song from being merely strophic. It is because these were just the things he triumphed over afterwards that they are worth mention.

He began life at fourteen years and two months with a long ballad, *Hagar's Lament*. He has evidently seen Zumsteeg's (printed in the third volume of B. & H.); he takes the same key, C minor, and some of the arrangement. But while Zumsteeg, with a normal compass, makes only a few bold excursions into the subdominant and relative major, Schubert spends most of his time in D minor and ends in A flat, and his compass is two octaves. But if you read Zumsteeg first you will be struck with the number of dramatic points Schubert has found to make; it is as though he had eyes everywhere. No wonder he went to bed in spectacles, for fear of missing any!

Hagar's Lament is about seventeen pages of declamation to two of lyric. Such declamation, formal recitative, Schubert found as the fashion of the day: and one aspect from which we may regard his songs is that of a gradual incorporation of recitative in lyrical form. In *Der entsühnte Orest* the two are distinct; they are dramatically opposed in *Der Tod und das Mädchen*; they merge decidedly in *Prometheus*. In *Frühlingstraum* we have three lyrical stanzas, but the middle one is thought as recitative, and the same with the passage in *Der Neugierige* beginning, "Ja, heisst das eine Wörtchen." In *Der Doppelgänger* and *Der Leiermann* we have them completely fused. The whole spirit of *Der Doppelgänger* is that of impassioned declamation; yet the stanzas are treated metrically (increasing in length to form a climax) and

separated by ritornels, and the whole is on a ground bass (the notes of which happen to be those of the theme of the first C sharp minor of "the 48," though the accent is different). In a broad sense, too, the unity of Schubert's cycles depends on this fusion, and on their general likeness to his ballads, which Beethoven spoke of as ten songs rolled into one; thus, *Die Schöne Müllerin* may be taken as one long ballad, having its lyrical moments in such songs as *Mein* and *Wohin*, and its declamatory in *Pause* and *Eifersucht*. Schumann's *Dichterliebe*, on the other hand, is only a capricious selection from the "Lyrisches Intermezzo" and there is no special connecting link beyond his general pianistic style; Brahms' *Magelone Lieder* are, except three, independent songs.

A friend to whom I was expatiating on the metrical variety of *Ueber allen Gipfeln* pointed, with a gesture of impatience, to the harmony of the sixth bar—"I wish Schubert wouldn't use so many diminished sevenths." Let us look at this chord for a moment. The earliest use I can find is in Act II of Monteverdi's *Orfeo*, where the messenger tells him that Eurydice died with "un grave sospiro," and there the chord is on the sharp fourth of the minor scale. In that position it became the common property of the seventeenth century. The age of Bach and Handel used it in any place in the scale, and arrived at it as a variant for some inversion of the *dominant seventh* (not, as the books say, as a minor ninth); but, in *ethos*, it was still a chord of suspense. In Mozart's time it begins to be used in *chromatic harmony*, i.e., to smooth over diatonic juxtapositions, still keeping, however, some of its former meaning. Schubert was the first to exploit its *modulatory* powers: he never seems to tire of it, or of its congener, the German sixth. By means of it, modulation into any one of the twelve major and minor keys is easy; and this makes it characterless. Hence it cannot well hold a strong place without a weak effect. On the other hand it is extremely useful as a neutral tint, in numbers 4, 6, 10, 12, 18 of the *Winterreise*, for instance, and in *Die Stadt*, where it combines with the splash of oars and the drip of rain, in the words, to give a remote, vague, friendless feeling to the picture. The minor ninth, which is implied in *Letzte Hoffnung* (*Winterreise*, 16), is much more definite.

The other characteristic harmony in Schubert is the alternation of major and minor, not only for direct contrast, as in *Lachen und Weinen* and *Die Götter Griechenlands*, but to effect modulation. One thinks of two instances; a passage through the tonic minor, in the slow movement of the "Unfinished" (bar 18), to the minor mediant, and the slow movement of the B flat trio (at the place

where the signature changes), to the submediant. This landing in a key a major third away (sometimes bluntly, without modulation, as in *Der Musensohn*) is typical of Schubert; it is a very good place to go to, but his way of going there becomes a mannerism.

Schubert has been reproached with writing too many strophic songs, *i.e.*, with the same music for all the stanzas. But there are many poems with nothing in particular to differentiate the stanzas (*e.g.*, the first of the *Winterreise*). It also may be doubted whether the accusation is not based on the *Schöne Müllerin*, where about half are strophic; as it happens, an unusually large proportion. Still, that the *Winterreise* contains only two, out of the twenty-four, may be one of the reasons why Schubert was particularly pleased with it. In the *Schöne Müllerin* seven are definitely strophic, two practically so, and four others contrast stanzas as major-minor, etc. Let us look at the remaining seven. *Mein* has three stanzas in three different keys. *Der Neugierige* has three stanzas in two different times, and the middle one is quasi-recitative. *Wohin*, six stanzas, has four melodies. *Der Müller und der Bach*; the Miller's melody, in the minor, is amplified by the Brook in the major, and the Miller's reply borrows a little comfort from it. *Halt*, in three stanzas, is one continuous melody of forty-six bars. *Eifersucht* is the same, but has more recitatives. *Pause* is the finest of them all. The words are difficult to set; they have 4, 5, 4, 5 accents, which would have been easy, but the accents come irregularly. He makes them fit casually over a metrical ground bass, with a wonderful piece of declamation at the end.

Do the words decide the form of a song? Yes and No. Yes, immaterial matters, such as whether the strains are to be A B A B or A B B A, whether the time is iambic or trochaic, and the like. No, in the broader sense. A composer sets what he finds in a poem, which has many meanings (—if not, it would be prose), and every composer does not find the same thing. Schubert took the simple, obvious mood, and set that—*Gretchen am Spinnrade*, *Suleika I* ("Was bedeutet"), *An eine Quelle*: he was a pioneer, and was not looking too closely into details. He was reclaiming land from the sea, and building the dyke. Others entered into possession, and farmed the land. Schumann wrote miniatures; Brahms planned on a larger scale; Wolf's work was more intensive, he "makes us feel that he composed the words as well as the music."

A lyric is an attempt to say one thing, and to say it well. It must, of all things, have unity. A composer comes to it armed

with all sorts of devices that he has learnt in quartet-writing and elsewhere, and selects from his armoury the device that will best bind the song into one utterance. Sometimes it is a recurrent figure (the semiquavers in *Der Einsame*, the triplet in *Ständchen*, the drop of a sixth in *An die Musik*, the polonaise in *Lied des gefangenen Jägers*, the anapaests in *Der Fischer*). But with Schubert it is often the bass. I count seven kinds of bass. (1) The simplest, the plain tonic-dominant (*Abendroth*, *Wiegenlied*). (2) The drone, stationary in *Der Leiermann*, moving in *Auflösung*. (3) Ground bass, *Pause* and *Doppelgänger*. (4) Voice part and bass in unison: this gives a bleak effect, as in "The people that walked"; there are consequently several instances (2, 7, 15, 18) in the bleak *Winterreise*—other instances are *Aufenthalt*, *Atlas*, *Ihr Bild*, and *Der Wanderer* ("Wie deutlich"). (5) Independent bass, one which has its own melody. The earliest instance is *Der du von dem Himmel bist*, 1815, the climbing crotchets against the descending quavers of the voice part; also *Erstarrung* and, as magnificent as any, *Schatzgräbers Begehr*. (6) Imitative, *Auf der Brück*, *Rückblick*, *Der Wegweiser* and *Die junge Nonne*. (7) Figuration, *Fischerweise*, *Der Einsame*.

These basses are typical because they are a clear instance of what Schubert was so good at—two-part counterpoint. He seldom tries for more than two parts, and when he writes these they always sound as if they were made for each other as well as severally melodious. They give distinction to a harmony that is, if anything, too neat and tidy, even conventional. He was largely self-taught; he had not been through the mill of canon and fugue; *Der Wegweiser* is the only instance of canon I remember in the songs, and that very slight, but quite effective, and the only fugue of his I have seen was not worth calling one.

Schubert was a singer, and in his songs never forgets how a singer would feel. He therefore gives him a bold metre, as in *Dithyrambe* or *Suleika I*, and does not break it off to comment or refine, as Wolf perhaps would. Nor does he work it to death, as Schumann did latterly, nor give all the fun to the pianist, as Brahms occasionally does. A singer will revel, too, in his frequent use of recitative, because it gives a sort of fulcrum for the lyric to work on, and makes him feel that he has a real message to deliver. But he assumes also that the singer has an intelligence and will like to use it, and he leaves him therefore some freedom at the appoggiatura. [In order to discuss this, let us call the small note the "flag," because it looks like one; the short line through its tail the "baton," because it runs upwards from left to right

like a heraldic baton; and the note to which the batoned or unbatoned flag is prefixed the "main" (note)]. It is impossible to arrive at the composer's meaning from the notation because (1) printers and editors are not to be trusted, (2) the composer often has no settled plan, and (3) fashions change. By derivation and usage *acciaccatura* means the note which is crushed into and reinforces the main, and which does not possess but confers accent; its flag should be, but often is not, written with a baton. It is obviously instrumental, because the voice cannot sing two notes at the same time. There is an instance in *Der Leiermann* (left hand); flag and main are to be struck together, and the flag released.

In the *appoggiatura* the flag should have no baton (though one is often printed) and the flag bears the accent, as against the main. The question is as to the comparative duration of flag and main. It is thoroughly discussed by Ernest Walker, in *Music and Letters*, April, 1924. His conclusions depend very much on the particular instances, but in a general way they come to this. From a single main the flag normally borrows half its value—a flagged crotchet becomes two quavers. With two identical mains as at (a), the interpretation varies;

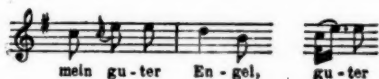


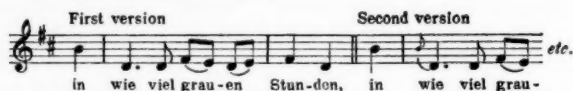
(b) is rare, (c) and (d) not unusual, and (e) usual, or, at any rate, more common than one would have expected.

The case of *An Emma* shows how hard it is to arrive at Schubert's intention. There are three versions of the song, and we have three notations;



and all we can say is that (f) looks like an interpretation of (g), and that (h) is a change of mind. A clear instance of short *appoggiatura* occurs in *An die Nachtigall* ("Er liegt").



Another is in *An die Musik*;

if the second version is only another way of saying the first, the flag can hardly be long. The cases where it is long (and they are probably the majority) are so various, and depend on such subtle reasons, that the only way to understand them is to read Dr. Walker's article.

But now, since his exact intentions could always have been, as they sometimes were, expressed in note values, why did Schubert veil them with appoggiaturas? I submit that he waved his flag to the singer, as much as to say, "I want some kind of portamento, or legato, or rubato here, and *you'll* know what you can do best and most musically. And I don't very much mind what exact values you decide on, so long as you do them naturally and make them a real part of the song." For such right or wrong as there can be about a point of this kind always resolves itself into a question of taste, or experience, or both; and that is why the article quoted is worth reading.

One must try to say something about Schubert's melody, difficult as it is to make words say anything explicit of so intangible an experience. If we may compare the part played by harmony in music to the part played by geology in nature, and if counterpoint is like the natural forces that act upon and modify, and to some extent make, that geology, then we may say, perhaps, that melody is the scenery which results from the two. For a melody is not a mere series of equally important notes, but a chain binding together points of vantage; and these points of vantage are posited by the harmony and emphasised and set in relief by the counterpoint. In short, a melody is not the "top line" only, but every note, with its implications, from first to last. At the same time the top line usually contains, in Schubert, more of the melody than any other, and cases like *Vom Mitleiden Mariä*, where the right hand of the pianist divides the interest with the voice, are proportionately grateful.

A melody may have *sweep*. The fifty-seven bars of Bach's *Allemande* in the fourth Partita emphatically have this; the thirty-three bars of the slow movement in Franck's Quartet as emphatically not; they stagnate somehow. Sweep is principally got by minute climaxes. Look at *Who is Silvia*—at those minim octaves. What a thing to call melody—what "cheek," we might

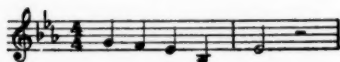
almost say! But they have come quite naturally. The essence of the tune is its upward and downward arpeggios, or their equivalents—first, fourths (or sixths, as you take them), then sevenths, and a ninth, and now a single octave, both ways, that epitomizes and clinches them. Or at *Nacht und Träume*, for me the loveliest melody he ever wrote, and so simple—just staid minims punctuated by quaver runs, and then, after some arpeggios to break the monotony, these quavers sober down to crotchets. It is true that other people try to conjure with these devices, and nothing particular happens; Franck fails, for instance, because he keeps going over the same ground twice instead of getting on, and his pattern is muddled. Sweep is got by not muddling, and by getting on—by having a “line.”

Who is Silvia presents another point—*articulation*, or metrical variety. In its twenty bars there are nine varieties of metre. In *Ueber allen Gipfeln*, again, no two bars are metrically the same, as it happens. Contrast these with *Die Forelle* (a pet abomination of mine). There are varieties of metre there, too, but each measure is mechanically divided into arsis and thesis, and no amount of playing about with crotchets and quavers will get rid of this.

Thirdly, we want a melody to “say” something—not to describe, of course, but to *characterise*, not to tone-paint but to define the mood. We should have said that the *Winterreise* was all in one mood; “moody,” in fact, would describe it all. Yet how many moods there are! *Rückblick*, “(1) anything to get away from this place; (2) oh, but they were great days after all,” and the piano chasing the voice hints at this; *Die Krähe*, with its dot-and-go-one feeling; *Die Nebensonnen*, just vacancy, and the short compass and the uniformity (with one break) of metre turning this into a glare that can be felt; and *Einsamkeit*—how are you to express the uneventfulness of simply being alone? He does it by four successive closes on the dominant.

But there is something more in it than that. Schubert's melodies seem so life-like. It is not that they tell the story—only the words can do that; but they follow each turn of it with, at their best, absolute fidelity. Such a song as *Eifersucht* never falters; it goes on picking up point after point, just as if it were the echo back from the woods behind the stream. I fancy that Schubert must have got this skill from his immense practice in the writing of declamatory passages, from schooling himself to find the musical *mot juste* in every conceivable set of circumstances.

Lastly, there is the melos, the general shape, as regards pitch and interval, that the melody takes. And for this I thought it would be best to ask the composers themselves, Schumann, Brahms and Schubert. I asked Wolf, too, but his answer does not admit of being given in a single line. I propounded to them this question. If you were asked for a single phrase beginning above the tonic, going below it, and coming back to finish on it—something like this—



—how would you do it? Schumann said he would have the notes close together on a drone bass;



Brahms wanted the notes decidedly disjunct and the bass the same, but in bigger time-units;



and Schubert said he couldn't do it without a little minor in it, that his intervals would be big and small, as he liked, and that he wanted a recurrent figure for his bass.



That, at least, was what they said on Tuesday, the day I asked them; another day it might have been different—and so might my question. But I thought the answers were fairly typical. . . . When we hear, if only with the mind's ear, as now, the songs we like, we want to show how much we like them by doing something. My own particular fad is to translate the poems, since I can't sing the songs. And there may be others who feel the same

—that a song is not its real self if you can't follow the words without effort.

But it is certain that there are many who do not feel that. They tell you that Schubert did not think his melodies for English words, and that therefore, by using English words, we falsify the melody. But all song-writers probably set, and certainly Schubert sets, not the words but the mood of the poem; and, for us, English presents the mood more quickly and accurately than German. It is just this setting of words and not phrases, of phrases, and not the mood or character behind them, that is the mark of a poor song; and an interpreter or a critic who attends to the measure and not the line in so far fails. The beauty of a song resides neither in this or that tone, nor in this or that word, but in the double feeling that the words as a whole have given precision to the tones and the tones depth to the words.

There is another class of objector who wishes the words of a song to be in a foreign language so that he may not have to enquire too closely into what they mean. If all the world agreed with him, there would be an initial difficulty in procuring the song he wants, since a German could then set no German words, and an Englishman no English, but each would be engaged with a language he understood less well than his own. He desires, in fact, something which was never in the composer's mind. The same desire appears in the practice of setting music to mere sounds—Ah, Oh, H'm, etc.,—in order to employ the most beautiful of instruments, but to deny it any power of adding precision to tones. This is not so much an objection to translation as an objection to song as such; the objector is merely saying that he prefers instrumental music which shall include among the instruments the voice; he does not wish to hear song at all, and so we need now not waste time on combating his view. We must do it justice, though. He usually means that he knows enough German to get a fair idea of what the song is about, and that that is enough for him. Still we must ask him whether the precision of "Hark! hark! the lark," pains him so much that he prefers:

Horch, horch, die Lerch' im Aether-blau!
Und Phöbus, neu erweckt,
Tränkt seine Rosse mit dem Thau
Der Blumenkelche deckt.

—with its barbarous "Aether-blau" (just because the translator couldn't find a rhyme for the obvious "im Himmel singt"), its heavy accent on "sein—" and "mit," and its "deckt" (a stopgap,

as the very last word of a stanza that Shakespeare clinched with a magnificent disregard of grammar). Yes, he replies; that is part of my argument, that in a foreign language I am not made so constantly aware of these imperfections as I am in my own. And with that he retires to the refuge for the destitute—that the real reason why he prefers Schubert in German is that he doesn't know German.

As we are upon this song from *Cymbeline* we may as well notice that both this Aubade and the Serenade "Who is Silvia?" from *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, are pieces of literary criticism. Thurio in the one and Cloten in the other are satirising the sonneteers of the day. Whether Schubert, if he had known this, would have set the poems differently, leads to the difficult question of whether music can satirise at all. Similarly, what Mayrhofer is probably saying in *Auflösung* is that the bright sun and the living green are only hindrances to that nirvana which he contemplates as the greatest good of mankind; but Schubert's music, if it means anything, is a gorgeous apostrophe to spring. Mayrhofer was a man of various enthusiasms, and he had the honesty to say (possibly thinking of this very song) that he had never understood the full meaning of his poems till Schubert set them. In cases like these—and there are more than a few—the translator had best compromise; and the point is that he can.

Frederick the Great considered it profane to allow art to speak in the vulgar tongue. But he lived at a time when German poets were doing their best to denationalise their native poetry by teaching it to walk on French stilts. A foremost poet of our own day objected to me that native words weaken the music whereas foreign do not. It is worth notice that both of these were real musicians, and that they spoke rather as champions of the music than as depreciators of the words. We may balance them with Burns, who set words to all the old Scottish tunes he could lay hands on, and Tagore, a more curious case. His songs are in Bengali verse, which is like that of the Latin medieval hymns, and he sings them to tunes usually of his own making, and says, emphatically, that a poem with no tune is less than half itself. Yet he translates them himself, and into almost perfect English. I have seen the corrections, by an English poet, of the typescript of *Gitanjali*, and they were very few. He wishes to reach a larger audience.

That is no doubt the true argument for translation. Those who know the original well will always feel a translation to be inadequate, perhaps to be an affront. But there was a great

occasion in our history when translation on a large scale was undertaken in a more important matter. When Cranmer put Edward VI's Prayerbook into English, there were doubtless many who said that true religion was bound up with the Latin words which were of such antiquity and such universality. The musicians also hesitated, at first, to substitute crisp, downright English for the rolling, sonorous Latin. Then for the next three centuries the Latin masses and motets were forgotten. Times have changed, and there is now in some minds a reason for their revival; but in the meantime we have forgotten our Latin (it must be a whole generation since a Latin quotation worth making has been made in Parliament). The Latin of the Mass can be replaced by the words of the English Communion Service without difficulty and without objection on literary grounds; but it is a thing that the composers never contemplated.

It is said that Goethe preferred the compositions of Zelter to all others, and we know that Schubert sent him three of his best settings of words but received no answer. Goethe was 70, Zelter 60, Schubert 20; Goethe no musician, Zelter a conservative, Schubert an innovator. The same thing would happen in any age or country. Goethe preferred Zelter—as Milton praised Henry Lawes, perhaps—because he put as little music as possible to his poems. Obviously, Goethe's lyrics are cut diamonds; they never quite get away from his cold, grey-eyed wisdom, and they never can quite be read in utter forgetfulness of past literature, as Heine's can. How should he, of all people, bear the inconsequence of music, which cannot be philosophical or literary or wise? Schubert's good settings are often those of far inferior poems; he succeeds preëminently with the warm-hearted utterances of Wilhelm Müller, one of the best of Uhland's followers. I have counted sixty-eight poets upon whom he drew for his 603 songs, and I find very few of them in Gostwick and Harrison; he must have picked some of them up in keepsakes and poets' corners. As to his alteration of the text, did it much matter? Undue indignation is expended upon this question of altering words. We don't want to have to sing at Christmas "Hark, how all the welkin rings"; congregational voices can make a good deal of "herald angels," but nothing of "welkin."

It is sad that it was only three months before his death that Schubert gained sight of Heine's poems, though they had already been out two years. Of the six he set *Der Doppelgänger* and *Am Meer* are unsurpassed; no other composer has risked comparison. Our own Housman has something in common with Heine. In

both there is a mordant but not unkindly cynicism, the claim to laugh at all human follies provided they may include their own, the downrightness that is both German and English, the wit that is French in its point and English in its breadth, an acute sense of language, and, above all, the power of saying as much as and not more than a lyric demands, which both of them perhaps, certainly the Englishman, got from Horace.

CONCERT A. D. 2025 IN THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS¹

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS BY THE CHIEF OF THE MUSIC DIVISION

(Anticipated by one of his predecessors.)

Mr. President, Mr. Secretary of the Fine Arts, Ladies and Gentlemen:

OF necessity a limited—but brilliant—group, you are gathered here to-night in the small auditorium of the old Library of Congress to celebrate a centenary. And you are celebrating it in rather a quaint fashion: by attending a “concert.”

We lost the habit of going to concerts when mechanical genius freed the appeal of music and musician from the narrow bounds of a locale, when the musical creator and interpreter discovered in the perfected machine a helpmate instead of a foe, and the artist could safely launch upon the sea of space tone freighted with all the riches of the soul.

Miracle has sprung from miracle. Performer and listener have long ceased to mourn the disappearance of a mixed and interfering “audience.” We have recovered the key to musical modestness and privacy. The lesser and the lower talents disport themselves outside the gates. Choice, not chance, determines the conditions and the company in which we hear the masters.

If, without abdicating our right of choice, we revert to-night to a bygone custom, the reason is that exactly one hundred years have passed since the first concerts were given in this little hall. They formed a departure, they inaugurated a new era in the development of our national library. I shall not recite the many and varied causes that have contributed to this development, inspiring as their recital would be. Their effect is patent to all. This venerable building was but the first rampart in what is now a mighty citadel of the written and printed page. With the aid of forward-looking and generous citizens, our Government has been enabled to rear an unparalleled establishment for the propagation of art and learning.

¹Written for the volume of essays presented to Dr. Herbert Putnam on April 5, 1929, to commemorate the thirtieth anniversary of his appointment as Librarian of Congress, and reprinted with the permission of the editors, Dr. William Warren Bishop and Dr. Andrew Keogh.

As we look back upon the past, we realize that when in 1925 Congress "quite complacently"—I borrow the words of a former Librarian of Congress—allowed its library to accept the first money provided by a private individual for the performance of music under government auspices, it earned our lasting gratitude. An almost casual touch opened the doors to larger opportunity, to higher service. The full significance of the move may have escaped the legislative and executive branches of that day. At least no chronicle relates that a representative of either attended "officially" those first concerts. Time has wrought many changes. The presence, to-night, of the Chief Executive, and of a member of his Cabinet, alone declares one capital difference. And the envoys of the foreign national unions, present here, again attest that music—that all art, all science—forms one of the strongest bonds of international harmony.

Perhaps I should remind you that, in the former calendar, this day was the thirtieth of October. For one hundred years the library has marked it—with music—as the birth date, some hundred and fifty years ago, of the woman who gave to the Music Division this hall and the endowment that perpetuates her name and her ideals. The Elizabeth Sprague Coolidge Foundation has borne rich fruit; it has upheld musical standards and furthered musical advance. And the founder probably little dreamed that, thanks to her, the Library of Congress would some day be the only place where four players, especially trained to handle the obsolete string instruments, would keep up the traditions of the string quartet, or where occasionally a pianoforte could still be heard.

Fate decreed that the thirtieth of October—in 1928—should also have been the death date of Oscar Sonneck, first chief of the Music Division. The prodigious labors of this scholar and bibliographer are one of the glories of musicology. In our country, he was a pioneer. A native American, he was the first historian of our musical beginnings. The music collection that he built up in our national library is properly his monument. The "Musical Seminar," later organized in connection with it, was but a fitting tribute to his zeal and faith.

A third name must be associated with our commemoration to-night: that of Herbert Putnam. It is too well known, too well beloved by everyone who is familiar with the annals of this institution to require more than proud and thankful mention. Human events are shaped by personalities. The very things we are commemorating here to-night could not have come to pass,

one hundred years ago, without the vision and the tact of Herbert Putnam, without the qualities of mind and character that made him a great Librarian of Congress because he was a great person.

The century that lies behind us has been a truly amazing one. Among the few forces of nature that our modern age has not yet brought into submission, is the capricious power of sentiment. To be sure, science has shown us unsuspected ways of controlling mental states. But our emotions range free as ever, and to nothing do they respond more quickly or more passionately than to the secret sway of music. We find that it still takes, not only measurable skill, but undefinable inspiration if the musician would exercise that sway. Thus music, happily, remains one of the Arts.

Music has not lived up to all the predictions—fanciful or doleful—made for it by our great-grandparents. But in certain directions, particularly with regard to sound production and sound transmission, we have certainly surpassed anything they had imagined. Nor could they have quite foreseen the latest stages in the psychophysiological evolution of our inner ear.

One hundred years ago there could already be seen clear signs that the diatonic scale and the enharmonic system of tempered intervals were doomed. They no longer sufficed. It was noise that destroyed them. It was noise that came very near destroying us. When regulation and legislation proved futile in the face of our motorized pandemonium, it was the invention of the "sound-filter"—that marvelous little device which guards our aural nerves against inimical vibrations—that saved our race of city dwellers.

But noise once having thoroughly shaken up our auditory sense, there was nothing left for music but to adjust itself gradually, in order to overcome a new state of fatigue. Our ear demanded fresh stimuli. How magnificently music has met these demands! And in the process of adjustment, music has ultimately slipped off the shackles that tied it for so long to word or picture, that held it to the plane of design and the bulk of architecture. Music has become more musical. From homophonic and polyphonic, it expanded into metaphonic music. It has grown four-dimensional. It acquired new sonority, new purity, new beauty.

To-night we shall hear some old music under conditions similar to those that prevailed a century ago. The Secretary of Air Communications has kindly directed that all aerial traffic be stopped over this section of the city for the duration of the concert. We shall recapture a concrete bit of the programs of 1925, when we resurrect from the phonographic archives of the Library the

blended voices of six artists famed in their day as "The English Singers." They made their first appearance in America on this stage, exactly one hundred years ago. We shall hear their records of English motets and madrigals four hundred years old. And if we carefully suppress all semblance of boasting, let us admit that our present reproducing apparatus will make these records sound a little better and more natural than they did at the time they were made.

The members of the Library String Quartet will perform Beethoven's now rarely heard Opus 130, which also was played at the concerts in 1925. A slight concession to modernity—and a decided improvement over the methods of our ancestors—will be the playing of a "Concerto Grosso" for strings and piano, by Ernest Bloch, on the electrorchestron; the piano part—no longer tolerable to our ears on a tempered "concert grand"—will be played on a modern metallorgan of pure intonation. This piece was conducted by the composer, in this hall, at the music festival in October, 1926.

The modern part of this evening's program should afford us peculiar satisfaction, not only because of its distinction and novelty, but because of the assistance lent by the governments of other nations. The United Republics of Eastern Europe are offering us their great national chorus of two thousand singers whom we shall hear singing in Moscow a work especially composed for this occasion by Trazomsky. The tonal laboratories at Ivry-sur-Seine and Königswusterhausen will contribute new compositions by the French and German masters, Carrossier and Zoberli; they will be transmitted directly to the station at Arlington. Our phono-generators at Schenectady and Buffalo will join in the first rendition of a new work which our own John S. Brook was commissioned to write for this concert.

Let me confess that when I stepped out to address you I did not intend to detain you so long. The truth is that for the last few moments I have been temporizing. The large new government plant at San Diego, which asked for the privilege of opening the program, has met with slight atmospheric difficulties in putting through some of its aerophones. I just saw on the flash-board the signal that all is clear now between San Diego and Washington.

Mr. President, Mr. Secretary, Ladies and Gentlemen—the concert can begin.



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